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1781.

RUTLAND COUNTY.

1881.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

Organization of Rutland County, Vt.,

HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE RUTLAND COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

AT THE TOWN HALL, RUTLAND, VT.,

MARCH 4, 1881.

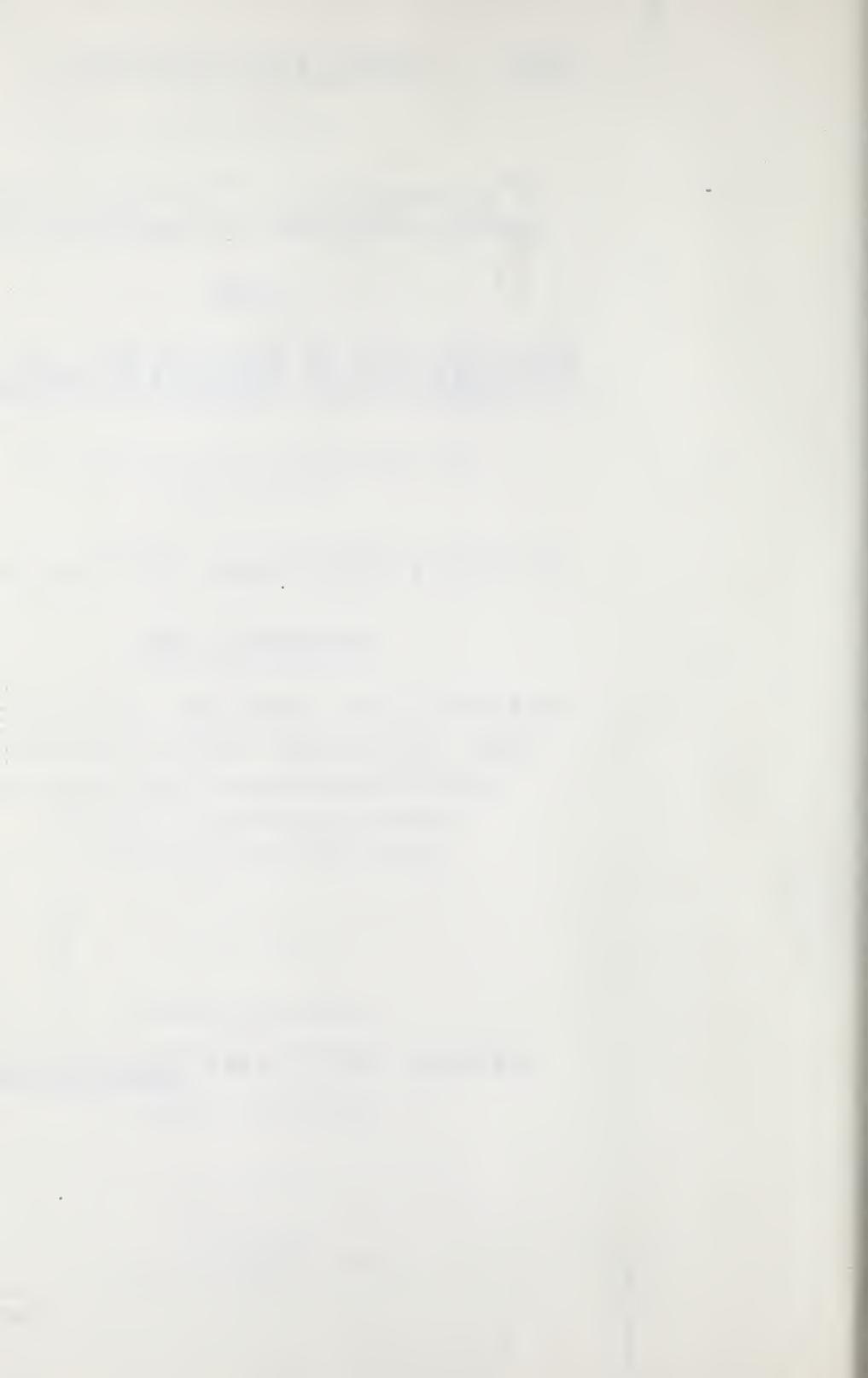
INCLUDING THE ADDRESSES, HISTORICAL PAPERS, POEMS, ETC., WITH A RECORD OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE RUTLAND COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION.

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY

LYMAN WILLIAMS REDINGTON,
OF RUTLAND, VERMONT.

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1882.

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RUTLAND COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

VOL. I.

Officers of the Celebration.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY—Hon. S. M. DORR, Rutland.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

L. W. REDINGTON, Rutland,	JOHN M. CURRIER, Castleton,
A. N. ADAMS, Fairhaven,	JOHN E. HITT, Wallingford,
CHARLES S. COLBURN, Pittsford,	BARNES FRISBIE, Poultney,
A. T. WOODWARD, Brandon,	HENRY CLARK, Rutland,
CHARLES H. SHELDON, West Rut- land,	HENRY F. FIELD, Rutland,
	Treasurer.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

S. M. DORR,	GEORGE E. GRAVES,
THOMAS C. ROBBINS,	JAMES C. DUNN,
J. M. HAVEN,	D. C. PIERCE,
HENRY F. FIELD,	C. C. KINSMAN,
EVELYN PIERPOINT,	EDWARD DANA,
NEWMAN WEEKS,	HENRY O. CARPENTER,

COMMITTEE ON RELICS.

JOHN M. CURRIER,	M. A. BOURNE,
B. H. BURT,	GEORGE W. HILLIARD,
HIRAM A. SMITH,	JENNESS RICHARDSON.

Officers of the Society.

PRESIDENT—Hon. BARNES FRISBIE, Poultney.

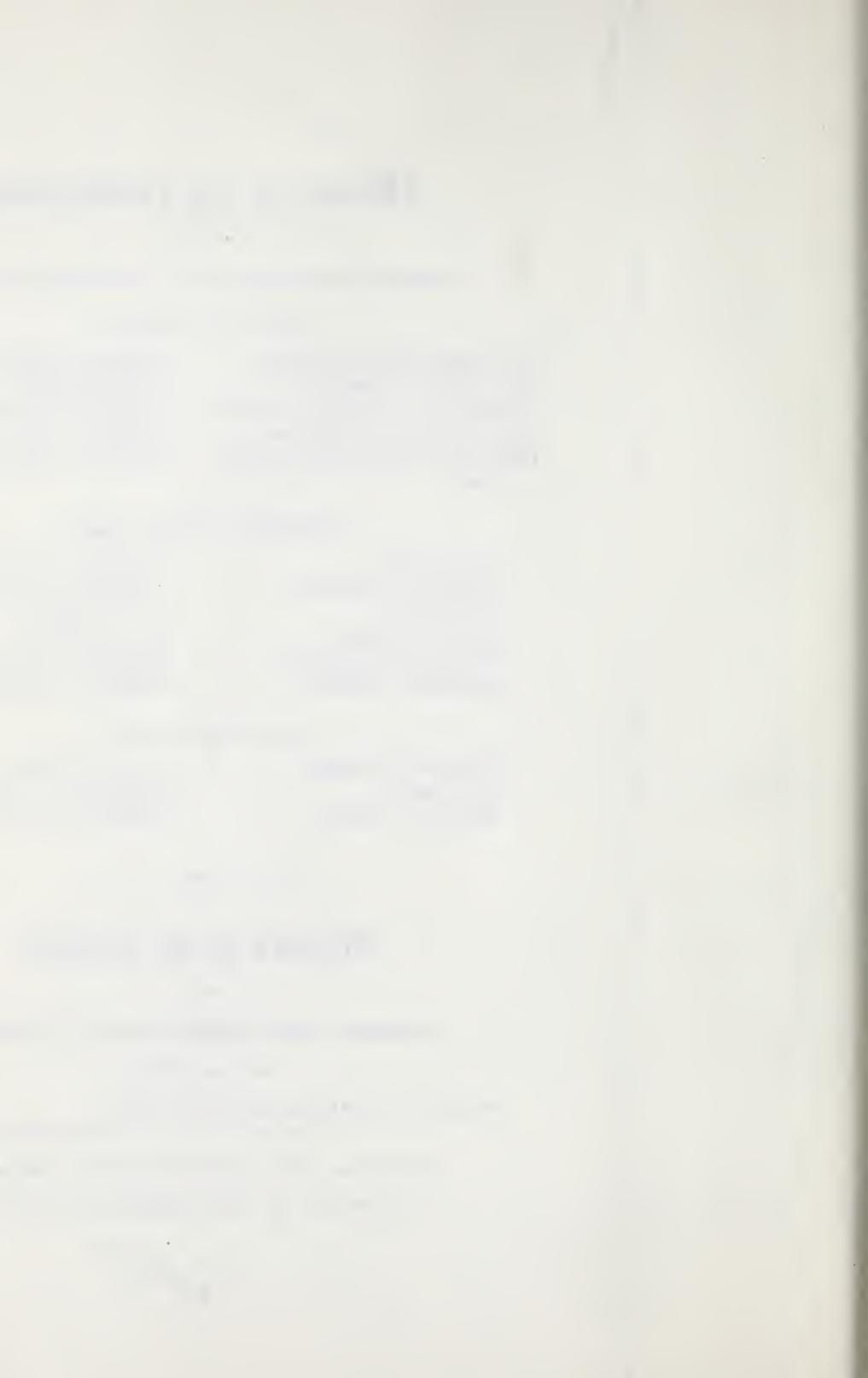
VICE PRESIDENTS.

FIRST—Dr. JAMES SANFORD, Castleton,
SECOND—Hon. JOSEPH JOSLIN, Poultney.

SECRETARY—Dr. JOHN M. CURRIER, Castleton.

TREASURER—Hon. R. C. ABELL, West Haven.

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PREFACE.

As a perusal of the following pages will demonstrate, the purport of this volume is not to present a history of Rutland county, nor of its separate townships, but mainly to preserve for posterity the addresses, sketches, essays, poems, and historical facts therein contained, which were presented at the recent county centennial celebration.

This volume is published under the auspices of the Rutland County Historical Society. The importance in our midst of such a society cannot be over-estimated. Many interesting historical facts would be lost to posterity, unless unearthed, collected and preserved by some such permanent organization. It was with a view of collocating important facts and stimulating historical research, as well as commemorating a noted epoch in our progress as a county, that the centennial celebration of 1881 was instituted and accomplished. During the past year the society has turned its attention and labors somewhat toward the marble and slate interests of the county. At its various meetings several carefully written and exhaustive articles on the marble and slate productions of Rutland county have been contributed by competent parties. These essays will appear in Volume II, soon to be issued by the society.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

At a special meeting of the Rutland County Historical Society, held in Castleton, October 26, 1880, the following resolution was presented by Hon. Barnes Frisbie :—

WHEREAS, The centennial of the organization of the county of Rutland occurs in February, 1881, it seems proper that it should be fittingly celebrated under the auspices of the Rutland County Historical Society. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That this society appoint a committee, consisting of one from each town in the county, to make arrangements for an appropriate celebration of the centennial of Rutland County in February, 1881.

This resolution was immediately adopted, when the following gentlemen were elected as a committee to act in accordance with its provisions :

MARTIN C. RICE, Benson; JOHN A. CONANT, Brandon; J. B. BROMLEY, Castleton; H. B. SPAFFORD, Clarendon; JOHN C. WILLIAMS, Danby; A. N. ADAMS, Fairhaven; CYRUS JENNINGS, Hubbardton; S. C. PECK, Ira; O. COOK, Mendon; O. MYRICK, Middletown; C. W. BRIGHAM, Pittsfield; MARSHALL BROWN, Pawlet; MERRITT CLARK, Poultney; L. W. REDINGTON, Rutland; E. N. FISHER, Shrewsbury; A. W. HYDE, Sudbury; LEVI RICE, Timberville; J. E. HITT, Wallingford; HILAND PAUL, Wells; JOHN CROWLEY, Mt. Holly; R. C. ABELL, West Haven; HIRAM BAIRD, Chittenden; D. W. TAYLOR, Sherburne.

The following resolution was then passed :

Resolved, That L. W. Redington, of Rutland, be made Chairman of said committee, and empowered to call them together at such time and place as may seem to him proper.

In pursuance of the provisions of the above resolution, the committee, or a portion of them, were soon convened, and ac-

tive measures inaugurated for the centennial celebration. The following were chosen as officers of the celebration:

OFFICERS OF THE CELEBRATION.

President of the day, Hon. S. M. Dorr, Rutland.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

L. W. REDINGTON, Rutland; A. N. ADAMS, Fairhaven; CHARLES S. COLBURN, Pittsford; CHARLES H. SHELDON, West Rutland; A. T. WOODWARD, Brandon; JOHN M. CURRIER, Castleton; JOHN E. HITT, Wallingford; BARNES FRISBIE, Poultney; HENRY CLARK, Rutland; HENRY F. FIELD, Rutland, Treasurer.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

S. M. DORR, THOMAS C. ROBBINS, J. M. HAVEN, HENRY F. FIELD, EVELYN PIERPOINT, NEWMAN WEEKS, GEORGE E. GRAVES, JAMES C. DUNN, D. C. PIERCE, C. C. KINSMAN, EDWARD DANA, HENRY O. CABPENTER.

COMMITTEE ON RELICS.

JOHN M. CURRIER, B. H. BURT, HIRAM A. SMITH, M. A. BOURNE, GEORGE W. HILLIARD, JENNESS RICHARDSON.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

President, HON. BARNES FRISBIE, Poultney; Vice Presidents, 1st, DR. JAMES SANFORD, Castleton, 2d, HON. JOSEPH JOSLIN, Poultney;* Secretary, DR. JOHN M. CURRIER, Castleton; Treasurer, HON. R. C. ABELL, West Haven.

The following article was ordered published shortly afterward in the papers of the county:

RUTLAND COUNTY CENTENNIAL.

The Rutland County Historical Society will observe the centennial of the organization of the county of Rutland at the Town Hall in Rutland, on Friday, March 4, 1881, with appropriate public exercises. The people of Rutland county are most cordially invited to participate in the services of the

*Since deceased.

occasion. The date fixed for the commemoration is that of the first election in the county, which was held at the house of Solomon Bingham, inn keeper at Tinmouth, March 4, 1781. An additional interest will be given to the day, that it also witnesses the inauguration of the twentieth President of the United States. The general exercises of the occasion will consist of addresses, poems and papers relating to the history and progress of the county. Welcome by L. W. Redington, and response by Hon. Barnes Frisbie, President of the society; historical address by Henry Hall, of Rutland; poem by Henry Ripley Dorr, of Rutland; reminiscences of the Rutland county bar by Hon. David E. Nicholson, of Rutland; biographical sketches of Rutland county Senators by S. M. Dorr, of Rutland; a sketch of the old Court House and jail at Tinmouth by Seth Phillips, of Tinmouth; sketches of the assistant Judges of the Rutland County Court by Hon. J. B. Bromley, of Castleton; early military history of the county by C. Carpenter, of Rutland; history of Castleton Medical College by Dr. James Sanford, of Castleton; poem by H. B. Spafford, of Clarendon.

The following named gentlemen have been invited to deliver addresses and contribute papers: Hon. Walter C. Dunton, of Rutland, on "The Judges of the Supreme Court Resident in Rutland County"; Henry H. Smith, of Rutland, on "The Early Court Records and County Clerks"; George H. Beauman, of Rutland, on "The Public Men and Some of the Early Institutions"; Francis Slason, of West Rutland, on "Banks and Banking"; Hon. John A. Conant, of Brandon, on "The Early Merchants and Manufacturers in the Eastern Part of the County"; Hon. Merritt Clark, of Poultney, on "The Early Merchants and Business men of the Western Part of the County"; Hon. C. S. Colburn, of Pittsford, on "The Fords at Pittsford"; George W. Chaplin, of Rutland, on "Reminiscences of the Olden Time"; Hon. Hiel Hollister, of Pawlet, on "Reminiscences of Early Times"; Joseph Joslin, of Poultney, on "The Early Schoolmaster"; Dr. John M. Currier, of Castleton, on "The Medical Profession"; A. N. Adams, of Fairhaven, on "The History and Development of the

Slate Interest"; L. B. Smith, of Castleton, on "The History of Marble"; John C. Williams, of Danby, on "The Sheriffs of Rutland County"; Dr. Charles Woodhouse, of Rutland, on "The Prospective Future of Rutland County."

James D. Butler, LL. D., of Madison, Wis.; Gen. Benjamin Alvord, of Washington, D. C., Rev. George N. Boardman, D. D., and Col. William F. Nichols, of Chicago; George Jones, of the New York Times, Gen. Edward A. Merritt, Collector of New York, Hon. A. M. Beard, Collector of Boston; Hon. A. L. Miner, of Manchester, Hon. Daniel Roberts, of Burlington, Hon. George W. Harman, of Bennington, and other prominent gentlemen, natives of Rutland county, have been invited to be present.

The people of every town in the county are invited to contribute relics of any kind—early newspapers, pamphlets and books. An hour will be given to the history and explanation of the relics. Persons presenting relics are requested to write out a history of them.

Arrangements have been made with the several railroads for fare one way.

Let the people of the county of Rutland come and observe this birthday in our history.

After several more notices of the celebration published in the papers, the following appeared March 3, 1881, in the *Rutland Herald and Globe*:

RUTLAND COUNTY CENTENNIAL—A SUCCESSFUL CELEBRATION
ANTICIPATED.

A little over a year ago the Rutland County Historical Society was organized. Last month it held its annual meeting at Castleton, and presented a most favorable report as to the standing and prospects of the society. This society should be maintained and supported. Vermont is beginning to have a history. A careful record of the past should be preserved. There are many relics and landmarks and narratives of the past, and the early settlers of this county, that would be lost to posterity unless preserved by some such organization as the Rutland County Historical Society.

To-morrow occurs the centennial celebration of the organization of Rutland county. The exercises under the auspices of this society will be held in the Town Hall, commencing at 11:00 a. m. It is expected there will be a large attendance from adjoining towns. Numerous interesting relics will be exhibited, some of which have been seen before.

Interesting letters have been received from our Congressional delegation, from Prof James Davie Butler, of Wisconsin, and others. Hon. A. M. Beard, United States Collector at Boston, and other former Vermont boys now resident in other States, will be present. Interesting and carefully written addresses pertaining to the earlier days of Rutland county will be delivered. Many facts heretofore unknown will be presented regarding Rutland county one hundred years ago.

The programme for the occasion was also issued and published, and was as follows:

RUTLAND COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MORNING, 11 O'CLOCK.

1. Prayer—
By Rev. J. GIBSON JOHNSON, D. D., of Rutland.
2. Opening Address—
By L. W. REDINGTON, Esq., of Rutland.
3. Response—
By Hon. BARNES FRISBIE, President of Rutland County Historical Society.
4. Sketch of the Old Court House and Jail at Tinmouth—
By SETH PHILLIPS, Esq., of Tinmouth.
5. Early Military History of the County—
By CYRIL CARPENTER, of Rutland.

AFTERNOON, 2 O'CLOCK.

1. Historical Address—
By HENRY HALL, Esq., of Rutland.
2. Poem—
By HENRY RIPLEY DORR, of Rutland.

3. Early Business Men of Rutland County—
By Hon. JOHN A. CONANT, of Brandon.
4. Reminiscences of the Olden Time—
By GEORGE W. CHAPLIN, Esq., of Rutland.
5. History of Castleton Medical College, and the Medical and Scientific Societies of Rutland County—
By Dr. JOHN M. CURRIER, of Castleton.
6. Railroads and Rutland County—
By Hon. GEORGE A. MERRILL, of Rutland.
7. Relic Hour—History of the Explanation of Relics on Exhibition.

EVENING, 7 O'CLOCK.

1. Biographical Sketches of Rutland County Senators—
By Hon. S. M. DORR, of Rutland.
2. Reminiscences of the Rutland County Bar—
By Hon. DAVID E. NICHOLSON, of Rutland.
3. The Old Tavern and its Relation to the People—
By GEORGE H. BEAMAN, Esq., of Rutland.
4. Prospective Future of Rutland County—
By Dr. CHARLES WOODHOUSE, of Rutland.
5. "Reminiscences of Early Times"—
By Hon. HIEL HOLLISTER, of Pawlet.
6. Sheriff's of Rutland County—
By JOHN C. WILLIAMS, Esq., of Danby.
7. Poem—
By H. B. SPAFFORD, of Clarendon.
8. Closing Exercises.

Rutland County Centennial.

The Centennial exercises were held in the Town Hall at Rutland, and were opened in the morning of March 4, 1881, at 11 o'clock, by Hon. Barnes Frisbie, President of the Rutland County Historical Society. The Rutland cornet band was present during the day, and interspersed its fine music among the exercises of the occasion, to the enjoyment of those in attendance.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Morning, 11 o'clock.

After a prayer by Rev. James Gibson Johnson, D. D., Pastor of the Congregational Church of Rutland, the opening address was delivered by L. W. Redington, of Rutland, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

A noted writer, long since deceased, says "Time is the most undefinable, yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not yet come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand disposer of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limits, and it would be still more so if it had."

The human mind can hardly realize the flight of time, or comprehend in its full scope the significance of even a hundred years. Births, marriages and deaths are the allotment of humanity; these constitute, in one sense, the sum total of ex-

istence. And so it is, "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever." New actors continually strut before the scenes in the drama of life, while others pass away and are soon forgotten. The evanescent shadows of the past come flitting o'er us here to-day, reminding us of the transitoriness of all things human, and that we too must soon be numbered among the things that were.

One hundred years ago our sires and grandsires, migrating hitherward from adjacent States and foreign lands, inhaling for the first time the perfumed breezes peculiar to our mountain dales and green hillsides, became entranced thereby, and located in the fertile valleys of Rutland county. Then, as now, men were filled with hope, ambition, disappointment; then, as now, they pursued their daily avocations in the struggle for existence, and fulfilled, in a greater or less degree, their duties to the State, family and Church. These actors have vanished from the scene; their landmarks remain; the results of their labor, industry and foresight survive; their lives, consecrated to the establishment and perpetuation of the great principles underlying the superstructure of our political institutions, are ever before us. Let us educe valuable lessons from this retrospective study.

We have assembled here to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the organization of Rutland county. Casting aside our daily tasks and vocations for the nonce, we are here to reflect upon and do honor to the past. The performance of a most pleasant duty is assigned to me on this occasion. Hence, in behalf of the local interests here represented, allow me first of all to extend the thanks of all interested to the Rutland County Historical Society and its officers for the origination and execution of this celebration. Such a society is of incalculable value to ourselves, and its preservation should be guaranteed for the benefit of posterity. And again permit me, representing both the Historical Society and those now resident in Rutland county, to extend the cordial greetings and hearty welcome of us all to those who once resided in our midst, but now sojourn in other climes. Unto all

such, and unto all guests and visitors here to-day, we open our hearts and homes, and give warm greeting in the midst of mutual congratulations over our common ancestry, our common country, and our common adoration for our *Alma Mater*; at her shrine we come to burn our incense and deposit our laurel wreaths. Wheresoe'er on the face of the earth man may roam, there is no spot so dear as the place of his birth and his early experiences; in the turmoil of life his thoughts constantly cluster around that spot, hallowed by a thousand reminiscences.

Our ancestors found this county a wilderness—beautiful, 'tis true, in all the adornments of nature, but uncultivated, sparsely inhabited, and undeveloped by the hand of labor. We gaze to-day on the same vesture of natural beauty; we draw inspiration from the same fragrant breezes as of old; we reside among the same "green fields and silent glens," by the

"Warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields."

Yet instead of a solitude almost unknown to man, we now behold this county thickly populated and sending its productions to the remotest corners of the earth. Within its confines dwell a people as firm, steadfast and unconquerable as the mountains about them. The farm-houses of New England have sent forth a large portion of the *brains* and *men* of the times. Go where you will over the broad face of our land, and you will find New Englanders, with the surroundings, teachings and influences of their native realm *indelibly* stamped upon their actions and doings in their new abode; and with pride we recall the fact that Rutland county has furnished her quota in the past one hundred years of distinguished men for the nation.

Let us see to it we so act that Rutland county may give a good account of herself one hundred years hence, in the celebration by those yet unborn of the second centennial of the organization of the county.

In response to the opening address, Hon. Barnes Frisbie made a few interesting remarks, in which he gave a brief

sketch of the formation of the Historical Society, stating that what the society proposed to do would be indicated in the exercises of the day. He also said that there were some local histories of towns, but none of the county, and it was chiefly for the purpose of gathering materials for such a history that the society was laboring.

A sketch of the old Court House and jail at Tinmouth, written by Seth Phillips, Esq., of Tinmouth, was next read. It was as follows :

The county of Rutland was organized February 16, 1781. The town of Tinmouth was selected as the Shire town, because of its then central location in reference to population, as well as its being the residence of the attorneys at law and prominent men of the county—the Chipmans, Royce, Smith, Marvin, and others—and was continued as the county seat until its removal to Rutland.

The inn of Solomon Bingham, located on the East road, called the Tinmouth flats, one mile east of the present meeting house in Tinmouth, on the east side of the highway, was used as the county Court House. It was built of logs, one story in height, and about 40 feet in length. A well which stood near it is to be seen at this day. The family occupied one room and the courts were held in the bar room, which sufficed to accommodate all the attendants upon the courts of those early days. The jury retired to the log barn standing near, for consultation. In this house was also held the first county election, one hundred years ago this day.

The jail was also built of logs, located about a mile north of the Court House, at the intersection of the roads from Tinmouth village with the East road, on the north side, on the line between Buler Waldo's farm and the Spafford farm, which was kept by my father, Chad Phillips. The jail was about 15 feet from the hotel. When I first came to Tinmouth, in 1814, a boy 16 years of age, the jail had been removed, with the exception of a few of the posts, which were standing with mortices in them for passing in timber. Buler Waldo told me that he was the keeper of the jail and had a blanket hung up as a door, which would prove a very unsafe re-

ceptacle of prisoners at the present day. This is, in brief, a description of these early county buildings.

The first Chief Justice of the county was Hon. Increase Moseley, of Clarendon, a man of staid mien and stately form. He was a native of Connecticut—a graduate of Yale College—a lawyer, and had been a Judge in his native State. He wore in Court the old fashioned powdered wig, and the first Assistant Judge, Hon. Ebenezer Marvin, wore a cocked hat in court. Mr. Marvin afterward removed to Franklin county, and was elected the first Judge of that county.

There were but few roads in those days, and the Judges, jurors and witnesses had to travel to the county seat either on foot or on horseback. From the west side of the county those attending court were compelled to pick their way by means of blazed or marked trees.

This is but a faint picture of the early county buildings and courts in Rutland county, but it may serve as a simple record, that future generations may know the vicissitudes of the early pioneers of the county, who planted so firmly and well the institutions we now enjoy, and gave a heroic character to our then independent mountain commonwealth.

Cyril Carpenter, of Rutland, was next introduced, and read the following article, on the early military history of the county :

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

Having been requested to prepare a paper upon the early military history of the county, and June trainings *especially*, for the occasion of this county centennial celebration, I would reply in the language of Col. Miller, when asked if he could take a certain battery, "*I will try, sir.*"

The early military history of this county is so *intimately* interwoven with the events outside and throughout the State, that to obtain certain facts it may be necessary to overstep its boundaries.

In order to obtain a correct idea of the Vermont militia, and June trainings, etc., we must allow our imaginations to go back to the days of our boyhood, when we were wont to look

upon a military officer, in his shining uniform, with his silver laced coat, golden epaulets, cocked hat, dancing plume, scarlet sash and burnished sword, very much as did the astonished natives when the gayly dressed Spanish soldier, on his richly caparisoned horse, first landed on their shores, supposing both man and horse to be one.

My first knowledge of military affairs was obtained in my native town—Ira. Though the longest town in the county, it has the shortest name. The place of rendezvous for the militia on training days, when warned to appear armed and equipped as the law directed, with musket, knapsack, cartridge box, priming wire and brush, with two spare flints—no breech loaders in those days—was at the inn of Capt. Daniel Graves, whose sign was a bull's head, suspended between two posts about 20 feet high.

The Captain was not only a popular tavern keeper of his day, but an energetic business man, carrying on tanning, shoe making, manufacturing hats, and an ashery.

This was the center of attraction, not only on training day, but for other public gatherings. Here, on the first Tuesday in June, paraded the militia company, for the annual inspection of arms, military drill, etc., with fife and drum “To stir the blood and move the arm.” The election of officers took place here, which was usually done by marching the company by the commissioned officers, seated around a bass drum for a table, as tellers, when the honored one would come to the center, doff his *chapeau*, and, with that stereotyped speech, “Gentlemen, officers and fellow soldiers,” etc., either accept or decline the honor conferred upon him.

Not only was the militia here on training days, for it was the holy day of holy days, but the old and the young were here, the boys with their gingerbread—though Wendell Phillips, it is said, claims its manufacture is now among the lost arts—and occasionally an old Revolutionary soldier, whose patriotism had caught fire from the fife and drum, or from the fire bottled up in the officers’ quarters, and all having a good time, old soldiers living over again days gone by.

Certain customs were practiced in those days worthy of

mention, viz., the waking up of officers on the morning of June training, when a squad, or platoon of the young and ardent soldiery would at a very early hour present themselves at the officers' door with muskets surcharged, when bang! off goes a morning salute. The officers soon appeared and invited them in to take something to drink. The beverage was usually on these occasions a decanter of St. Croix or Old Jamaica, well spiced with cherries or lemons. Sometimes both the muskets and those who handled them would become overcharged, when of course something would "bust" —explode. To become a little exhilarated on these occasions was thought to be no sin. The title of Captain, Colonel, or General, once attached to a man's name, was as firmly fixed as that of Emperor.

It appears that the military spirit of Vermont existed long ere it was regularly organized by the State of Vermont, and was really the right arm of the Council of Safety during those dark days when the State of Vermont was struggling for existence, for life, for independence, with cannon to right of them, with cannon to left of them, with cannon in front of them, and cannon in rear. Or, to change the language, with New York to the right of them, New Hampshire to the left of them, Massachusetts in front, and Canada and Congress in the rear. Yet, like the brave six hundred of the Immortal Light Brigade, onward she marched, not into the jaws of death, but to victory and independence.

With such a band of patriots as those who composed the Green Mountain boys, with a righteous cause, and such men to lead as Ethan Allen, Seth Warner and General Stark, and such men for council as Ira Allen, Remember Baker, and the Hon. Benjamin Carpenter, defeat was impossible, success sure. It is recorded of the Hon. Benjamin Carpenter, that he crossed the Green Mountains on foot, by marked trees, with his knapsack on his back, and three days' rations, to attend a convention at Cephas Kent's, in Dorset, to devise ways and means to raise men and money to carry on the war. These heroes, though stigmatized by their enemies as rioters and instigators of mobs, have left their record written in

blood on the battle fields of Hubbardton, Bennington, Stillwater and Saratoga. Their fame is as enduring as the everlasting mountains. A certain author has remarked that that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warm among the ruins of Iona. And Vermont is not lacking for examples to stimulate the military spirit of her sons, for there is not on record a people who so struggled for independence and free government with such determined foes on every side of her, and tories and traitors within Congress ever jealous of her, and yet maintaining her independence, and at the same time furnishing men and money to help on the general government against a foreign foe. The Governor of the State of New York offering large sums of money for the heads of such heroes as Allen and Warner, who wonders that the condign punishment of the *Beech Seal* was administered by the direction of the Council of Safety and *Ethan Allen*, or that occasionally a tory in the interest of New York was made to face the catamount skin, (the sign of the Green Mountain tavern in Bennington) (with 12 catamounts inside). Benjamin Hough, who took his written receipt for his folly from Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, was formerly a resident of Clarendou.

The manner in which they dealt with traitors in those days might serve for a lesson of more modern times.

The first public execution in Vermont was for *high treason*. One David Redding was tried by the Council of Safety, and convicted by a jury of six men, and sentenced to be hung June 4th, 1778. The Council of Safety discovering that the conviction was irregular, ordered the execution postponed until a new trial was given, that, to be legal, capital punishment must have a jury of twelve men. The Council of Safety by order of the Governor granted a new trial, and Redding was hung June 11th, 1778, Ethan Allen acting as State's Attorney, by appointment of the Governor and Council. Here is where Ethan Allen induced the crowd, who had assembled to see Redding hung, to go peaceably to their homes and come again on the day fixed for his execution, and they should see some-

body hung; if Redding was not hung he would be hung himself.

I will insert all of those spirited lines, which very happily express the sentiments of the Vermonters during that trying period, viz;

Ho, all to the borders, Vermonters come down,
With your breeches of deerskin and jackets of brown,
With your red woolen caps and moccasins, come
To gathering summons of trumpet and drum.

Does Old Bay State threaten, does congress Complain?
Swarms Hampshire in Arms on our borders again?
Bark the war dogs of Britain aloud on the Lake?
Let 'em come, what they can they are welcome to take.

Come York, or come Hampshire, come traitors, or knaves;
If ye rule o'er our land, ye shall rule o'er our graves;
Our vow is recorded, our banner unfurled
In the name of Vermont we defy all the world!

It may be interesting and serve to show how the people obtained their supplies in those days by giving a copy of the *first act* on record of the *Council of Safety*, Bennington, August 15, 1777. The day previous to the Bennington battle the following was addressed to the chairman of the Council of Safety, Williamstown :

SIR:—You are hereby desired to foward to this place, by express, all the lead you can possibly collect in your vicinity, as it is expected every minute an action will commence between our troops and the enemies, within four or five miles of this place, and the lead will positively be needed.

PAUL SPOONER, *Secretary.*

SOME EVENTS OF 1777—ADVANCE OF GENERAL BURGOYNE—
TICONDEROGA ABANDONED BY THE AMERICANS—BATTLE OF
HUBBARDTON, ETC.

June 21st, 1777, Burgoyne landed his army on the west side of Lake Champlain, at the mouth of the river Boquet, in the present town of Willsborough, N. Y. Here he was joined by four or five hundred Indians. General Schuyler, then in command of the northern department of the American Army having examined the works at Ticonderoga, left the command of this post to General St. Clair, and returned to Fort Ed-

ward. On the 30th of June the enemy advanced toward Ticonderoga and encamped on both sides of the lake, about four miles from the American lines. The next day their whole army and fleet advanced and took their position just out of reach of the American cannon. On the second day of July a party of five hundred of the enemy under Captain Fraser, attacked the American pickets, and forced them to retire. At the same time the right wing of the British army moved up and took possession of Mount Hope. St. Clair supposing an assault was intended ordered his men to conceal themselves behind the parapets, and reserve their fire. Fraser's party probably deceived as to the real position of the American works, continued to advance, when an American soldier discharged his musket and the whole line arose and fired a volley. The artillery following his example without orders, the fire was made at random and the effect was the enemy escaped under cover of the smoke. On the fourth day of July, General Burgoyne issued a proclamation designed to spread terror among the Americans, full of bombast which only disgusted the Americans, promising, like one of old, great things if they would only come and humble themselves at his feet.

St. Clair, sensible that he could not sustain a regular siege, called a council of war, by which it was unanimously agreed that a retreat should be attempted. Accordingly about 2 o'clock at night, on the 6th of July, General St. Clair, with the garrison, left Ticonderoga, the troops on Mt. Independence were put in motion, and the baggage, provisions and stores, so far as practicable, embarked on board 200 batteaux and despatched under five armed gallies to Skeensborough, Whitehall, while the main body of the army proceeded by land on the route through Hubbardton and Castleton. About 4 o'clock the rear of the American's left Mt. Independence, and were brought off by Colonel Francis in good order. When the troops arrived at Hubbardton they were halted for near two hours. Here the rear guard were put under the command of Col. Seth Warner, with orders to follow the army as soon as those who had been left behind came up.

St. Clair then proceeded to Castleton, leaving Warner with the rear guard and stragglers at Hubbardton. The retreat of the Americans from Ticonderoga was no sooner perceived than General Fraser, with the light troops, pursued, followed by General Riedsel. Fraser continued the pursuit during the day, and learning that the American army was not far off, ordered his men to lie there upon their arms.

Early on the morning of the 7th of July he renewed the pursuit, and about 7 o'clock in the morning commenced an attack upon the Americans under Warner. Warner's force consisted of his own regiment and the regiments of Colonels Francis and Hale. Hale, with his regiment, fearful of the result, retired, with his regiment, leaving Warner and Francis with only seven or eight hundred men to dispute the progress of the enemy. The conflict was fierce and bloody. Colonel Francis fell at the head of his regiment, fighting with great resolution and bravery. Colonel Warner, well supported by his officers and men, charged the enemy with such impetuosity that they were thrown into disorder, and at first gave way. They however soon recovered, and with the re-inforcement under General Reidsel, which was now brought into action, forced the Americans to retire from the field, being overpowered in numbers and exhausted by fatigue. The whole American loss in killed, wounded and taken prisoners was 324, of whom about 30 were killed. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was 183.*

After the battle Warner with his usual perseverance collected his scattered and diminished troops, and conducted them safely to Fort Edward. Colonel Warner was soon heard from at Manchester, and at Bennington on the memorable 16th of August, 1777, where he had opportunity, and did, revenge himself for being overpowered at Hubbardton.

It may be proper here to relate some of the correspondence between the Council of Safety of Vermont and the Gov-

*Ethan Allen says by the confession of their own officers while he was a prisoner in England, was 300 killed, and says further that they complained that the Americans took sight at Hubbardton, which seems to come with an ill grace after having made an alliance with four or five hundred savages with their tomahawks and scalping knives, for a nation boasting civilized warfare.

ernor of New Hampshire, which resulted in the march of the troops under General Stark to Bennington and the memorable victory of the 16th of August, 1777, by which the first check was given to the invading army under Burgoyne.

The Council of Safety of the State of Vermont, then sitting in Manchester, July 15, 1777, through their Secretary, Ira Allen, addressed the following letter to Mechech Weare, President of the State of New Hampshire:

GENTLEMEN.—This State seems to be at present the object of destruction. By the surrender of the fortress of Ticonderoga a communication is opened to the defenceless inhabitants of the frontier, etc., and unless we can have the assistance of our friends it appears that it will soon be out of the power of this State to maintain its territory, notwithstanding the inhabitants are disposed to defend their liberties.

EXETER, July 19, 1777.

The following communication from Mechech Weare, President of New Hampshire, was received in reply:

TO IRA ALLEN.—Yours of the 15th instant received. We had previously thereto determined to send assistance to your State. They have now determined a quarter part of the militia of 12 regiments shall be immediately draughted, formed into three battalions under command of Brigadier Gen. John Stark, and forthwith sent into your State. Orders are now issuing, and dependence is made that they will be supplied with provisions in your State in behalf of the

COUNCIL OF SAFETY.

This shows that however small differences exist in our country in the minds of the people that they immediately sink into insignificance when a foreign foe encroaches or invades the soil.

Among the patriotic members of the assembly of New Hampshire who signalized themselves on the occasion of this gloomy juncture was one John Langdon, who says viz.: "I have three thousand dollars in hard money; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more; I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum which shall be sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the State. If we succeed I may be remunerated; if not it will be of no value to me." The result of this assistance was soon felt at Bennington.

I will relate one anecdote of Matthew Lyon, whose novel manner of swearing was peculiar. He having been sold, to

pay his passage from Ireland to Connecticut was redeemed by a gentleman in Connecticut by a pair of bulls, who ever afterwards swore by the two bulls that redeemed him.

It has been said that when the Council of Safety of the State of Vermont was devising ways and means to raise money to defray the expenses of the war, and pay and equip their soldiers that they left the problem for Ira Allen to solve. When, after mature deliberation, he announced to the Council that the property of tories, aiders and abettors of the enemy, both real and personal, be confiscated, sold, and the effects used for the military defence thereof, Matthew Lyon arose, and swearing by the two bulls that redeemed him, said "The child is born, Mr. President; I have been in doubt till now. I can see at a glance how the matter can be accomplished."

While we feel an honest pride in the military spirit of the early patriots of Vermont, I venture to relate an incident which occurred in my native town, Ira, on the 12th of September, 1814, Sunday, during Divine worship. A herald arrived from Plattsburgh, walked into church in the midst of the sermon, and announced that Plattsburgh was being invaded by Governor Provost's army from Canada, and that he was advancing on Lake Champlain, and that the battle had commenced and called for volunteers. The meeting was immediately dismissed, the drum beat for volunteers, and something like 26 men enlisted immediately from Ira and Clarendon. I could name several of them, not all. Early the next morning they started for the seat of war. My father, Capt. Wilson Carpenter, went with his team to convey them, and my eldest brother, a lad of 13, went as drummer. When arriving at Vergennes, learning that the battle was over, and the victory won, they returned home. This battle settled the question whether "Yankee Doodle" could be whistled on Lake Champlain or not.

The first act for forming and regulating the militia of Vermont was passed at the assembly held in Bennington, February 11, 1779, viz.: That the militia companies of this State

shall be formed in regiments. The number of regiments at this period was five.

At the October session in Bennington, 1780, they passed an act for procuring provisions for the troops to be employed in the service of the State for the year ensuing, viz. : That there be 72,781 pounds good beef, 36,389 pounds salt pork, 280,309 pounds good merchantable wheat flour, 3,068 bushels rye and 6,125 bushels corn collected from the respective towns of the State.

I herewith present some military incidents gathered from the recollection of one of our aged and most worthy citizens, George H. Chaplain, as follows: Clarendon light infantry was organized at an early day. Col. Nathaniel Crary, of Clarendon, was among the first who had command of the company. He was soon succeeded by Rufus Parker. Thomas Tower was in command about the year 1811 or 1812. Others in command of the company were John Bowman, Ira Seward, Green Arnold, Ruel Parker, Gersham Cheney and perhaps others. The company was ultimately disbanded. Shrewsbury artillery was organized about 1808-10. First Capt. Israel Balch, succeeded by Moses Perkins, Pearl Parker, Harry Holden, and others. This company carried a French six pounder; company disbanded many years ago. About 1821 Warner C. Carr, Pliny Parker, and their associates, to the number of fourteen, were organized under the name and style of the "Union Military Band," most of its members residing in the town of Clarendon, and connected with the 3d regiment, 2d brigade and 2d division of the militia of Vermont, Pliny Parker leader; instructors, Moulton, of Castleton, and Hooker, of Poultney. This band carried the following instruments: one bugle, four clarionets, two German flutes, two octaves, two violins, two bassoons, a bass drum and triangle. After a few years this band was scattered and disbanded. The companies above described were well uniformed. The general officers seen on the parade grounds in East Rutland in early times were Perry G. Ladd, Generals Orms, Robinson, Jonas Clark, Charles K. Williams and others. A squadron of cavalry from each of the three regiments

in Rutland county, under the command of Major Barnard Ketchum, of Sudbury, and afterwards of Major George T. Hodges, of Rutland, were occasionally seen on the Rutland parade grounds some 60 years ago, but with many other military organizations, disappeared many years since.

I cannot give the names of all the company commanders at this period, but of some within my own recollection, viz: Gen. Ambrose L. Brown commanded the Rutland company, William C. Fox commanded the Wallingford Rifle company, afterward Adjutant of the regiment, Capt. James Harrington commanded Ira company, being followed by Capt. Leonard Mason, Capt. John Mason, Capt. Lester Mason, Capt. George Graves, Capt. Lyman, Capt. Enos Fish, Capts. Gilmore and Wood. While these men were all men of character and influence, some amusing incidents would sometimes occur, they not having the benefit of a West Point military education. Some of their orders were not always strictly in accordance with the technical military language. For instance, when on the march, and wishing to pass some obstructing objects, desiring to "diminish front" gave the order "huddle up."

The martial music in olden times consisted chiefly of the fife, snare drum and bass drum. About the year 1818 Fife Major John Dean, of Pittsford, was employed to go through the 3d regiment giving instructions upon the fife and drum. The result of the movement contributed greatly to the improvement of martial music in said regiment.

About the year 1822 or 1823, Brigadier General Ladd, of Benson, called the brigade together at West Rutland, one regiment from the south-west part of the county commanded by Gen. Jonas Clark. This regiment encamped one day in Ira, and then came to Rutland. One regiment from the south-east part of the county, commanded by Col. Julius Clarke, which regiment encamped on the Butman farm, now Henry Hayward's, and then joined the brigade at West Rutland. One regiment from the north part of the county, commanded by Colonel Kellogg, of Benson. This regiment encamped in Castleton, and then came to Rutland. The brigade mustered on the grounds of Benjamin Blanchard.

I have reached a period in the military history of Vermont in which his excellency, Gov. Charles Paine, through a resolution of the General Assembly passed in November, 1841, appointed ex-Gov. Silas H. Jennison, Hon. Paul Dillingham, and Gen. F. W. Hopkins, a Committee to revise the military laws of the State. I feel warranted in saying the honor of that service was accomplished almost entirely through the untiring perseverance of the late Gen. F. W. Hopkins, who was for many years Adjntant and Inspector General of the State of Vermont, and the personification of the military spirit of Vermont.

Immediately after this, uniform or independent companies sprang into existence, viz;

The Rutland Citizens' Corps, organized in 1842, Captain John Strong, commanding.

The Clarendon Guards, organized September 10, 1842, first Captain, Stephen Fowler, afterwards Captain Daniel Wing, succeeded by Captain Cyril Carpenter. This company kept up its organization nine years.

There is one act in the history of this company which I will note viz; by request of Colonel F. Parker, of Castleton, Vt., the Clarendon Guards were invited to do military honors at the funeral of Lieutenant Hall, an aged veteran and worthy officer of the American Revolution. In compliance with this request, and by order of Captain C. Carpenter, the Guards assembled at Westover's Hotel in Castleton, June 13, 1848, and with martial music, under direction of Colonel Parker, and other invited guests, viz; General Jonas Clark of Middletown, and Hon. Merritt M. Clark, and General Orrill Clark of Sandy Hill, N. Y., and other distinguished guests, marched to the house of the deceased, and received the body, and bore it with the funeral dirge to the Congregational church, where Professor Carr pronounced an interesting enology, and from the church to the grave where the farewell shot and parting volley was taken.

While we feel a general pride in all the Vermont troops, I take especial pride in naming the Rutland Light Guards, organized November 13, 1858, H. Henry Baxter, Captain, Wil-

liam Y. W. Ripley, Ira C. Foster, Cyril Carpenter, commissioned officers. This company at its organization numbered 65 men, composed of our most staid and influential citizens.

In November, 1859, Captain H. Henry Baxter was elected Adjutant and Inspector General of the State of Vermont, and William Y. W. Ripley promoted captain. The company soon numbered 100 men, and were mustered into the service of the United States May 2, 1861, First Regiment Vermont Volunteers, three months men, the company having been thoroughly drilled by Captain Joseph Bush, of the Brandon Grays, George F. Roberts 1st Lieutenant, and Levi G. Kingsley 2d Lieutenant. This company was among the first to march to the front at the out-break of the rebellion.

I will only add a list of officers who originated from the Rutland Light Guards, and went into the service of the United States army during the late rebellion, viz; Captain Ripley, afterwards colonel of the Vermont Sharp Shooters, Lieutenant George T. Roberts, afterwards Colonel of Seventh Vermont, who gallantly fell at the battle of Baton Rouge, Major Dudley who fell in the battle of the Wilderness, Captain Reynolds who fell at the battle of Lee's Mills, W. T. Nichols, Colonel of the 14th Vermont Volunteers, Major Levi G. Kingsley, Captain Stephen G. Staley, Captain Walter C. Landon, Captain William Edgerton, Captain in United States army, Major George E. Warren, Captain John B. Kilburn, Captain in the 7th Vermont, Captain Frank Huntoon, Captain of Cavalry, Captain Samuel Kelley, Captain John A. Sheldon, Captain George Crofts, Major Avery B. Cain, 4th Infantry United States Army, who had the honor to command the same Regiment that General Grant commanded when he retired from the service.

After the reading of the above article, the President said he understood Collector Beard, of Boston, and other distinguished gentlemen were in town, and he appointed Judge S. M. Dorr, Newman Weeks and L. W. Redington a committee to wait upon these gentlemen and invite them to the hall.

A recess was taken till 2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON, 2 O'CLOCK.

There was a very large attendance present at the opening of the afternoon session, a large number of citizens from about the county having come in on the noon train. Hon. S. M. Dorr, President of the Day, presided. Hon. A. M. Beard, United States Collector of the port of Boston, and a number of other prominent gentlemen were on the platform.

After music by the band, Judge Dorr said that in nearly every town in the county were men who had preserved records of the events occurring in the county. One of these gentlemen was Henry Hall, of Rutland. Mr. Hall was then introduced, and delivered the following historical address :

Few inland counties have such a wealth of historical material—such an extent and variety of topics—as Rutland county. The wars of England and France, from William III and Louis XIV to George III and Louis XV, from Marlborough's victory at Blenheim to Wolfe's capture of Quebec, from the burning and massacre of Schenectady in 1690, to the burning and massacre of Neshobe and Royalton during the Revolutionary war, so involving the English and French colonists and near Indians, causing so many expeditious scouting parties, war parties, captive parties, raids and counter raids, through the lake, along our borders, across our territory, the fierce contests and struggles with the Yorkers and tories, the marshalling of forces for the capture of "Ti" in 1775, the presence of British and German troops for weeks in 1777, the history of our forts, the ascent up the lake of a large British army in 1781, with the wild excitement caused thereby, the Shay-like mob of 1786; add to these the thirst of peace, the growth of social life, agriculture, mechanics, architecture, trade, travel and newspapers, all richly deserve embalming in one historic continuous sketch; but our present purpose is merely to glance at a few epochs and features, illustrating our local progress, with allusions to contemporary affairs abroad, to aid the memory and alleviate wearisomeness.

These centennial and semi-centennial celebrations! How vigorous they are with youth, how venerable with age!

Thousands of years ago, amid the lightnings and thunderings of Sinai, Heaven bade the Jews celebrate every semi-centennial year as a jubilee of sacred rest, and what a year of rest it was! No sowing, no reaping, even the vineyards were undressed, the grapes ungathered; the spontaneous growth of a territory of 10,000 square miles—no larger than Vermont—supported through one whole year several millions of people and all their domestic animals. What a proclamation of freedom it was! Every slave throughout the land was made free. What an agrarian law! All deeds and mortgages were void; all real estate reverted to the heirs of the original grantees under Joshua. The jubilees of the Romish church, established in the year 1300, were originally centennial; next semi-centennial, then 35 years apart, and finally quarter centennial. In 1864 the third centennial anniversary of the birth of Galileo was celebrated by the University of Pisa, whereof he was once a pupil and professor. Perhaps the grandest and most august of all centenials ever celebrated was that celebrated at Rome when the city was 1,000 years old; when the Arab-born Roman Emperor Philip, returning from the east, sought oblivion of his crimes by dazzling the multitude with the infinite pomp and magnificence of the secular games. Three nights mystic sacrifices were made along the banks of the Tiber; the vast Campus Martius was filled with lamps, torches, dancing and music; 54 noble youths sang religious hymns; all slaves, all strangers were excluded from participation; the devout were occupied with the rites of superstition; the many were joyous and solemn, while the thoughtful few pondered the past, and doubted the future.

Yet, although these celebrations are as old as human history, they have been adopted by our nation and people with such enthusiasm that they seem to have the novelty and raciness of a new American institution. They are at least a change from the platitudes and boastings of Fourth of July demonstrations.

Rutland county has 25 towns, one more than any other county in the State; 25 miniature democratic republics, modeled and remodeled upon the principles illustrated by the

greater republics of ancient Greece and Rome, mediaeval Italy and modern Europe, notably by the Dutch town councils as studied by the Plymouth pilgrims during their 12 years' sojourn there; modeled and remodeled after two centuries and a half of American colonial and State experience, until now they seem in theory to approximate perfection. Practically, of course, they are subject to all the imperfections arising from the clashing of human interests and passions. However intelligent and conscientious the voter may become, he cannot exercise the elective franchise without being subject more or less to malign influences as well as benign. The tyranny of public opinion, the contagious fervor of political parties, the machinations of secret societies, the dominance of colossal corporations, sectarian zeal and personal ambition, will more or less dictate the voting. But this is merely saying that towns are inhabited by human beings. The town system in its perfection seems as purely American as the steamboat or the mowing machine. Even Sir Thomas More in his *Utopia*, published in 1516, in Latin, as all scholars then wrote for international circulation, although he favors universal suffrage, voting by ballot, an infinite diminution of capital punishment, a chief magistrate removable at pleasure instead of a king, and other changes centuries in advance of his age, yet his model republic has no beau ideal or even a dream of a self-governing township. The eminent French statesman De Tocqueville, sent by France to the United States in 1831, is minute in describing all the details of our town organization, their great independence and authority seeming to impress him as if with something of the majesty of nationality. Proud as we are of our national Union, it is possible that the crowning glory of our land is our town system. Certain it is that where this system prevails most perfectly, there most prevalent are schools, churches, books, papers, freedom, law, order, and secure society. There is one constitutional provision as to our town representation that seems unjust. Thirteen towns in our county have in the aggregate less than 12,000 inhabitants; yet they send 13 Representatives to the Legislature. Rutland has over 12,000 inhabitants and sends one Represent-

ative. So in the United States Senate. New York has over 5,000,000 inhabitants and sends two Senators. Thirteen other States have in the aggregate less than 5,000,000 inhabitants and send 26 Senators.

The population of Rutland county lacks 170 of being 42,000, more than six and a half thousands greater than that of any other county in the State, and two-thirds as large as that of Nevada, one of the sovereign States of the Union. When Rienzi, the last of the tribunes of the people, was murdered on the steps of the Capitol, in the year 1354, the population of Rome was scarcely 20,000. Thus the foremost city in the world's history, during one of the most brilliant and grotesque epochs of her mediaeval career, had not half as many people as our county. At the battle of Cressy, fought 100 miles north of Paris, on the 26th of August, 1346, Edward III and the Black Prince, with 40,000 soldiers—less than the present population of Rutland county—defeated a French army of 100,000. The Greek army at Marathon won one of the most important battles in human history, yet numbered but 11,000—over 1,000 less than the population of the town of Rutland.

During the last ten years the county has gained less than 1,200, but as the town of Rutland has gained over 2,300, the 24 other towns have lost in the aggregate over 1,100. Eleven towns have increased, fourteen decreased. The decrease of Castleton is the greatest, being over 600. Fairhaven has gained three. Sherburne has 450 inhabitants, the least of any town in the county, but that number is larger than the band of the Hebrew Gideon at his great victory over the Midianites, Amalekites and the children of the east, who lay along the valley like the grasshoppers for multitude, and whose camels were as the sands of the sea. Our neighboring city, Albany, now has a population more than twice as large as Rutland county, but in the year 1800, when Albany was 186 years old, its population was less than half that of the town of Rutland to-day.

It seems impossible to ascertain exactly the size of our county. It is undoubtedly 40 miles long and 30 miles wide;

if this length and breadth were uniform, the area would be 1,200 square miles; but the form is irregular; the southern tier of towns contains only three, Mt. Tabor, Danby and Pawlet; while one central tier contains seven, Sherburne, Mendon, Rutland, Ira, Castleton, Fairhaven and West Haven. If each of the 25 towns was six miles square, the area would be 900 square miles. But the average scarcely equals that. Perhaps between 800 and 900 square miles would be a reasonable estimate. At that estimate the county is larger than the famous ancient Grecian province of Attica, whose capital city, Athens, taught the world so much of all it knows about literature and art. At that estimate our county is large enough, mountains included, to contain five or six cities like London. How the new listing law will affect the future valuation of the property in this county we can only conjecture, but the last appraisal fixed the value at over \$11,000,000, nearly a million larger than any other county in the State. Perhaps a true estimate might approximate \$25,000,000. \$25,000,000 would about pay for the National Capitol at Washington, and the new State House at Albany. \$25,000,000 are twenty-five times the cost of colonizing New England, and 5,000 times the cost of Columbus' expedition to discover a new world, and one-third of the capital of the Bank of England. \$25,000,000 at six per cent. compound interest would at the second centennial of our county amount to three times as much as our National debt, and at the third centennial would be enough to pay \$50 for every acre on this globe, including all deserts and waste places.

Our county lies a trifle north of the 43° north latitude. It is in the same latitude with Northern Spain, Southern France, with Pisa, the birth-place of Galileo, with Florence, the birth-place of Dante, and with the home of the wonderful Etruscan civilization; in the same latitude with the Black Sea, Caspian Sea, Central Asia, and the states of Oregon and Michigan, thus having the same latitude with the best wine growing region of Europe and the best grain and fruit growing portion of America. The mean temperature of our climate is about 43° , while our rainfall probably averages from

40 to 43 inches a year. Lake Champlain is between 90 and 100 feet above the ocean; Rutland railroad depot track 530 feet, Mount Holly summit 1,453, and Killington Peak 4,221 feet or more. All of our mountains east of Otter Creek belong to the Green Mountain range; all west of Otter Creek to the Taconic range. The Taconic range contains almost all the good marble and slate yet found in Vermont. The highest peaks of the Taconic range within our county are 2,500 or more feet above the ocean—about the same elevation as Madrid, the capital of Spain, and Jerusalem, the capital of Palestine. Killington Peak is probably the second highest in the State, and higher than any mountain in England, Wales or Ireland, and higher than all in Scotland except Ben Nevis. It is half as high as Mount Sinai, but not half as high as Olympus, where Jupiter and Juno kept a free and easy celestial hotel. Most of the waters flowing out of our county go down the St. Lawrence, into the Atlantic, while the rivulets east of the Green Mountains go down the Connecticut into Long Island Sound. Peaches, sweet potatoes, tobacco and the Isabella grapes ripen here, while one-third of our county is so elevated it cannot raise grain.

Part of the boundary line between our county and New York is the center of the intervening portion of Lake Champlain, consequently the lake furnishes the north-west corner of our county; therefore I claim that the discovery of Lake Champlain was the discovery of Rutland county, and that if the history of the lake commences with that discovery, so may also the history of Rutland county. It was on the 4th of July, 1609, that Samuel Champlain, a Frenchman, first discovered and launched a boat upon the lake which bears his name. By the then recognized international law of Christendom, the discovery of any portion of heathendom by a Christian gave to his sovereign the right of political jurisdiction thereof, and the discovery of a lake operated as a discovery of all the soil drained by its affluents. At the time of this discovery Henry IV was king of France. He was the first of the Bourbon Kings and the hero of Macaulay's poem "The Battle of Ivry." Thus the first Christian nation having a semblance of right to

lordship over our territory was that nation which afterward sent its Lafayette, and its armies and its fleets to assist America in achieving nationality, and for which, at least, the ancient banner of France, with its gay lilies, might have waved and the oriflamme of Henry of Navarre might have gleamed along Otter Creek as rightfully as along the river Seine. Let us glance briefly at affairs contemporary with this discovery. In September, 1609, Henry Hudson entered Hudson river, and ascended as far as Waterford, and Capt. John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, exploring Chesapeake bay, encountered a fleet of Mohawk canoes. In 1609 Quebec was one year old and Jamestown was two years old. Jamestown was settled by reprobate sons of cavaliers who, according to their own historian, like true Englishmen, built a church costing £50, and a tavern costing £500; while the Spanish town, St. Augustine, Florida, was 44 years old, and is now the oldest city in the United States. In 1609 Milton was an infant; Lord Bacon, who Bishop Burnett says was the first to write our language correctly, was in the vigor of life, his fair fame as yet untarnished by judicial bribery. Shakespeare was perhaps writing Othello, soon to bid adieu to London, and return to Stratford-on-Avon. Sir Walter Raleigh was a prisoner in the Tower, writing his history of the world, while King James' translators of the Bible had finished five of their seven years' labor.

The three great painters, Vandyke, Rubens and Guido, the philosopher Laplace, Kepler the astronomer, Grotius, father of the law of nations, who has been thought the most universal scholar of his age, were all busy workers. One of the most interesting characters of this or any other age was Galileo, who in this very year, 1609, with his newly made telescope was studying the heavens. He was the Tuscan artist to whom Milton referred when he likens Satan's shield to the moon,

“Whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Val d'Arno, to deserv new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.”

In the following winter he discovered the four moons of Jupiter. Thus the discovery of the lake and the surrounding territory, by being associated with contemporary events, carries us back to the composing of that version of the Bible that is now the best reading for 80,000,000 of people, to the discovery of Jupiter's moons, to the infaney of Milton, and to the times of some of earth's greatest men.

Rutland county has been subject to at least the nominal jurisdiction of five different powers. The Indians, the French by right of discovery in 1609, the English by right of conquest and colonization, Vermont as an independent nation, from her declaration of independence, January 15, 1777, to her admission into the Union, March 4, 1791, and the United States for the last 90 years. Rutland county has been a portion of five different counties. In 1683 Albany county was first formed, its southern boundary Sawyer's creek, west of the Hudson, and Roeloffe Jansen's creek on the east. These creeks are in about the same latitude as the northern line of Connecticut, and Albany county has included all Massachusetts west of the Connecticut river, and the whole of Vermont. In 1772 Albany county was divided into three counties, one of which, Charlotte, extended over our territory. Our early settlers in their deeds described themselves as being of the county of Albany, or Charlotte, according to the dates. In March, 1778, at the first organization of our State government, the State was divided into two counties, Unity on the east side and Bennington on the west side the range of the Green Mountains. In the fall of 1780 the name of Washington county was given to the territory north of the present Bennington county, and west of the mountains, but this act of the Legislature was written only on a slip of paper and never recorded; that slip of paper I have seen. In February, 1781, Rutland county was incorporated, embracing the same territory as Washington county, its first officers to be elected 100 years ago to-day. During the year 1781 Rutland county extended not only from Bennington county to Canada, but also from the Green Mountains to the Hudson river, including Lakes George and Champlain.

Our county is one hundred years old. Has the world moved during that century? Let us see. Then no telegraph, no telephone, no railroad, no macadamized roads, no steamboat, no steamship, no gas to light building or street, no vaccination, no London Times, no Edinburgh Review. In 1781 the planet Uranus was discovered and Sabbath schools inaugurated. In 1781, among the promising lads were Tom Moore, Daniel O'Connell, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Walter Scott, Alexander Humboldt, Cuvier and Napoleon Bonaparte. Among the workers were Grattan, Burke, Sheridan, Fox, Pitt, Cowper, Burns, Madame de Stael, Goethe, Schiller and Aliferi; the American born painters, Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley, were working in London; among the veterans were Dr. Samuel Johnson, Buffon and Frederick the Great, while Franklin, living near Paris, was the intellectual monarch of Europe; Washington and Hamilton with the American Army, and Lafayette with the French army, were planning the capture of Lord Cornwallis. The American nation had no President; the President of Congress was without salary, and without power. The beginning of the year 1781 was the saddest Vermont had ever seen. Congress had withdrawn every continental soldier, and every spade and pickaxe from our soil. New York, almost overpowered by her own tories, had withdrawn her last garrison from White-hall. Vermont was threatened with the fate of Poland by the neighboring States, and with annihilation by a well equipped British army, outnumbering her entire adult male population. Already had British officials attempted to bribe Vermont to return to her allegiance to the crown. Lord Germain's letter proclaiming that fact had been published. Then it was that Vermont adopted a policy that neutralized the action of the British army, and protected her own territory and that of Northern New York; then it was that Vermont adopted the plan of Scipio and carried the war into Africa; she doubled her territory, she annexed 35 towns of New Hampshire; her Legislature met in New Hampshire; she annexed all New York further north than Massachusetts and east of the Hudson river, and east of a line due north from the

source of the Hudson river to Canada ; Keene and Saratoga paid taxes in Vermont, and were represented in her Legislature.

In 1781 there was no Brandon, West Haven, no Middletown, no Mt. Tabor, no Mt. Holly, no Mendon, no Sherburne. Brandon was Neshobe, West Haven was a part of Fairhaven, Middletown and Mt. Holly were not formed. Mt. Tabor was Harwich, Mendon was Medway, Sherburne was Killington, and the northern part of Chittenden was Philadelphia. Several of the towns were not inhabited. The population of the county was probably about 5,000, and the appraisal of the property for taxation, instead of being counted by millions, amounted to about \$110,000. There were military forts in Rutland, Pittsford and Castleton. A few hundred troops had their headquarters first at Fort Ranger, in Center Rutland, and subsequently at Fort Warner, in Castleton. Now churches and clergymen are counted by scores, the members of churches by thousands, and the cost of church edifices by hundreds of thousands of dollars. Before the Revolution there was probably a Baptist church in Rutland, but in 1781 there was the Congregational church that met at Center Rutland, in the log meeting house located on the present home- stead of Col. George H. Beaman ; beside that I know of no other except the Baptist church in Wallingford. Then money was reckoned not by dollars and cents, but by pounds, shillings and pence, six shillings to the dollar, one pound being three and a third dollars. Congress had coined no gold, no silver, only a few tons of copper. Vermont before 1781 had issued no bills, no coin ; no National Banks circulated hundreds of millions of dollars. There were no banks, and the coin was chiefly from abroad ; \$72 of Continental bills were worth \$1 in silver. In October, 1780, the Legislature said : "Whereas, the state of the present currency, or medium of trade, is such that it is difficult to procure the necessities to supply the army, without calling on each town for a quota of such supplies, therefore be it enacted certain amounts be raised." Rutland's share was about 30 barrels of flour, 10 barrels of beef, five barrels of salted pork, 162 bushels of Indian corn, and 81 bushels of rye.

What will be the status of our county at its second centennial?

During the past 100 years the nation has grown from 3,-000,000 to 50,000,000 of inhabitants, Vermont from 30,000 to one-third of a million, and the county from 5,000 to 42,000.

If the increase is as great the next 100 years the nation will number over 800,000,000, the State over 3,500,000, and the county one-third of a million. Is this the last as well as the first of our county centennials? Or will she, like Rome, celebrate her tenth centennial?

Milton's Adam, in "Paradise Lost," is allowed to see the future of his race: some pleasant scenes gladden his eye, but woe, sin and misery abound largely. Heaven save Rutland county from such a future. Homer's description of Achilles's shield has a healthier, more cheery view of life; but in both war rages. May we not hope that our nation 100 years hence, with its hundreds of millions of people, will succeed in substituting international arbitration for war, and that our nation, including our State and county, extending from Arctic to Tropic seas, as one united people shall breathe "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

Henry Ripley Dorr, son of Hon. S. M. and Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr, was next introduced, and read the following original poem.

THE VALLEY OF THE OTTER.

It is not mine to sing to-day
The glory of the olden time,
Nor celebrate the deeds of men
In high heroic rhyme.

A clearer voice than mine has sung,
And stronger words have told
The glory of our commonwealth—
Her mighty men of old!

Its only left for me to sing
The grandeur of our hills,
The pomp and pride of sunset,
The song of brooks and rills;

The beauty of our Otter,
The glory of our plains,
The sweet notes of our singing birds,
The zephyr's soft refrains.

Yes, many a proud song has been sung
Of many a storied land,
Whose hills and vales are not more fair
Than hers—our Switzerland;

Whose skies would pale in splendor
When down the distant west
Our sunsets cast their glory
Upon the mountains' crest!

And many a bard has sung the deeds
That noble men have done,
Who fought their fight less bravely
Than our sires at Hubbardton!

O, Valley of the Otter! fair
As eyes have ever seen,
With clustered haunlets, mighty peaks,
And hills of emerald green;

With meadows and with smiling fields
Where, with its noiseless feet,
The river hastens on its way
Its mighty Lord to meet;

Your woods and hills, your founts and
rills,
Theirs is the subtle charm
That woke the lyric bard's refrain
Upon the Sabine farm;

That stirred the heart of Germany
To music sweet and grand,
The songs of hills and mountains,
The love of Fatherland!

That woke the harp of Ireland
To strains that shall endure
As long as men shall love his name—
The name of Thomas Moore!

When first the blue bird from the south
Flies back with hints of spring,
The dim grey skies above us
Catch the azure of his wing.

The river casts its terrors off,
The deep snows melt away,
The tiny grass blades rise to greet
The dawning of the day.

The brooklets laugh, the budding trees
Make haste to don their plumes;
The willows by the roadside wear
The velvet of their looms.

The white mists from the mountain's
height
Lightly and calmly rise,
Pile upon pile against the blue—
The snowdrifts of the skies!

Within the dim and silent woods
The fallen leaves are stirred
By struggling blossoms; and the notes
Of many a sweet-voiced bird

Echo among the stately trees,
With music sweet and clear
As Orpheus', when the mighty hills
Bent their proud crests to hear!

The weeks pass on; the summer comes;
The lowland hills again,
Are flooded o'er with billowy waves
Of undulating grain,

While in broad meadow lands we hear
The sparrows bright and blithe,
The chatter of the bobolinks,
The clicking of the scythe.

And down among the wild flowers
sounds
The humming of the bee,
While through the heavy laden boughs
Winds murmur drowsily.

Then the wide flush of autumn comes;
The hills transfigured stand
Waving their glorious banners far
Above the sun-lit land!

The forest wears its cloth of gold
Right royally and well,
While on the silent valley lies
The Indian summer's spell.

The moonlight gleams across the lake
The noiseless night winds sweep;
A rippling smile steals o'er its face,
Half waking from its sleep!

But soon the glow of autumn dies;
Chill grows the frosty air;
The plains and hills are bleak and
brown,
The maple boughs are bare.

When lo! a feathery robe is stretched
From mountain peak to plain!
The valley of our winding stream
Is beautiful again!

O, Valley of the Otter! fair
As eyes have ever seen,
With clustered hamlets, mighty peaks,
And hills of emerald green,

We hail thy beauty and thy grace,
Thy mountains firm and grand,
The majesty of our good State,
Vermont, our Switzerland!

On account of the necessary absence of Hon. John A. Conant, of Brandon, the next paper, prepared by him for the occasion, entitled "Early Business Men of Rutland County," was read by Henry Clark, of Rutland. It was as follows:

EARLY BUSINESS MEN OF RUTLAND COUNTY.

BY HON. JOHN A. CONANT, OF BRANDON, VT.

It was fortunate for the early settlers in western Vermont, emigrating from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, that they were able to bring with them such mechanical implements as were needful in that day for the manufacture of clothing and other household fabrics, such as the hand cards, the spinning wheel, the loom and the hatchet. With these implements the skilled matron could card the wool, spin the yarn, and weave the cloth ready for the clothier to full, color, and shear, with his huge hand shears, as was the custom down to 1806, and perhaps later.

Carding machines were introduced, relieving the family from the task of carding wool by the hand cards, but the spinning wheel and the loom had all the more to do, until latter the woolen factories, more generally outside the county limits, could work the wool into clothes on shares, or otherwise. For many years, even down as late as 1818, the good housewife and her daughters, young ladies of the family, would spin the worsted yarn for their best winter dresses, having a new one every year, for their "go to meeting best," or the ball room. And such wives! Where can they now be found? Thus every household was a factory in itself, without which the wants of the new settlers could not have been provided for.

Cotton factories have never invaded Rutland county, and only some half dozen woolen mills of moderate dimensions have had a place here. The merchants as late as 1813 would purchase the five pound bundles of cotton yarn from Keene, N. H., and Middlebury, Vt., to supply their customers, and would often put yarn out to be woven into cloth.

The cotton factories in Keene first supplied Rutland county merchants with factory cotton cloths.

Distilleries were early a prominent feature in many towns, particularly Wallingford, Clarendon, Pittsford and Brandon, the surplus rye and corn being converted into whiskey.

The hatter's shop and the tannery were a necessity, and flourished in most of the towns for the first fifty years of the settlement of the County. The saddler would make both saddles and bridles; harness making was of later date. Both men and women rode on horseback, often the wife or daughter mounted behind on the *pillory*, as Miss Partington would say.

The blacksmith shop of the early days was a factory where every household implement, as well as farm tools, were made. The smith, with the aid of his apprentice to "blow and strike," the lively trip hammer, wherever water power was at hand, aided in reducing the massive bars of iron into workable size and shape.

The manufacture of iron in Rutland County commenced as early as 1790, and has proved one of the most important industries of the early days. Blast furnaces have been a success in Clarendon, Timmouth, Pittsford and Brandon. The manufacture of bar iron in Brandon dates as far back as the year last aforesaid. Forges both at Forestdale and the village made iron successfully up to 1820; the heavy thud of the forge hammer would gather the boys together to witness the *shingling* of the loops. The iron made in Brandon was largely used in the manufacture of shovels that were marketed all through the country, east as far as Boston. The blast furnace in Pittsford was noted for the high grade of iron made, and with but brief intervals has been in operation to this day. The Conants erected a blast furnace in 1820, other parties three or four years later, at Forestdale. Every variety of castings, from petite kettles up to potash kettles, were made in these furnaces, but the important branch, as it proved, was the manufacture of stoves; from 1820 to 1850 it was the most important industry of the County, or the State even. Not only Vermont was supplied with stoves, but customers were

found in all the other New England States, northern New York, and the west, particularly Ohio. Subsequent to 1848 or 1849 railroad castings were called for; car wheels for the Rutland road were a specialty—all this was before railroads were built. Pig iron was made both at Pittsford and Brandon in large quantities. The expense of sending to market was a serious drawback.

Copperas was extensively manufactured at Shrewsbury as early as 1825, perhaps. The distance from market, and the severe competition at Stratford, where it was more cheaply produced, in connection with mining for copper, caused its abandonment at Shrewsbury.

Cabinet furniture was made in Rutland, Brandon, and other towns, sufficient to supply the wants of the community. This industry should be revived again; the home manufacture would readily take the place of the cheap eastern work.

A pail factory was started in Brandon in about 1822, rivaling the hand work of Tottingham in Pittsford; these pails were sold to merchants all the way to Boston, before any attempt was made to make pails by machinery in New Hampshire.

The Penfields took the lead in making carpets in Pittsford, as well as other woolen fabrics.

The Pittsford marble quarries were first practically utilized by Judd, of Middlebury; to save the cost of haul to his mill, he started a gang of saws in Brandon about 1811. In 1824 extensive marble mills were erected by Hyatt, and a few years later a second mill was put in operation by Cowan and Hyatt. Marble for these mills was procured from the Pittsford quarries. The cost of getting such heavy products to market, before railroads were built, was a very serious drawback. Later the statuary marble quarry was opened in Brandon, and a mill erected for sawing. E. D. Selden, with the aid of his father, made the business a success for many years, New York city being the principal market. Goodell and others have continued the business up to this period.

The marble business in Rutland was commenced at Sutherland Falls and at other points, and Rutland now takes the

lead in the production of marble, not only in the county, but doubtless in the United States.

The manufacture of the Howe Scales was commenced in Brandon in 1857, and continued until 1878, when the works were removed to Rutland, bidding fair to rival the Fairbanks, of St Johnsbury. In various other manufactures Rutland is taking the lead at the present day.

The Bachelder Fork factory in Wallingford stands unrivaled in the county or State, the superiority of their work insuring a market for their products even in the old world.

It has proved a difficult task to call to mind the names of the early merchants in the principal eastern towns of the county, and the writer is indebted to the kindness of others to aid him. In Brandon there were Capt. Simonds, William Ambler, Doct Thorndike, Gideon Horton, Penuel Childs, Silas R. Deming, Josiah Parmenter, Rufus Harris, Roger Fuller, John Conant, John Conant & Sons, Matthew W. Birchard, I. & E. Jackson.

In Pittsford among the early merchants were George Walton, S. & E. Avery, Sturges Penfield, Gilbert Evans, Samuel Gordan & Son, Thomas Tiffany, Isaac Hayden, Granger & Sons, I. Simonds & Co., Addison Buck, and others later.

The prominent early merchants of Rutland, with some omissions, perhaps, were as follows: Jonathan Wells, James D. Butler, Thomas Hooker, George T. Hodges, Frederick Fuller, Francis Slason, Daniel Chapman, James Barrett, Ben Dix, G. W. & L. Daniels, Daniels & Bell.

Elisha Smith was one of Clarendon's merchants as early as 1773, followed by John Robbins, Caleb Hall, H. & S. W. Hodges, and Joseph Button. Mr. Robbins removed to Wallingford in 1798.

Martin Cavenagh, Ebenezer Towner, Manley Hall, Joel Hill, William Fox and Eliakim Johnson were the early merchants and business men of Wallingford. The few names I have found in Danby are Nathan Lapam, Hosea Williams, and James McDaniels, who was blind for many years before his death, taking little of his hoarded wealth with him at the last.

Shrewsbury and Mount Holly, both virtually mountain towns, had their merchants. The former was in the early days traversed over the hill past the store and tavern of Stephen Gleason, a successful pioneer—Finney & Hodges, William Marsh and John Buckmaster following after—while in Mount Holly Nathan T. Sprague, Samuel Heminway and Hartwell Bent were the only early merchants the writer can call to mind.

Distinguished among the early merchants was James D. Butler, of Rutland. Previous to 1820 the merchants of the County were generally small dealers, and the wiping out of the early manufacturing interests is the marked feature of the industries of the County, supplemented fortunately with others of greater magnitude, but more centrally located.

Ill health having prevented George W. Chaplin, Esq., of Rutland from furnishing an article on "Reminiscences of the olden times," the next thing on the programme was the "History of Castleton Medical College," to which was appended a history of the medical and scientific studies of the County, by J. M. Currier, M. D., of Castleton. Following are the articles last mentioned:

HISTORY OF THE CASTLETON MEDICAL COLLEGE.

BY JOHN M. CURRIER, M. D., CASTLETON, VERMONT.

This institution was first chartered by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, October 29, 1818.

"AN ACT INCORPORATING THE CASTLETON MEDICAL ACADEMY."

SECTION 1. *"It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont,*

That there be, and hereby is, granted, constituted and established, a medical Academy in the town of Castleton, in this State; and that Selah Gridley and Theodore Woodward, of said Castleton, and their associates, hereby are constituted a body politic and corporate, for the purposes of instructing in the science of physic, surgery, chemistry, and all the differ-

ent branches of science connected with the healing art, to be distinguished and known by the name of The Corporation of Castleton Medical Academy ; and that by said name they, the said Selah Gridley and Theodore Woodward, their associates and successors, are hereby invested with all the powers of making and altering their own by-laws and regulations, not repugnant to the laws of this State ; of taking and holding by gift, purchase or devise, any real or personal estate, and of selling the same ; of appointing and removing instructors ; of suing and being sued ; and of doing all those acts that the good of said corporation may require, for the purposes for which the same is created ; said corporation may have a common seal, and the same alter and change at pleasure.

SECTION 2. And it is hereby further enacted,

That a quorum of said corporation, to do any business, shall consist of at least two-thirds of the whole number of the members of said corporation.

SECTION 3. And it is hereby further enacted,

That the first meeting of said corporation shall be holden at the place where the medical school is now kept, in said Castleton, on the first Monday of December next."

Agreeably to the above act, the corporation met and organized on the 7th day of December, 1818, in a building where now (1881) stands the drug store of Dr. J. N. Northrop, in Castleton, immediately east of the lot on which stands the town hall. Selah Gridley was made president, Theodore Woodward vice president, and Thomas P. Matthews secretary.

The corporation provided for one course of medical lectures annually, of eight to twelve weeks : and three reading terms of twelve weeks each. Selah Gridley was assigned to the chair of theory and practice and *Materia Medica* ; Theodore Woodward to that of *Surgery and Obstetrics* ; and Thomas P. S. Matthews to that of *Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry*.

October 27, 1819, the General Assembly of the State of Vermont passed

“AN ACT IN ADDITION TO AN ACT ENTITLED
‘AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE CASTLETON
‘MEDICAL ACADEMY.’

WHEREAS, It appears that no power has been given by the act aforesaid to confer any honors or degrees upon students making laudible proficiency in the different branches of science connected with the healing art ;

THEREFORE, *It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont,*

That the president, with the consent of the professors of said academy, shall have power to give and confer those honors and degrees as are usually given in such medical institutions, upon the students of said academy as they shall think worthy thereof.”

Notwithstanding the academy having full power to confer degrees, yet they were conferred under the auspices of Middlebury College up to and including the year 1827, when the connection ceased. The catalogue of the medical school and of the college were issued conjointly.

By an act of the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, passed November 7, 1822, the corporation of the Castleton Medical Academy was changed to the corporation of Vermont Academy of Medicine. The following is the entire act :

“It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont,

That after the passing of this act, the corporation of Castleton Medical Academy shall be known and designated by the name of the corporation of Vermont Academy of Medicine ; and by that name shall have, hold, and enjoy, all the property, rights, benefits, privileges, immunities, powers, and capacities which are, or may be, held, exercised, or enjoyed, by said corporation by the name of Castleton Medical Academy.”

Again the name of this institution was changed to Castleton Medical College, by an act of the General Assembly of the

State of Vermont, passed November 1, 1841. The act is copied in full.

"It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, as follows:

SECTION 1. The corporation of the Vermont Academy of Medicine shall hereafter be known and designated by the name of the corporation of the Castleton Medical College, and by that name shall have, hold and enjoy all the property, rights, benefits, privileges, immunities, powers and capacities, which are or may be held, exercised and enjoyed by the said corporation by the name of the Vermont Academy of Medicine.

SECTION 2. This act shall take effect from and after its passage."

The first course of medical lectures was delivered during the winter of 1818-19; the last course was delivered in the spring of 1861. There were no lectures delivered in 1838 and 1839. Up to and including the year 1834, there was only one course of lectures annually. In 1835-6-7 there were two courses each year. In 1840 and 1841 there was only one course each year; 1842 to 1859, inclusive, there were two annual courses, spring and fall. In 1860 and 1861 there was only one course delivered in each year.

MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION.

SELAH GRIDLEY, M. D., was one of the original incorporators; resigned in 1825.

THEODORE WOODWARD, M. D., one of the original incorporators, and continued to be until his death, in 1840.

T. P. MATHEWS, A. M., from 1819 to 1820.

HON. C. LANGDON, A. M., from 1819 to 1830.

REV. ELIHU SMITH, from 1819 to 1831.

LEONARD E. LATHROP, A. B., from 1819 to 1829.

JOHN MEACHAM, from 1819 to 1839.

JOHN GOODWIN, from 1819 to 1825.

JAMES ADAMS, Esq., from 1819 till 1854.

HON. ZIMRI HOWE, A. M., from 1819 to the close.

T. P. BATCHELDER, A. M., M. D., from 1819 till his resignation, in 1822.

JOSEPH A. GALLUP, A. M., M. D., from 1820 till his resignation, in 1824.

AMOS EATON, A. M., from 1820 to 1822.

JONATHAN A. ALLEN, M. D., from 1822 until his removal, in 1829.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, M. D., from 1823 to 1824.

REV. ETHAN SMITH, from 1823 to 1827.

HON. C. K. WILLIAMS, A. M., from 1823 to 1830.

HENRY HOWE, A. M., from 1825 to 1827.

WILLIAM TULLY, A. M., M. D., from 1827 to 1839.

BENJAMIN F. LANGDON, A. M., from 1828 to the close.

JOSEPH PERKINS, M. D., from 1829 till his resignation, in January, 1857.

SELAH H. MERRILL, A. M., from 1830 to his death, in 1839.

SAMUEL MOULTON, Esq., from 1830 to 1839.

ORLANDO N. DANA, from 1830 to his resignation, in 1839.

JONATHAN DON WOODWARD, M. D., 1839 to the close.

CHESTER SPENCER, from 1839 to the close.

ARUNA W. HYDE, from 1838 to the close.

M. G. LANGDON, Esq., from 1838 to 1854.

EZEKIEL BUEL, Esq., from 1830 to his resignation, in 1838.

OLIVER R. HARRIS, from 1838 to his death, in 1860.

TIMOTHY W. RICE, from 1838 to his resignation, in 1841.

ISRAEL DAVEY, from 1838 to his resignation, in 1846.

ISAAC T. WRIGHT, from 1839 to his resignation, in 1857.

DR. HORACE GREEN, from 1839 to his resignation, in 1841.

JAMES MCCLINTOCK, from 1841 to December 30, 1843, when the Corporation by vote declared his connection with the Institution severed.

E. S. CARR, from 1842 to his resignation, in 1853.

MIDDLETON GOLDSMITH, from 1845 to his resignation, in 1857.

DR. WILLIAM SWEETZER, from 1852 to his resignation, in 1860.

C. L. FORD, from 1852 to his resignation, in February, 1862.

MOSES JACKMAN, from 1850 to the close.

A. G. W. SMITH, from 1852 to 1858.

B. F. ADAMS, from 1854 to the close.

DR. A. T. WOODWARD, from 1854 to his resignation in September, 1860.

FERRAND PARKER, from 1857 to the close.

WILLARD CHILDS, M. D., from 1857 to his resignation, in 1858.

C. M. WILLARD, from 1858 to the close.

CARLOS S. SHERMAN, from 1858 to the close.

CHARLES SHELDON, from 1860 to the close.

DR. CHARLES L. ALLEN, from 1860 to the close.

PRESIDENTS OF THE CORPORATION.

SELAH GRIDLEY, from December 7, 1818, to December 6, 1819.

J. P. BATCHELDER, from December 6, 1819, to December 10, 1820.

JOSEPH A. GALLUP, from December 10, 1820, to December 20, 1824.

CHAUNCY LANGDON, from December 20, 1826, to December 18, 1827.

WILLIAM TULLY, from December 18, 1827, to November 14, 1837.

JOHN MEACHAM, from Nov. 14, 1837, to March 27, 1838.

WILLIAM TULLEY, from March 27, 1838, to Oct. 4, 1839.

DR. HORACE GREEN, from October 4, 1839, to August 30, 1841.

DR. JAMES MCCLINTOCK, from August 30, 1841, to his removal by the corporation, December 30, 1843.

JOSEPH PERKINS, from August 30, 1843, to February 25, 1857.

MIDDLETON GOLDSMITH, from February 25, 1857, to November 14, 1857.

WILLARD CHILDS, from November 14, 1857, to May 28, 1858.

CHESTER SPENCER, from May 28, 1858, to the close.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE
SECRETARIES OF THE CORPORATION.

THOMAS P. MATTHEWS, from December 7, 1818, to March 4, 1819.

THEODORE WOODWARD, from March 4, 1819, to December 18, 1821.

ZIMRI HOWE, from December 18, 1821, to November 21, 1832.

B. F. LANGDON, from November 21, 1832, to November 25, 1834.

S. H. MERRILL, from November 25, 1834, to November 14, 1837.

O. N. DANA, from November 14, 1837, to December 2, 1839.

T. W. RICE, from December 2, 1839, to October 5, 1841.

I. DAVEY, from October 5, 1841, to November 20, 1844.

E. S. CARR, from November 20, 1844, to November 21, 1854.

A. T. WOODWARD, from November 21, 1854, to May 7, 1857.

B. F. ADAMS, from May 7, 1857 to the close.

MEDICAL FACULTY.

SELAH GRIDLEY, professor of theory and practice of medicine and *Materia Medica* from 1818 to 1820, and medical jurisprudence in 1820.

THEODORE WOODWARD, professor of surgery and obstetrics, and diseases of women and children from 1818 to 1839.

L. LERONTE CAZIER, A. M., professor of chemistry, anatomy and physiology from 1818 to 1819.

THOMAS P. MATTHEWS, A. M., professor of chemistry and anatomy from 1819 to 1820.

JOHN P. BATCHELDER, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology 1819 to 1821.

AMOS EATON, Professor of Botany, Chemistry and Natural Philosophy from 1820 to 1825.

JOSEPH A. GALLUP, Professor of Theory and Practice and *Materia Medica*, from 1820 to 1823.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology from 1822 to 1824.

JONATHAN A. ALLEN, Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy from 1822 to 1829.

WILLIAM TULLY, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine from 1824 to 1839.

ALDEN MARCH, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology from 1825 to 1834.

LEWIS C. BECK, Professor of Botany and Chemistry from 1826 to 1832.

AMOS EATON, Professor of Natural Philosophy from 1826 to 1828.

SOLOMON FOOTE, Professor of Natural Philosophy from 1828 to 1833.

JOHN D'WOLF, Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy from 1833 to 1839.

JAMES H. ARMSBY, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology from 1835 to 1839.

HORACE GREEN, Professor of Theory and Practice of Physics, from 1839 to 1841.

JOSEPH PERKINS, Professor of Materia Medica and Obstetrics, from 1839 to 1857.

JAMES HADLEY, Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy, from 1839 to 1841.

ROBERT NELSON, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, from 1839 to 1840.

JAMES BRYAN, Professor of Surgery and Medical Jurisprudence, from 1839 to 1841.

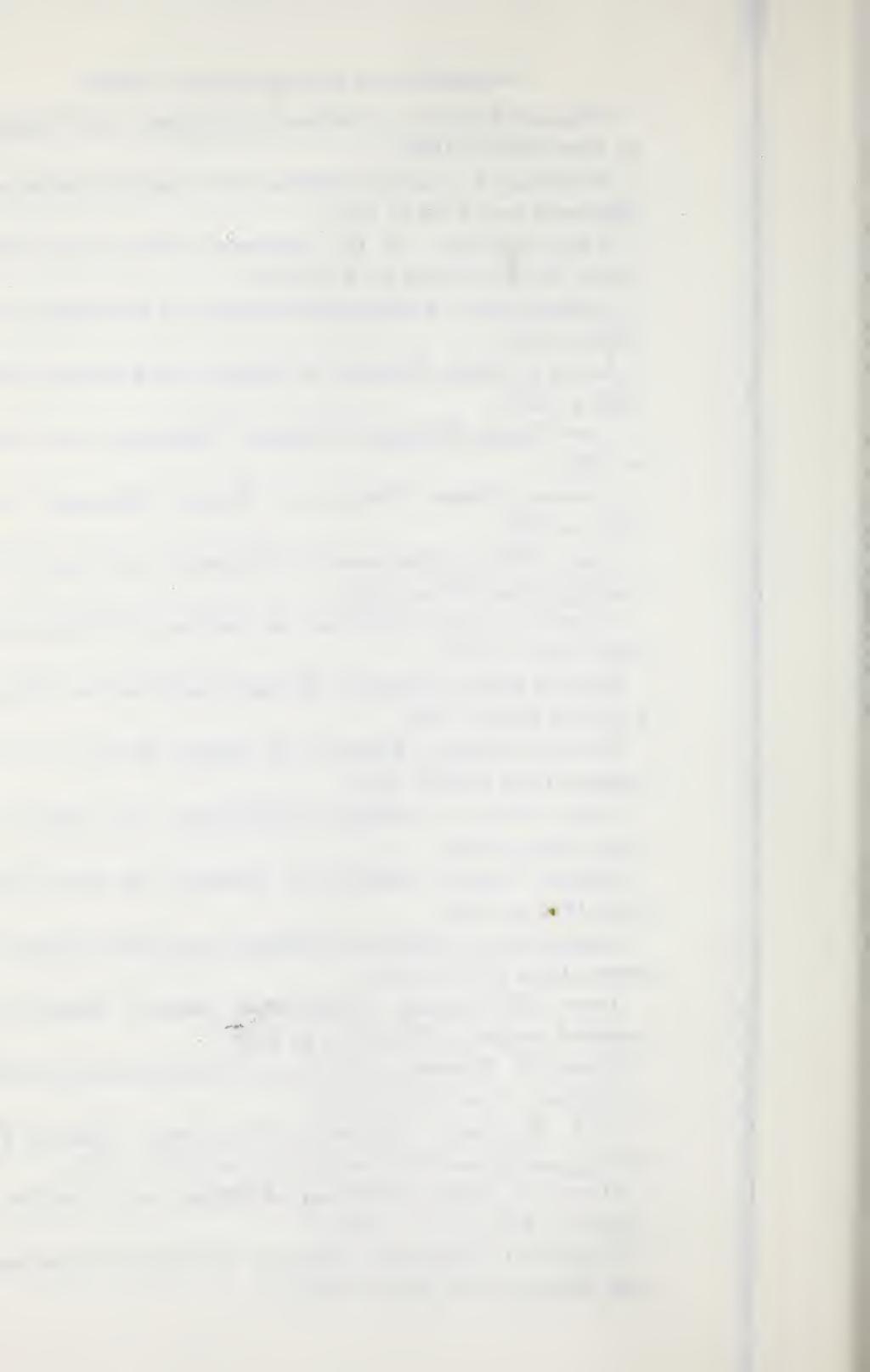
JAMES MCCLINTOCK, Professor of General, Special and Surgical Anatomy, from 1841 to 1843.

FRANK H. HAMILTON, Professor of Principles and Practice of Surgery, from 1841 to 1842.

C. L. MITCHELL, Professor of Physiology, General Pathology and Operative Obstetrics, from 1841 to 1845.

DAVID M. REESE, Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine, from 1841 to 1843.

WILLIAM C. WALLACE, Professor of Ophthalmic Anatomy and Surgery, from 1841 to 1842.



WILLIAM MATHER, Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy, in 1841.

WILLIAM P. RUSSELL, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, in 1842.

ALFRED C. POST, Professor of Ophthalmic Anatomy and Surgery from 1842 to 1843.

EZRA S. CARR, Professor of Chemistry, Natural History, and Physiology, from 1842 to 1853.

SAMUEL PARKMAN, Professor of Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy from 1843 to 1845.

MIDDLETON GOLDSMITH; Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery from 1845 to 1857.

THOMAS M. MARKOE, Professor of Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy from 1846 to 1849.

SOLOMON FOOTE, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence from 1844 to 1846.

C. L. FORD, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology from 1849 to 1860.

WILLIAM C. KITTRIDGE; Professor of Medical Jurisprudence from 1846 to 1858.

GEORGE HADLEY, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History from 1853 to 1855.

ADRIAN T. WOODWARD, Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, from 1856 to 1860.

ALBERT SMITH, Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, in 1857.

WILLIAM P. SEYMOUR, Professor of Materia Medica, from 1857 to the close.

E. C. SANBORN, Professor of Surgery, from 1857 to the close.

P. PINEO, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, from 1859 to the close.

P. D. BRADFORD, Professor of Physiology and Pathology, from 1859 to the close.

CHARLES L. ALLEN, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in 1855 and 1856.

GEORGE HADLEY, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History, from 1856 to the close.

CHARLES L. ALLEN, Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine, from 1860 to the close.

WILLIAM SWEETSER, Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine, from 1843 to 1860.

RALF GOWDRY, professor of Medical Jurisprudence, from 1839 to 1843.

PRESIDENTS OF THE FACULTY.

SELAH GRIDLEY, from 1818 to 1819.

JOHN P. BATCHELDER, from 1819 to 1820.

JOSEPH A. GALLUP, from 1820 to 1824.

WILLIAM TULLY, from 1824 to 1839.

HORACE GREEN, from 1840 to 1841.

JAMES MCCLINTOCK, from 1841 to 1843.

JOSEPH PERKINS, from 1843 to 1857.

C. L. FORD, in 1857.

WILLIAM SWEETZER, from 1857 to 1860.

CHAS. L. ALLEN, from 1860 to the close.

REGISTRARS OF THE FACULTY.

THOMAS P. MATTHEWS, from 1818 to 1819.

THEODORE WOODWARD, from 1819 to 1839.

JOSEPH PERKINS, from 1840 to 1842.

E. S. CARR, from 1842 to 1843.

GEORGE HADLEY, in 1854.

The Dean of the faculty acted as Registrar from 1854 to 1856.

A. T. WOODWARD, from 1856 to 1860.

Since 1860 no minutes of the faculty were kept.

MEDICAL AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF RUTLAND COUNTY.

BY JOHN M. CURRIER, M. D., OF CASTLETON, VERMONT.

THE RUTLAND COUNTY MEDICAL AND SURGICAL SOCIETY.

This society was organized in February, 1877, at Castleton. Dr. J. D. Hanrahan, of Rutland, was the first President: Dr. A. T. Woodward, of Brandon, was elected President in July, 1877, and re-elected in 1878: Dr. H. R. Jones, of Benson, was elected President in July, 1879: Dr. L. D. Ross, of Poultney, was elected President in July, 1880. Dr. John M. Currier, of Castleton, was elected Secretary when the society was organized, and re-elected every year until 1880, when Dr. E. D. Ellis, of Poultney, was chosen to the office. The meetings of the society are held every three months, in the several towns of the county. The society has been constantly growing in members and usefulness since its organization. The annual meeting is usually held at Hydeville in July—and after the exercises of the day the members make an excursion to the Island and to other resorts on Lake Bomoseen.

CASTLETON MEDICAL SOCIETY.

This society was organized December 21, 1819, by the students of Castleton Medical Academy. They met every evening during the session of medical lectures. One of the members was appointed to lecture at 6 o'clock in the evening. The professors of the Academy were Honorary Members. January 4, 1821, they passed a resolution to buy a cabinet for the purpose of commencing a collection of specimens of Natural History, and having a place to store them. It seems

that this was the commencement of the large Cabinet of Castleton Medical College. N. Farnes was the first President and A. Kellogg the first Secretary. It continued in active operation two years. The following note was appended to the records of the society :

“Thus died the Castleton Medical Society—It has been of great benefit to its members and might have continued so coeval with the Medical Institution, had not private jealousy preyed upon its members and expelled the spirit of constitution. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* J. PERKINS.”

CASTLETON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL CLINIC.

This organization was made by the physicians of Castleton and vicinity for the purpose of furnishing to poor people medical advice and surgical assistance free. Meetings were held on the first and third Mondays of each month at 2 o'clock P. M., at the offices of the different members. Special meetings were held at other times when occasion required it.

This clinic was organized in August, 1879. Dr. J. N. Northrop has held the office of President, and Dr. John M. Currier the office of Secretary, since its organization. The discussion of medical subjects was a great advantage to the members of the organization, while it served to create more fraternal feeling among them. Such cases in surgery as are usually sent to the cities for treatment are enabled to receive assistance at home at a small outlay, without incurring any risk in traveling.

THE SOCIETY OF ALUMNI OF CASTLETON MEDICAL COLLEGE.

This society was organized June 6, 1843. The annual meeting was held on the last day of the spring session; the semi-annual meeting on the last day of the autumnal session. The first officers were Joseph Perkins, President, Josiah N. Northrop, Secretary, Egbert Jamieson, Treasurer. This society continued in active operation until the school was discontinued in 1862.

CASTLETON NORMAL SCHOOL SCIENTIFIC CLUB, CASTLETON.

This society was organized September 6, 1876, for the purpose of cultivating a taste for science and disseminating scientific knowledge among the people. Dr. J. N. Northrop was president in 1876, 1877, 1878 and 1879. Dr. James Sanford was president in 1879, 1880 and 1881. Dr. John M. Currier was elected Secretary when the society was organized, and has held it to the present time. The proceedings were first published in the Rutland *Daily Globe*, and afterwards in the Rutland *Herald and Globe*. The meetings were held as often as the principal officers thought proper.

Next in order was the following article on "Railroads and Rutland County," prepared by Hon. George A. Merrill of Rutland :

RAILROADS, AND RUTLAND COUNTY.

BY GEORGE A. MERRILL.

December 17, 1849, saw for the last time the great stage line between Burlington and Bellows Falls pass along roads where the smart whip and his trappy team of Morgans had so long held herald's sway, and been the ideal worship of lad and lass of every village through which it passed ; and with its departure went out the light and cheer of the old-time tavern, whose landlords and landladies even now come back to memory with honest, warm hearted greetings.

Out of these enterprises grew such men as Chester W. Chapin and Genery Twitchell in Massachusetts, Robert Morse and B. P. Cheney in New Hampshire, Mahlon Cottrill, Otis Bardwell, E. Foster Cooke and William M. Field in Vermont, who when their specialty was absorbed by railroad transit took up analagous work, under the new order of things, and became Presidents of railroads, express companies, builders of cars, and proprietors of palatial hotels, all with marked success.

The same enterprise in planning, the same energy in pursuit, the same skill in execution, which inaugurated and formed the mammoth stage line between the seaboard and our inland towns, was equally successful in constructing, equipping and managing railroads.

Nor let us forget, greater than all to our then young eyes, the *Stage driver*, a race of men not always of the highest type, yet possessed of rare *conversational powers* and ready wit, whose contact with chance passengers, and the provincialisms of different localities along their route, developed a cosmopolitan thought which, with native common sense, created in them a phenomenal class, alike useful and popular with all.

In less than half a century after Trevithick took out his "first patent for adopting a Steam Engine to move upon a road," and in less than a quarter of a century when the first railroad for general traffic was completed in England, the actual system of railroads was inaugurated in Rutland county, by the opening of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, December 18, 1849.

Its first Board of Directors, elected July 3, 1845, were Timothy Follett, President, Samuel Barker, Ira Stewart, Charles Linsley, John A. Conant, Chester Granger, Geo. T. Hodges, William Henry and Henry N. Fullerton. At the next election Barker, Stewart and Henry N. Fullerton retired, and Samuel P. Strong, William Nash and Henry N. Fullerton were elected, as also John Elliot of Keene, N. H., Samuel Dana and Samuel Henshaw of Boston, making the number thirteen. Again January 13, 1847, Paris Fletcher was elected in place of William Nash, and Nathan Rice, John Howe and Benjamin T. Read, in lieu of Dana, Gray and Henshaw.

These were the projectors, and upon these men—who gave thought, time, money, to the exhaustion and wreck of physical and mental health, sadly in the case of Mr. Follett,—devolved the struggles, discouragement, risk of private fortune and reputation, as upon George W. Strong and others, in the Western, and Governors Paine and Fairbanks in the Eastern part of the State, until finally that which was at first only a *courageous thought* expanded and grew until, all obstacles overcome, they had their reward in success, leaving behind them memorials lasting as the oriental's,

"I pray thee then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.

* * * * *

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Two other roads, the Rutland and Washington and the Rutland and Whitehall, ran a short distance in Rutland County, thence connecting with New York and Western lines, thus bringing its towns and people into close neighborhood with the great cereal growing States of the West, and with the seaboard at Boston and Long Island Sound in the East.

In 1849 a journey across our continent consumed six months, the locomotion chiefly mule power, requiring mulish persistence and strong bodies, to endure the long march over uncertain trails. To-day the journey from the Green Mountains in Vermont to the Golden Gate on the Pacific is accomplished in nine days, in the conventional Palace Car, furnished with luxuries exceptional to home, and which had it been told by the unknown author of Arabian Nights would have amused, but no more been believed than the story of the Forty Thieves.

An English writer says "the human lot never alters in the main headings of its history—hunger and labor, seed time and harvest, love and death." True; but has not human progress, so ameliorated these disciplines of life that we call hunger an incentive to healthy labor, seed time the joyous hope for the harvest, and love the essence of a peaceful dissolution?

For this to the medieval age was given the Magnetic Needle, converting the hitherto pathless and unstable waters into a highway on which nautical science has mapped unvarying lines for the sure guidance of the mariner.

For this the fifteenth century was given the invention of printing, and to our century has come the crowning glory of both the application of steam to locomotion, navigation and mechanism, where before was infrequent interchange and imperfect sympathy; now by this triple power the nations are becoming bound in compassionate brotherhood. In the completion of the 100 years your society celebrates, the greatest changes, socially, commercially and in the arts and sciences, I think it may be fairly said are due to the railroads of the world, of which those in our own country running through Rutland County are a part.

Prof. Butler said, in his address at the Centennial of Rutland, in 1869, "Steam will carry Christendom—and that as Christianizing conqueror—through and through the Moslem world," revealing to us from his observation in extensive travels the civilizing power of Railroads. Men there are who decry them, because of the loss of a first or subsequent investment, ignorant or forgetful of the statistical fact that notwithstanding individual losses, the actual increase in the

world's wealth annually is not less than ten per cent. upon the cost of construction.

Shrewdness and painstaking care is the pride and boast of our people—all they touch must *pay*—and in so far as this spirit cultivates economy and thrift, or inspires habits of industry, it is well; but “there is that which is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment,” and so the multifarious application of steam to the scientific working of iron, to mechanics, to engineering, to our commercial relations, and from material to aesthetic life there has come to us in the last half of our first century, the marked epoch in the world's history, which brings distant points into near neighborhood, broadening minds once bounded by local influences, or intensified by individual idiosyncracies, into a quickened and larger measure of thought and purpose, and the whole boundless universe is ours!

“First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.” Thus in the early settlement of our country, first the indistinct trail and bridle-path, the forest trees chipped along its line to guide the settler, afoot or horseback; a generation later was built the carriage road, then followed the stage line, and after that the steam car.

The projectors builded better than they knew, for in the end there will come out of it—railroads the prime instrument—not only and primarily progress in and development of the world's wealth, but refinement in the arts and learning, “peace and good will to men.”

We turn our eyes upon the old century, carrying with us, and grafting upon, as we step into the new, the good we have gained, with faith born of its experiences, its invention and advancement, that within the cycle of the next hundred years “there shall be no speech nor language where their voice is not heard,” and the fulfillment of that grand civilizing influence, “their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.”

J. E. White, of Wallingford, was next introduced, and gave some facts concerning the early history of Wallingford.

After a brief space devoted to the explanation of some of the relics on exhibition, the afternoon session was closed, and a recess taken until evening.

Evening, 7 o'clock.

In the evening there was even a greater attendance than in the afternoon, the large Town Hall being completely filled. The platform was occupied by a number of prominent gentlemen of local and national reputation. Judge Dorr again presided. After music by the band, the following letter of regret from Rev. James D. Butler, LL. D., a native of Rutland, Vt., now of Madison, Wis., was read by L. W. Redington:

PROF. JAMES DAVIE BUTLER'S LETTER.

MADISON, Wis., February 14, 1881.

To the Children of Rutland County, Met to Celebrate its Hundredth Birthday:

Congratulations I cannot fail to send you, mingled with regrets that I cannot be with you in person as well as by paper and ink. On hearing of your approaching centenary, one of my first thoughts was, what is Rutland County? It cannot be considered the marble still lying in quarries there, any more than that which has been scattered all over the continent. Nor can I associate the County with minerals, or any sort of material things, so much as with men. Men make history, and for men history is made. Men, too, who had their birth, physical or mental, in any locality, have a sort of vital union with it when no longer hemmed in by its territorial lines, and however far they may adventure abroad. The stream will snaek of the fountain. The theme, therefore, uppermost in my thoughts for centennial consideration is Rutland County *outside of itself*, or extra-territorial Rutlanders.

These outsiders are more multitudinous than any one unused to census studies will believe. In 1870, the native Vermont-

ers then within the State were 243,272, those in other States were well-nigh three-fourths as many, namely 176,751. Add to these outsiders those then in Canada or beyond the seas, and the percentage of Vermonters abroad in comparison with those at home will be still larger. Nor have we yet reckoned all the Rutland absentees. How many born in that County, though they had not left the State, were then residing in other Counties of Vermont?

But the Rutland ins and outs must be weighed as well as counted. Who were the outsiders? Usually people in their best years. Few of them had gone west merely to start a graveyard. Who were the insiders? Oftentimes those too young or too old to emigrate, those robbed from the cradle and the grave, like Southern soldiers when the Rebellion stood on its last legs. Ten years have wrought no change. Half the vitality, the life-force, of Rutland County is now, even as then, at work beyond its borders.

Who are these outlanders?—what manner of men? Some portion of them, it must be confessed, are of the class who leave their country for their country's good. Every mother country unfortunately bears children to whom, when they say, "We must take leave of you," her answer is, "There is nothing you can take from me that I would so willingly part withal." The worst is that such prodigals seldom abscond without carrying off with them something which they have no business to take. But, if I may judge Rutland County by Windsor, a good many who turned their backs upon it have made amends for whatever stealings they took, by taking themselves off. In Spooner's Vermont Journal of 1798, one cent reward is offered for the return of Enos Call, described as "a saucy and conceited indented boy." Two beechnuts are offered for another runaway, doubtless one on whose back the Green Mountain beech-seal had been applied in vain. The bounty tendered for another fugitive is sixpence, and ten dollars for Stephen Pike, a deserting soldier. Only half that sum is the inducement to recover a mare and watch, supposed to be stolen rather than to have strayed. Wives are adver-

tised as forsaking bed and board, but no reward is promised for returning them.

Who can fail to reckon it among the blessings of Rutland County, that chaff of this sort began so early to be sifted from the good seed that was there sown in the wilderness? O! that tares had been *all* plucked out of its soil! Then, when you say, "They went out from us because they were not of us," nobody could charge you with Pharisaic sanctimony. But refuse has its uses. There is some soul of goodness in things evil. Some whose leaving was a good riddance to the County, entering a new land, turned over a new leaf. Change of pasture fattens calves; so new surroundings, new opportunities, new hopes, have made new men of vagabonds. They escaped from themselves, from their old indolence, their unthrift, their dissipations. They aspired to a higher plane of labor and of living, and they often reached it. "Rise and walk," said the apostle to the lame man. The genius of emigration wrought as great a miracle when it bade some of your good-for-nothings "walk and rise!"

You who to-day dwell at the foot of Killington have heard with a surprise, sometimes glad and sometimes envious, concerning the triumphs of your tramps. Here not counted worth the powder that would kill them, they are elsewhere riding on the high places of the earth in wealth, power and honor. When you look at the hole of the pit whence they were digged, their transformation doubles your faith in miraculous conversions. Blockheads have gained as much as cabbage-heads from transplantation, and their home-sickness has proved as healthful as sea-sickness has been considered. In 1850 I attended the jubilee of Middlebury College. Many alumni were called up, and gave an account of themselves. At last a man hailing from Illinois, though born in Brandon, was asked for his experience. He said: "I graduated at Middlebury as well as you, but not from the college on the west hill. My Alma Mater was the cabinet shop near the Court House, and I ran away from that institution before completing my course." It is enough to add that that Rutland refugee was Stephen A. Douglas, for you all know how narrowly he

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE

missed having to manufacture a cabinet of the United States.

Another class of emigrating Rutlanders have been actuated by a spirit of adventure. Their principle was that life consists in motion, and that as animals surpass plants because they move more, so men should surpass animals in locomotion. The best anecdote about Socrates, as they judged, was that when one came into his school and reported the beauty of a certain lady to be beyond description, he exclaimed, "Then we must go and let our eyes behold her," and straightway led his disciples to make her a call. To these wayward wanderers the world seemed a book of a thousand leaves, of which they could read only a single one so long as they lingered in native scenes, "dully slaggardized at home." So strong was this feeling at the era of my boyhood, that many a youngster ran away from Rutland village to rival Robinson Crusoe, or land ramblers of a similar type. Rolla Green, Eben Knights and Israel Smith were instances among my school-fellows. None of us in the school but despised ourselves because we had not pluck enough to follow their example, even after pedagogic Pennock had dusted our coats with sprouts from an apple tree. Every returned runaway, in the view of us home-keepers,

"Did bestride the narrow world
Like a colossus, and we petty men
Walked under his huge legs, and peeped about,
To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

A representative specimen of our Bohemian element was Nathan Rumsey, the first merchant, the first miller, and one of the first settlers in Hubbardton. No other man in Vermont, or outside of it, ever wandered West sooner or farther than he. He was one of the handful who during four years explored the *terra incognita* of three thousand miles and more between St. Louis and the mouth of the Oregon. Nearly four score years ago, with Lewis and Clark, he was a Columbus of the trans-continental route, then unknown even to Indians, though now the grand highway of the world. The perils of this pilgrimage no one can understand without a month's study of its hair-breadth 'scapes and scrapes, as daily

noted by its chroniclers. Rumsey was a Rutlander at large on the land. The ruling passion of such roaming Rutlanders is well illustrated by an old Rutland anecdote. When a stage stopped there one night to water, one of the horses dropped down dead. A bystander, laying his hand on the animal's neck, cried out, "He is cold already." Thereupon a Hibernian passenger remarked, "Why, that is no wonder. The poor creature has been dead an hour, but was running so fast that he had no time to fall down till we halted here at the watering trough!" Walter Colton, son of a Rutland weaver, was such a restless rover on the water. Like Douglas, he started as an apprentice to a cabinet-maker. Perceiving that he had mistaken his calling, he left the shop for Yale, and carried off its first honors. He was soon heard of as a chaplain in the navy, and all over the world was alike at home, as a fish is in all oceans. His books, entitled "Sea and Sailor," "Deck and Port," "Land and Lee," detailed his voyages and visits from Syria to the Sandwich Islands, and from the Golden Horn to Cape Horn. But he lost no iota of his Rutland identity. Thus, landing in California at the very moment gold was discovered, he was the first man to send the golden tidings east, in a letter to the Philadelphia North American. He published the first newspaper on the Pacific slope, built the first school house there, and served as the first alcade or chief justice. But he showed himself most truly a chip of the Rutland block, because, while editor, school-master and judge, he did not himself get rich! Colton lived a generation before me. Thanks to steam, it has been my fortune to out-travel him—traversing Colorado, Utah, Manitoba, Russia, Palestine and Egypt, which were hid from his eyes.

A considerable number of Rutlanders have left their natal soil with no other purpose than to do good—carrying tidings of Christian salvation to the ends of the earth. One of these good men was Levi Parsons, the first Protestant missionary who crusaded to Palestine. His feet stood within the gates of Jerusalem in the year 1821. Less known, but equally noteworthy, are more home missionaries than I can number, who, though in want of all things, have sowed the precious seeds

of New England schools, colleges and churches, up and down the vast valleys of our two continental rivers.

Another variety of Rutland outsiders are those whom you have sent forth on public service. Many of these functionaries you may well be proud of. You sent Benjamin Alvord to West Point, and he rose from a cadet to be Paymaster-General. Nor can I pass in silence Solomon Foote, who so long stood in the front rank of Senators in Washington, or R. C. Mallary, who, from the outset, was a leader in inaugurating our protective tariff policy.

“Not like idle ore,
But iron dug in central gloom,
And heated hot in burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered by the shocks of doom,
To shape and use.”

But the rank and file of Rutlanders who have forsaken the mountains amid which their infancy was cradled, have not been either fugitives, or romantic rovers, or soul-saving propagandists, or dispatched on public service. Their aim has been simply to arrive at a better field for the exercise of their talents and industry. What they sought, they found; if farmers, wherever land was cheaper, more fertile, easier tilled, or in reach of better markets. Such farms they early sought, and such farms sought them. Thus, in the Vermont Journal of March 7th, 1798, I find 20,000 acres of New York lands, far west in Ontario County, advertised by Lemuel Chipman, a Rutlander who had already betaken himself thither. Payment was to be made by instalments, and those in beef and pork. When Perry, in the battle of Lake Erie, discovered that his ship was sinking, he lost no time in changing his base, transferring his admiral's flag to a seaworthy vessel. He acted in the self-same spirit which long before had inspired Vermont farmers to a new departure. This process has still gone on. A dozen years ago I met Vermont stock raisers thriving in the Sandwich Islands. They had rightly judged that the sale of beef could nowhere be more remunerative than among cannibals who, through longing for that meat

when they lacked it, had devoured one another. Emigrants to prairies that needed no clearing, from the rocks and woods around Killington, were no more successful than their fellows whose proclivities were to commercial exchanges. Witness the prominence of Rutland County men in the annual reunions of sons of Vermont in Chicago. Whether they have owed more to Chicago, or Chicago to them, is still doubtful. Not alone in Chicago, but in every city and State—yes, beyond all our States, you may trace outcrops of Rutland County, and those for which that single County could not have afforded opportunity, more doctors than all your patients, more lawyers than all your litigants, more ministers than—I had almost said—than all your sinners. If pent up in the pin-fold where they were born, they must be Kilkenny cats to each other. But, let out, they each find mice enough for their claws. I sometimes compare them to Whittington's cat, which at home was worth only a sixpence to tan for glove-leather, but which in Morocco sold for a fortune that made him Mayor of London.

The city of my residence was laid out by a son of Rutland, Moses M. Strong. The heads of its first white family, Eben Peck, and his wife, Roseline Willard, of Middletown, were both from Rutland County. The Congressional Representative from my district is a Green Mountain boy. So are both our Senators in Washington. In the convention which framed the Constitution of Wisconsin, of about a hundred members, eighteen were born in Vermont, that is, seven more than from all the other New England States. I know not that Vermonters have fared better in Wisconsin than elsewhere.

The outline I have presented of Rutland County in its outside expansion is very imperfect. Nevertheless it constrains me to feel that its line has gone out into all the earth, its words to the end of the world, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. Rutland County shows no growth during the last decade, except in a single town, and for several decades it has shown very little. Seventy years ago its population was almost thirty thousand (29,486.) To-day it amounts to but little over forty thousand (41,856.) This fact argues

that the County is full. But the growth of the world outside, in most places to which Rutlanders have resorted, proclaims that there is room enough without—ample room and verge enough in the great elsewhere.

We wanderers from our native County grow old and die, but our joy is that our mighty mother, time-honored, yet with eye undimmed and natural force not abated, shall continue a hive of nations, a mother of men, a fountain whose streams shall gladden the world. Grecian Attica, in the sky-line of its mountains, and in Pentelican marbles, was a twin sister of Rutland County, while inferior to it alike in extent and in fertility. The Athenian youth, however, as they stood in the Temple, were taught to swear that Attica was bounded north by barley, south by wheat, east by olives, and west by vines.

No less broad than this domain is the true County of Rutland, for the real significance of the Athenian oath was that the best prizes in all the world were to be the aim of Grecian genius and gallantry. The century that has rolled away has opened to Rutlanders a home world-wide with its best havings, and in centuries to come history will repeat itself. The future cannot contradict the past. From Great Britain there has come forth a greater Britain, and from Rutland County there shall be born a daughter whom that goodly mother shall rejoice to see surpassing herself.

Yours in fellowship of Rutland County remembrances.

JAMES DAVIE BUTLER.

Hon. Henry Clark read several other letters from those who had been asked to attend the celebration. Among the writers were W. T. Nichols, of Chicago; George Jones, proprietor of the New York Times, a native of Poultney; Hon. S. W. Dorsey, a native of Poultney and an ex-Senator from Arkansas; Hon. Henry Ballard, of Burlington; Hon. Edwin A. Merritt, a native of Sudbury and now Collector of the port of New York; Hon. Benjamin Alvord, of Washington, D. C., a native of Rutland, and Rev. Dr. George N. Boardman, of Chicago, a native of Castleton.

An article written by Hon. S. M. Dorr, of Rutland, entitled "Biographical Sketches of Rutland County Senators," was next on the programme. Following is the article:

RUTLAND COUNTY SENATORS.

BY SENECA M. DORR.

Previous to the 6th of January, 1836, the Commonwealth of Vermont was governed by a Governor, (or Lieutenant Governor,) Council, and an Assembly of the Representatives of the freemen of the same. At a convention held at Montpelier, at the above mentioned time, constitutional amendments were adopted, one of which, Article 3, provides that "The supreme legislative power of this State shall hereafter be exercised by a Senate and House of Representatives, which shall be styled the General Assembly of the State of Vermont."

It is the Senators of Rutland County, from 1836 to the present time, whose names I am to arrange and present to you for preservation in the archives of your Society.

In the first organization of the Senate, Rutland County was entitled by her population to three Senators. This number she has been continually entitled to until the last apportionment, when she became entitled to four. It may be remarked in passing, that while the whole number of Senators is fixed by the Constitution at thirty, and every County is entitled to one, the balance is apportioned among the Counties according to their population. Hence the Senate becomes really the popular branch of our Legislature, where the people are represented according to their numbers, and thus Rutland County is the only one in the State which is entitled to four Senators.

We find all over our State men who, from pure love of its history, collect and preserve items and incidents which go to make up that history. One of these we had in our own town, whose absence will be marked by many to-day. It is from records made by his hand, perhaps for just such an occasion

as this, that I am indebted for easy access to the facts you have asked me to collect and read to you to-day. Chauncey K. Williams was a man who industriously collected much of our past history, and carefully preserved much of the current history of the times.

In a book before me I find the names of the several persons who had been Senators from Rutland County, and their terms of service from the year 1836 to 1866, both inclusive.

I am sure I cannot please you better, nor serve the purpose of my appointment more faithfully, than to reproduce here in his own words Mr. Williams' record of the first forty-two Senators from Rutland County. You will bear in mind that the record prepared by Mr. Williams is complete from the first organization of the Senate as a legislative branch of our State government, up to and including the year 1866. It is left for me to supplement this record with the names and residence of Senators from that time until the present. I shall not attempt biographies. It is too early to think of this. Those who stand in our places in 1981 can better weigh and measure the power of those who have given their talents and energies to the commonwealth. In the meantime, we can repose on the assurance that our County has not made for itself a record on the history of the State that will suffer by comparison with that of any other.

RUTLAND COUNTY SENATORS.

"There have been forty-two Senators from the County of Rutland, serving in the aggregate ninety-three years. There have been from the Fairhaven Probate District sixteen Senators and thirty-six years of service, and from the Rutland District twenty-six Senators and fifty-seven years.

Of these Rutland has furnished seven Senators, serving sixteen years; Brandon, six Senators, thirteen years; Poultney, three Senators, seven years; Castleton, three Senators, six years; Fairhaven, two Senators, six years; Wallingford, two Senators, five years; Pittsford, two Senators, four years; Clarendon, two Senators, four years; Tinmouth, two Senators, four years; Benson, two Senators, four years; Mt.

Holly, one Senator, three years; and Pawlet, Middletown, Sudbury, Danby, Ira, West Haven, Hubbardton and Sherburn, each one Senator, serving two years each, and Orwell (now a part of Addison County) when attached to Rutland County furnished two Senators, and five years of service.

Thirty-two of the Senators were natives of Vermont (twenty-six having been born in Rutland County, three in Addison County, and one in each of the counties of Lamoille, Windham and Windsor,) four of Massachusetts, three of Connecticut, two of New Hampshire and one of New York. Fourteen of these were farmers, twelve attorneys, four merchants, three manufacturers, three physicians, two marble dealers, two hotel keepers, one a cashier, and one a farmer and miller. At the time of entering upon their first term of service, five were under forty years of age, seventeen over forty and under fifty, seventeen over fifty and under sixty, and three over sixty, the oldest being John Fox, who was sixty-four years old, and the youngest William T. Nichols, who was thirty-four.

The longest periods of service were those of Robert Pierpoint and Alanson Allen, each receiving four elections, and the shortest was that of Horace Allen, who only served one year. Of the remainder, six served three years each, and thirty-three each two years. Horace Allen was the son of Elisha Allen. Frederick Button and Ira Button were brothers, and each was fifty-six years old when first elected. James K. Hyde and Pitt W. Hyde were also brothers, and were of the same age (forty-nine years) at the time of their first election. Orson Clark and Merritt Clark were cousins. Thirty of the Senators have also been members of the House of Representatives. Some of them, however, were not in the House until after being Senators. One (E. N. Briggs) was a member of the Senate from Addison County prior to his election from this County. It will be noticed that although only two persons residents of Fairhaven have been Senators, yet in fact she should be counted the same as if she had had *three* — Col. Alanson Allen having been first elected in 1842, and served two years, and then was again elected in 1854 and

1855, being the only instance in which the same person served at different and distinct periods of time.

Annexed we give the names of the several persons who have been Senators from Rutland County, with their age at their first election, their residences and years of service.

Name.	Age.	Town.	Years.
Alanson Allen,	42	Faithhaven,	1842-43-54-55
Elisha Allen,	48	Pawlet,	1842-43
Horace Allen,	40	Rutland,	1862
Amon Bailey,	60	Poultney,	1852-53
Thomas F. Bogue,	57	Pittsford,	1852-53
Ebenezer N. Briggs,	41	Brandon,	1842-43-44
Frederick Button,	56	Clarendon,	1844-45
Ira Button,	56	Brandon,	1854-55
Joshua H. Chittenden,	52	Orwell;	1844-45-46
Merritt Clark,	60	Poultney,	1863-64
Orson Clark,	38	Middletown,	1840-41
John Crowley,	44	Mt. Holly,	1849-50-51.
Anderson G. Dana,	49	Pittsford,	1840-41
Luther Daniels,	56	Rutland,	1854-55
Seneca M. Dorr,	44	Rutland,	1865-66
Martin G. Everts,	40	Rutland,	1858-59
William M. Field,	43	Brandon,	1856-57
Bradley Fish,	53	Ira,	1860-62
Nathaniel Fish,	50	Westhaven,	1863-64
John Fox,	64	Wallingford,	1846-47-48
Thomas D. Hammond,	45	Orwell,	1836-37
George T. Hodges,	56	Rutland,	1845-46-47
John Howe, Jr.,	46	Brandon,	1865-66
Zimri Howe,	50	Castleton,	1836-37
James K. Hyde,	49	Sudbury,	1850-51
Pitt W. Hyde,	49	Castleton,	1865-66
John Jackson,	44	Brandon,	1861-62
Ezra June,	52	Brandon,	1848-49
William C. Kittredge,	38	Fairhaven,	1838-39
Elisha Lapham,	58	Danby,	1850-51
John L. Marsh,	53	Clarendon,	1856-57
William T. Nichols,	34	Rutland,	1863-64

Name.	Age.	Town.	Years.
David E. Nicholson,	45	Wallingford,	1858-59
Obadiah Noble,	61	Tinmouth,	1838-39
Isaac Norton,	50	Benson,	1840-41
Robert Pierpoint,	45	Rutland,	1836-37-38-39
Martin C. Rice,	44	Benson,	1860-61
Chauncey S. Rumsey,	53	Hubbardton,	1858-59
Harvey Shaw,	57	Tinmouth,	1852-53
Henry Stanley,	51	Poultney,	1847-48
Daniel W. Taylor,	37	Sherburn,	1860-61
C. M. Millard,	36	Castleton,	1856-57

Of the above named Senators, twenty-six are now living, and sixteen have deceased."

In 1867 the Senators elected from Rutland county were

Ira C. Allen, of Fair Haven.

Capen Leonard, of Pittsford.

John Prout, of Rutland.

All had previously been members of the House. Mr. Allen was a marble dealer, 51 years of age. Mr. Leonard, a farmer, 59 years old, and John Prout, a lawyer, and 49 years of age.

In 1868 the same Senators were elected.

In 1869,

Merritt Clark, of Poultney,

George A. Merrill, of Rutland,

Lucius Copeland, of Middletown,

were elected Senators from our county. All these gentlemen had seen previous service in our Legislature. Mr. Merrill was a native of New Hampshire, was also Secretary of Civil and Military affairs in 1860-1, and Mr. Clark and Mr. Copeland were both natives of Middletown.

In 1870, Messrs. Merrill and Copeland were re-elected to the Senate, and Rodney C. Abell, of West Haven, a veteran legislator, occupied the place of Senator Clark.

In 1872 our board of county Senators consisted of

Nathan T. Sprague, of Brandon,

Wheclock G. Veazey, of Rutland,

L. Howard Kellogg, of Benson,
Henry C. Gleason, of Shrewsbury.

Mr. Sprague was born in Mt. Holly, Mr. Veazey in New Hampshire, Mr. Kellogg in Benson, and Mr. Gleason in Shrewsbury. Mr. Gleason and Mr. Kellogg had both been members of the House, and Mr. Sprague was a member of the House subsequent to this in 1876 and 1878.

In 1874 our county was represented in the Senate by
Redfield Proctor, of Rutland,
Simeon Allen, of Fair Haven,
Luther P. Howe, of Mt. Tabor,
Fayette Holmes, of Sudbury.

Mr. Proctor was a native of Proctorsville, Mr. Allen of Fair Haven, Mr. Howe of Ludlow, and Mr. Holmes of Hubbardton. The first three had before their election as Senators been members of the House.

In 1876 Ner P. Simons, of Rutland,
Samuel Williams, of Castleton,
Henry F. Lothrop, of Pittsford,
Charles W. Brigham, of Pittsfield,
were elected Senators.

Mr. Simons was born in Williamstown, November 1, 1831, and had not before been a member of the Legislature.

Samuel Williams was born in Rutland, January 8, 1837, was assistant clerk of the House in 1858 and 1859 and Secretary of Civil and Military affairs in 1861-5. Mr. Lothrop was born in Easton, Mass., March, 1820, and had represented his town of Pittsford in the Legislature. Mr. Brigham was born in Barnard, May 17, 1831, and had already had Legislative experience in the House.

In 1878 our Senators were

Horace H. Dyer, of Rutland,
Ebenezer J. Ormsbee, of Brandon,
Levi Rice, Timmouthe,
Charles A. Rann, of Poultney.

Mr. Dyer was born in April, 1820, and had held no legislative office previous to his election as Senator.

Mr. Ormsbee was born in Shoreham, June 8, 1834. He

represented his town in the Legislature in 1872, and is a lawyer.

Mr. Rice is a merchant and farmer, was born in 1826, and represented Tinmouth in the Legislature in 1853-4.

Mr. Rann was born in Poultney, May 23, 1823. He is a farmer and produce dealer, and has represented his town in the Legislature.

Our present Senators are

Walter C. Dunton, of Rutland,

Royal D. King, of Benson,

Orel Cook, of Mendon,

Emmett R. Pember, of Wells.

Mr. Dunton was born in Bristol, November 29, 1830. He was for many years Judge of Probate of the Rutland district, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. This is his first term as a legislator in our State.

Mr. King was born in Benson, November 17, 1825, and was representative from Benson in 1852-4.

Mr. Cook is a physician, lumber dealer and farmer. He was born in Rutland, December 7, 1813, and has represented Mendon in the Legislature.

Mr. Pember was born in Wells, September 21, 1846.

This closes the record of the names of those who since the organization of our State Senate up to the present time have represented our county in the higher branch of our Legislature. I shall have accomplished my purpose, if I have collected here the names of those whom our people have honored with high and important trusts of State in such a way that those who are to come after us can the more easily select from the long list

“The few immortal names that were not born to die.”

TABLE OF SENATORS FROM RUTLAND COUNTY FROM 1867 TO
1880, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

ALLEN, IRA C., 1867 and 1868.

ALLEN, SIMEON, 1874.

ABEL, RODNEY C., 1870.

BRIGHAM, CHARLES W., 1876.
CLARK, MERRITT, 1869.
COPELAND, LUCIUS, 1869 and 1870.
COOK, OREL, 1880.
DUNTON, WALTER C., 1880.
DYER, HORACE H., 1878.
GLEASON, HENRY C., 1872.
HOWE, LUTHER P., 1874.
HOLMES, FAYETTE, 1874.
KELLOGG, L. HOWARD, 1872.
KING, ROYAL D., 1880.
LEONARD, CAPEN, 1867 and 1868.
LOTHROP, HENRY F., 1876.
MERRILL, GEORGE A., 1869 and 1870.
ORMSBY, EBENEZER J., 1878.
PROUT, JOHN, 1867 and 1868.
PROCTOR, REDFIELD, 1874.
PEMBER, EMMET R., 1880.
RANN, CHARLES A., 1878.
RICE, LEVI, 1878.
SPRAGUE, NATHAN T., 1872.
SIMONS, NER P., 1876.
VEAZEY, WHEELOCK G., 1872.
WILLIAMS, SAMUEL, 1876.

The presiding officer next stated the article on the Rutland County bar would have to be omitted, owing to the unavoidable absence of Hon. D. E. Nicholson.

A paper prepared by George H. Beaman, of Rutland, on "The old tavern and its relations to the people," was read by Henry Clark. It was as follows:

THE OLD TIME TAVERN.

BY GEORGE H. BEAMAN.

While giving my thanks to the members of your society for their action in enrolling me as a member of their body, I am forced to express my regret that I cannot comply with their request to furnish an essay on the old-time taverns of Rutland county, to be read at the centennial meeting of the society on the 4th of March, 1881.

It may not be proper, or at least it may be an exaggeration, to say that the history of the county without reference to its old-time taverns, would be like the play of Hamlet with the Prince omitted: but it may with truth be said that such a history would fail in giving an essential feature to the life and times of the early inhabitants of the county, and one which in no small degree gave an impress to the social, moral and material condition of the people. As I have not the data from which I could prepare such a paper as you ask for, I will, with your permission, say a few words on the subject, and more particularly in regard to the relation which these old-time inns of Rutland county bore to the neighborhoods around them. And here it may be said that the old-time New England tavern in the early days of the present century was an institution peculiar to itself. Neither in history nor in fiction will you find its counterpart. And so it is that the tavern of the past in Vermont was an essentially different affair from that of the more pretentious first class hotels which now adorn our larger towns, or of that other class, now so common, half inn, half saloon, and two-thirds dance house, and that relies almost entirely for its support upon local patronage.

The value of a tavern stand in the olden time depended not so much upon the home business, as upon its favorable location with reference to public travel, and the natural advan-

tages it might have in itself and its surroundings to secure this custom, and then, under the most favorable circumstances, its reputation and success depended largely upon the character and the natural fitness for his place of the landlord or keeper. It has become quite common of late to class hotel-keeping as among the fine arts. But if it requires a genius to manage a first-class hotel of the present day, the requirements for a successful old-time landlord were, if more prosaic, quite as exacting. Coolness, sobriety, geniality, self-respect, and a due respect for others, were among the essential qualities necessary and all-important to this end.

At a very early period in the history of Rutland county almost every town had its village, and no village was complete in all its parts until it could boast of a church, school-house, store, a tavern and a blacksmith's shop. But the villages of Rutland county soon made a step in advance of this condition, and at quite an early day in many of them might be found a more diversified population, and the various trades and professions necessary to the community were represented. In most of them might be found the village shoemaker, the hatter, the tailor, the tanner and currier, the cabinet-maker and wheelwright, while contiguous water powers were utilized by saw and grist mills, carding machines, etc., and when to these were added the village lawyer and the doctor, the village was supposed to be complete.

As the literary field was not much cultivated in those days, lecturers were unheard of, and lyceums and the like were unknown. Civilization had not as yet brought to these early settlers "Punch and Judy," "peep shows," and the kindred attractions of the present day; and even "burnt cork" had not as yet developed the gay and festive minstrel, so necessary to the refined taste of the present generation. Of course, in the absence of these means of intellectual and moral culture, and the restricted measure of their social enjoyments, the village tavern became the point of attraction in the leisure hours of the inhabitants, and especially upon all holidays and public occasions. The bar-room thus became alternately the forum, the field of debate on all matters of general interest,

the general "committee room" for the discussion of grave questions, and the occasional gathering place for the more genial and convivial members of the community. As the villages of those days had each its "wise men"—some with "convictions"—its eccentrics, its "ne'er-do-wells," its wag, its general butt, and a mild infusion of the gay and festive element, it may well be imagined that these chance assemblages were always more or less animated and exciting—often interesting, and sometimes profitable; and though the flip-iron (in its season) was always in readiness, and though the music of the toddy stick invariably enlivened these occasions, it is no more than just to our ancestors to say that these scenes in an old-time Vermont country bar-room were usually decorous, and that marked excesses were rarely witnessed. The early settlers of Rutland county brought with them from Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island enough puritanism to give a natural sobriety to their character, and they were too earnest in the necessary labor incident to their condition to waste time or money in trivial amusements or expensive habits. And it may in truth be said of the old-time keepers of the taverns of Rutland county that they, as a class, shared fully in the sentiments, feelings and convictions of the better class of the society around them. Peers of their neighbors and townsmen, and knowing that the success and reputation of their houses depended mainly upon the traveling public, they had neither the motive nor the desire to foster a local patronage disreputable in itself and destructive alike to the best interests of all concerned.

From among the names of this class of old-time landlords, those which most readily occur are the following: Henry Gould, Issachar Reed, Major Cheney, Nathan Cushman, Abner Mead, Jacob Gates, Samuel Moulton, Benjamin Carver, Reuben Moulton, John Mason, 2d, Joel Beaman, Daniel Parsons, Pitt Hyde, Daniel Meeker, Apollos Smith, Royal Dennis, Nathan T. Sprague, James Brewster, Levi Finney, Ephraim Fitch and Rufus Bucklin.

Highly respectable in their characters, these men held prominent positions in their respective localities. Most of

them were intelligent, active and energetic business men, as agriculturists, mechanics, merchants, stage-men, etc.; many of them were magistrates and efficient town officers, and some of them were prominent members of the churches, and yet these men are in modern times held up by over-zealous reformers, and by blatant declaimers on certain occasions, as moral ogres of a past generation and worthy only of execration. To the more conservative mind, and to one more conversant with the facts in the case, these denunciations will appear not only ridiculously unjust, but impolitic, because of their unreasonableness. Such an one will remember that in the times referred to the use of spirituous liquors was, as may be said, universal; that while the inn-keeper dispensed it from his bar, the merchant passed it over his counter; that it was always to be found on the sideboard, and in the cupboard of rich and poor alike, and that it was not deemed immoral or derogatory to the character even of the parish clergyman to be seen, on occasion, sitting on the tavern porch or the store platform (perhaps watching a game of quoits or an interesting ball play) while sipping his glass of wine, or, perchance, a more potent beverage. In this state of society it is highly creditable to the keepers of the respectable public houses of the time that it can in truth be said that they gave no encouragement to excess in this direction.

As before stated, the first and chief aim and purpose of the keepers of these houses was that they should be kept for the accommodation of the traveling public, and that their main support should be derived from this source. No allurements were held out by them to entice the idle or the vicious of the neighborhood or the surrounding country: cards and dice were almost universally tabooed; a billiard table would have been deemed a disreputable acquisition, and a bowling alley as an adjunct to a reputable old-time tavern was very rarely or never thought of. Singularly enough, however, all these taverns had each its ball room, while the occasion of a ball or a dance in one of them was an occurrence about as rare as the visitation of Eneke's comet. Of the three of these ball rooms best known to me, and with a knowledge of them for half a

century, I can say that I never knew of but one dancing party in each of these halls within this period; though in my early days there was a tradition to the effect that at an anterior date there had been in one of them a famous affair of the kind, and that the music furnished for the occasion was that of the once famous "black band" of Rutland.

In consideration of the views here given, I think it may well be claimed that the old-time tavern of our county was a positive necessity of the day, and while it gave needed accommodation to the traveling and home public, and aided materially in the advancement of the best interests of the county, its influence—though conservative rather than aggressive in its opposition to the social evil of the day—was not quite so baneful to society as it has by some been represented. And indeed, could a staid old-time denizen of the county, by any of the modern means of "materialization" be brought to "look in upon us" of the present day, it may well be feared that while he might look with wonder upon our material progress, he might fail to see that moral advancement which many of the present generation so loudly boast of.

Dr. Charles Woodhouse, of Rutland, was next introduced, and made the following remarks on the prospective future of Rutland County:

THE FUTURE OF RUTLAND COUNTY.

BY CHARLES WOODHOUSE.

The future of Rutland County is intimately connected with the future of the town and village of Rutland, both of which have passed through the late ordeals of hard times without not only serious detriment, but even improvement. No town or municipality in the State of Vermont, or hardly in New England, has done better. The past is the best prophet for the future. We may, therefore, expect an increase in all the present industries of this locality, and the addition of many others. Monopolies in transportation, now our greatest draw-

backs, will have to yield to justice or competition. It is not impossible a water way in the shape of a canal, or a railway, on which large canal boats and their cargoes can be easily transported from here to Whitehall, and from thence to this place, will solve the question of cheap and unrestrained transportation of what we must buy, and what we may have to sell.

With inexhaustible wealth in marble, with manufacturing establishments supplying the various needs of distant States and nations, and wanting ourselves the coal, grain, lumber, and other heavy products of other sections of the country and the world, the interchange must be made reasonably cheap to both the consumer and producer. Rutland is a natural distributing point for many towns and thousands of people, and in the nature of the case, must so remain, in the long future. And notwithstanding the contributions of population we have made and must continue to make, to the growth of our Western States, there will inducements remain and arise from time to time, to build on this very ground, in the not long distant future, a city of large proportions, busy with teeming thousands, not only intent on buying, selling, and getting gain, but, also, we hope and predict, in all those higher interests of culture, morality, taste and religion, which give to wealth its greatest glory, and most benificent ministry.

The following article written by Hon. Hiel Hollister, of Pawlet, on "Reminiscences of Early Times," was next read by Henry Clark :

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY TIMES.

BY HIEL HOLLISTER.

Having been invited to prepare an address on this occasion, I will premise that what I have to say will mostly have reference to my native town, Pawlet, in which my father settled just one hundred years since, and in which I have been an

observer over seventy years. My father was a talking man, and what he told me is fresher in my memory than events of later years.

Without an inclination to boast, we submit the following claims: That our town is the oldest town in the county; that the first grist-mill in the County was erected in our town by Remember Baker, in 1767; that the first uniformed companies in the county, artillery, cavalry, light infantry and band of music were organized in our town; that the first cotton and woolen mills in the county were in our town; also the first trip-hammer and the first machine for cutting nails; that one of the first county judges, Capt. John Stark, who built the oldest house now standing in town, and who raised ten daughters and one son, was from our town; that the first president of the Vermont Medical Society, Dr. Lemuel Chipman, and the first president of the Rutland County Medical Society, Dr. John Sargent, were our townsmen; that the first military post in the county was established in our town in 1777; that the stampede of the settlers after the battle of Hubbardton was stayed here; that the first anniversary address of the battle of Bennington was delivered by our townsmen, Hon. Noah Smith; we claim a percentage of increase in our population during the last decade larger than any other town in the county; that more revolutionary soldiers settled in our town than in any other town in the county; that Pawlet troops under Col. Stephen Pearl, though farthest off, were the first to reach Rutland in 1786, to suppress the mob. Col. Pearl lost his horse by overdriving.

Prior to the French and Indian war which was waged on our frontier, from 1756 to 1764, the territory lying north of Massachusetts and between Lake Champlain and the Connecticut river, comprising the State of Vermont, was but little known. We have traditional knowledge of a battle fought on Indian Hill, in Pawlet, between forces under Major Putnam and a detachment of French and Indians in 1758. An elaborately wrought compass is on exhibition here to-day that was found near the site of this battle seventy years ago by Robert Wickham, that was no doubt lost by Major Putnam on

that day. A settlement had been effected at Bennington and at a few points on the Connecticut river, and a military road was constructed across the State from No. 4 to Lake Champlain, but the most of this county and the State was an unbroken wilderness. In 1761 the royal governor of New Hampshire commenced chartering and defining the boundaries of townships, mostly six miles square, and in the course of a few months had located and named most of the towns in this county. The names of all the first laid towns were of English origin. Whatever other motives prompted Governor Wentworth, he seems to have been actuated, in part, by personal greed, as he reserved five hundred acres in each township for himself. The soldiers who served in the French war had traversed some portions of this county, and had become impressed with its beauty and fertility in contrast with most of Connecticut and Massachusetts, so when the land was offered free to settlers there was a general rush to acquire title, and Governor Wentworth did what has passed into a proverb, "A land office business." Pawlet was the first town chartered in this county, August 26, 1761, and the means through which the charter was obtained may serve as a specimen of all the other towns. Capt. Jonathan Willard, who has been recognized as the father of the town, was a contractor to furnish supplies for the English and Colonial troops operating on the lakes George and Champlain, and had opportunity to become acquainted with the county in some measure. Becoming embarrassed in business, he undertook to retrieve his fortune in land speculation. So he went to his native place, Colchester, Ct., and procured the requisite number of signers to a petition for a grant of land. He sent the papers to Governor Wentworth, and secured the charter. Capt. Willard then proceeded to buy many of the shares, mostly at a nominal price, and offered inducements to settlers, as it was necessary to improve a part of the land in order to hold it. The unsettled condition of the country retarded settlement and Capt. Willard, with some hired men, came on in 1762 and commenced a clearing. Nothing more was done for a year or two, when he came back to reside permanently, though Simon Burton and

William Fairfield had availed themselves of the premium offered to first settlers. Three years after the town was chartered the king of Great Britain issued a decree fixing the boundary of New York on the Connecticut river. This decree carried both jurisdiction and the title to the soil. The settlers remonstrated with such effect that the king's council put an injunction on New York to desist from occupying the territory. New York did not heed the injunction, but issued land grants covering those granted by Governor Wentworth, and also organized towns and counties to suit itself. The west side of the State was Charlotte county.

This trouble with New York retarded settlement so that in 1770 there were but ten families in town. The settlers in town up to 1777 constituted an independent sovereignty, being responsible to no higher power. From 1777 to 1781 this county was a part of Bennington county. In 1781, whose centennial we this day celebrate, Rutland county was organized, and extended north to Canada. After 1777 the population of the county increased rapidly. As Pawlet was centrally located, the idea was entertained that it would become the county seat of what was then Bennington and Rutland Counties: accordingly there was a rush of professional and business men, most of whom when Rutland was made the county seat left the town. Among these were Lemuel and Cyrus Chipman, Jonathan Brace, Israel Smith, Noah Smith, Zephaniah H. Smith, Truman Squier, Stephen Pearl, and others of less note. Lemuel Chipman was a distinguished physician, was a judge and assemblyman here, and a supreme judge in western New York. Cyrus Chipman was also a physician, and settled in Michigan. Jonathan Brace, who was a graduate of Yale, returned to Connecticut, where he became United States Senator. Israel Smith, also a graduate of Yale, member of Congress in both houses, and chief justice and governor of Vermont, settled in Rutland, where he died in 1810. Noah Smith, another graduate of Yale, was also chief justice of the State. He delivered the first Bennington battle anniversary address, in 1778. Zephaniah H. Smith was the missionary to the county. He abandoned the ministry and became an emi-

nent lawyer in Connecticut. He was the father of the Smith sisters who have stood so fixedly to the principle that taxation without representation was tyranny. Truman Squier was an attorney, settled in Manchester about the year 1800, and held most of the offices in that county. Stephen Pearl, merchant and inn-keeper, removed to Burlington, where a street was named for him. Many others, not as well known, left the county.

In 1777 Burgoyne came down from Canada, sweeping all before him. In July the disastrous battle of Hubbardton was fought, and our commander, Col. Francis, was slain. Nearly all the settlers north of Pawlet stampeded to the south, many of them going to their old homes. Some went from Pawlet, but the most of them remained, as Burgoyne's forces went back to Champlain. The wife and three daughters of Col. William Fitch started on one horse, but did not go far. These daughters, at a tender age, one of them only fourteen, married respectively Lemuel and Cyrus Chipman and Col. Ozias Clark.

The fortunes of war made Pawlet a military station. Here Col. Herrick's famous regiment of rangers was recruited. It consisted of four companies, probably of sixty-four men each, besides commissioned officers. It was a terror to all who did not harmonize with the Green Mountain Boys. Troops to the number of seven hundred were sent in September, under Col. Brown, to recapture Ticonderoga, Mount Defiance and Mount Hope. It was accomplished without the loss of a man. Capt. Ebenezer Allen, who commanded one company of the rangers, captured on Lake Champlain two negro slaves, whom he set free, his manifesto bearing date November 28, 1777, in which he says that being "conscientious that it is not right in the sight of God to keep slaves," he gave them their liberty. They probably belonged to some New Yorker, and went back to their old home. The funds for maintaining the military were mostly derived from the confiscated property of tories, but to some extent from taxation. We have the name of but one tory, William Fairfield, who removed to Canada: Governor

Slade in his State papers suppressed the names of tories whose property was confiscated.

During all the years of the revolutionary war the Green Mountain Boys fought shoulder to shoulder with New Yorkers, although a very bitter local controversy as to the jurisdiction and title to the soil continued. This was terminated in 1791 by Vermont paying New York thirty thousand dollars. This was done for the sake of peace, as New York had no legal claim to Vermont, the injunction never having been dissolved. Thirty thousand then was a greater sum to pay than three hundred thousand now. In the closing years of the war, and directly after, there was a large addition to the population of the county. Some seventy soldiers settled in Pawlet alone, but they spread all over the country. We have the names and can point out the place where these seventy built for themselves a home. We have ascertained the ages of fifty of them, which averaged 83 years. Think of it, ye dwellers in luxurious homes, how these veterans, who had braved the dangers of war; the privations of pioneer life, and still outlive you, two to one.

As the years rolled on taxes increased, and a mob took possession of the court house at Rutland, when the sheriff called out the military to suppress it. This was in 1786. The military from all parts of the county responded promptly and order was restored.

The promptitude with which this requisition of the sheriff was responded to is worthy of note. It was issued on Friday, and at nine o'clock the next morning troops from Castleton, under Col. Clark, and from Pawlet, under Col. Stephen Pearl, reported at the court house in Rutland. Col. Pearl with his detachment arrived first, though the farthest off. Col. Pearl lost a valuable horse by over-driving. The father of the writer belonged to his company, and I have often heard him relate the main facts.

We might enlarge and fill a volume of personal reminiscences, but a few notices of prominent families from our own town must suffice. Gideon Adams came to Pawlet in 1770, and was very soon elected town clerk and justice, which

offices he discharged to the acceptance of the people for forty years. Simeon Edgerton came in 1780 with twelve children, all but one of whom were married and raised large families. His descendants at the time of his widow's death, in 1821, were 209. Most of them have left the State, but we still have with us Hon. Jacob Edgerton, of Rutland, George Edgerton, of Wallingford and Charles F. Edgerton, of Pawlet. Dr. John Sargent, who succeeded Dr. Chipman in 1798, was the first president of the Rutland County Medical Society. He raised ten children, of whom Leonard was Lieutenant Governor, John and Warren B. physicians, Delight a missionary to the Cherokees, where she married Elias Bondinet, a native Cherokee, who was assassinated by his own tribe. Elisha Pratt, who was so conscientious that he would not kill a deer on Sunday, though in a famishing condition; so the buck had to come on a week day to be slain. His son, Capt. James Pratt, came with him: raised a family of nine children, one of whom only, Ervin, remains in town. One son, Miner, is a clergyman in Massachusetts. Capt. Pratt died in 1854, aged 92. Maj. Moses Porter came here in 1780, and was the progenitor of a distinguished family. Dr. Elijah Porter, of Waterford, N. Y., and his son, John K., of New York city, Moses R., of Ohio, and Henry, of Oswego, N. Y., and Joseph, who inherited the homestead. Moses and Joseph were both deacons in the Congregational church. Moses' widow died in 1843, aged 102 years. Timothy Allen came from Woodbury, Ct., in 1768, settled and kept a wayside inn in the north-west part of Pawlet. The detachment of troops on their way to capture Ticonderoga, in 1775, halted over night at his house. Judah Moffit, who afterwards settled in town, and lived to the age of 96, was of the number. Mr. Allen was a man of remarkable gifts and eminent piety, and also lived to the age of 96. Most of his family left this vicinity. His son Timothy settled last in Hartford, N. Y., where he died in 1834, aged 74. The late Alanson Allen, of Fairhaven, Hon. Ira C. Allen, Simeon Allen, and others of that place, and the late Rev. Barna Allen, of Hubbardton, were his descendants. Capt. Remember Baker, a stalwart son of

early Vermont, built a grist mill prior to 1768 in this quarter of Pawlet. A few years later he met a tragic and untimely death, in an expedition to Canada.

Dr. Lemuel Chipman, a brother of the late Judge Nathaniel Chipman, of Timmouth, was the first president of the Vermont Medical Society, the first County Judge, and a member of the first Council of Censors. Afterwards he was Supreme Judge in western New York. His brother Cyrus was also a physician and settled in Michigan, where he died in 1840. Col. Ozias Clark was an early settler, an energetic man, a deacon of the Congregational church, and the head of a numerous family. These three, as before stated, married daughters of Col. William, from whom the village took its name, Fitch's Mills. He was resident commissary of Col. Herrick's Regiment of Rangers.

We have read and heard, perhaps to a surfeit, of the trials and privations of the pioneers of this county in their successful efforts to create luxurious homes for their successors; but we must not infer that because they toiled hard and fared poorly they were deprived of all comforts. The hope of bettering their condition by establishing each for himself an independent home buoyed up their spirits, and perhaps no people in the world really enjoy life better than the settlers of a new country. Far less sickness and invalidism existed then than now. Then the average number of children in a family, as ascertained by actual enumeration, was nine, while the present average of our native families does not exceed three. Then people were on a level, and there was less Phariseism and exclusiveness than in modern society.

While we may not possess many of the substantial virtues to as eminent a degree as our forefathers, we have outgrown many of their superstitions, such as belief in ghosts and respect for dreams. Ghosts in white lurked in every dark corner, and dreams when twice repeated meant something; probably in most cases they meant too hearty suppers. In the olden time the people in their work, as in their play, grouped together, and rarely would you see an individual pegging at a solitary task. This made labor almost a pastime, and robbed

it of its sterner features. As the time wore on, the primitive cabins were exchanged for commodious dwellings, and what is known as the homespun age, the beginning of this century, commenced. Now you will find the sturdy farmer in his leather apron, and his older boys in roundabouts, while the matron was surrounded by her daughters, in whose cheeks the rose and the lily blended, all arrayed in the garments their own hands had spun, wove and put together. Without was the well stocked stable, the wheat field, the clashing of the flail and the ax; within the loom and the spindles. As we review our early life, and call up the deep seated memories of the past, we could almost wish the march of so-called progress were stayed. Now the mowing and the reaping machines, the circular saw, the horse rake and other inventions do much of the work of the farmer. The loom and the spinning wheel are all but banished from the household. We might enlarge and follow up this and kindred themes, but we forbear.

Next followed a history of the sheriffs of Rutland County for the past one hundred years, written for the occasion by J. C. Williams, Esq., of Danby:

HISTORY OF THE SHERIFFS OF RUTLAND COUNTY.

BY J. C. WILLIAMS.

The history of the sheriffs of Rutland County, if complete, might form an interesting chapter for the centennial volume, for which this sketch is designed.

Since the organization of the county, in 1781, the office of sheriff has been considered an important one, and the people have been fortunate in their selections.

As an officer who executes the laws of a county, the duties and responsibility resting upon the sheriff renders his office an important one. Although some of the laws relating to the duties of sheriffs have been modified from time to time, the general duties have not been changed.

The sheriffs of Rutland county have not been numerous;

there having been but fourteen different persons who have held the office. Previous to 1870 the term of office was one year, since which time they have been elected biennially, the same as other county officers. The bond now required of sheriffs for their faithful performance of duties is \$10,000. Previous to 1850 the sheriffs were elected by the Legislature, since which time they have been elected by the people.

The following is a list of the sheriffs of Rutland county, given in their order, viz:

Abram Ives, of Wallingford, was the first sheriff, elected in 1781, and served four years, or until 1785. He was one of the early settlers of Wallingford, and kept a hotel there for many years. He is said to have been a good citizen, and also kept a model hotel. He was a personal friend of Ethan Allen, at whose house the latter often visited. On account of some irregularity in selling the tract of land known as Mendon, and fearing prosecution, he resigned his office, and went back to Connecticut, where he died at an advanced age.

Jonathan Bell, of Tinmouth, was the second sheriff, elected in 1785, and served to 1802, a period of seventeen years. He was a good sheriff and popular with the people, and hence his re-election to the office for so many years. Tinmouth previous to 1785 was the county seat, where the jail and court house were situated. He came to Tinmouth in 1778, and was for many years one of the prominent men of that town.

Arunah W. Hyde, of Castleton, was the third sheriff, elected in 1802, and served seven years, or until 1809.

Eleazer Flagg, of Clarendon, succeeded Mr. Hyde. He served but three years, from 1809 to 1812.

Ralf Paige, of Rutland, who was born in Hardwick, Mass., August 21, 1769, was next elected in 1812, and served but one year. He died in Rutland, August 20, 1857.

Erastus Barker, of Tinmouth, was elected in 1813, and served one year. He was again elected in 1815, serving two years, and again in 1818, and served one year, making four years in all. He was a man well known, and was prominent in town and county affairs, being highly respected as a citizen.

Thomas Hooker, of Rutland, was the seventh sheriff, elected in 1814, serving one year only.

William Fay, of Rutland, who was born in Hardwick, Mass., November 12, 1780, was next elected in 1817, and served one year. He died in Rutland, July 31, 1840.

Jonathan Dyke, of Rutland, but who was born in Chittenden, April 16, 1786, succeeded Mr. Baker, as sheriff, in 1819, and served until 1831, a period of 12 years. He was also a popular sheriff, and possessed the confidence of the people. But three others held the office for a longer period than he did. He moved to Illinois in 1845.

Jacob Edgerton, Jr., was elected in 1831, and served two years, or until 1833. He was again elected in 1841, and served until December 1, 1861, a period of twenty years, making twenty-two years in all.

John A. Conant, of Brandon, was elected in 1833, and served but two years.

Ira Parsons, of Rutland, succeeded Mr. Conant, as sheriff, in 1835, and served until 1841, a period of six years.

William M. Field, of Rutland, the sixteenth sheriff, was elected in 1861, and served until 1878, a period of seventeen years.

D. P. Peabody, of Pittsford, the present incumbent, succeeded Mr. Field in 1878, and has held the office since.

We regret that, on account of the limited time given in which to prepare this sketch, we are unable to give a complete record of these men, as was designed. Of the ex-sheriffs, as will be seen by the above list, but three are now living, viz: Jacob Edgerton, John A. Conant, and William M. Field.

Mr. Edgerton held the office of sheriff the longest, having served twenty-two years in all. He still resides at Rutland in his eighty-second year. Although advanced in age, he retains his mental vigor, and is quite active in business pursuits. He has been very prominent in town and county polities for many years, and is considered a safe counsellor in matters of every day life. Mr. Edgerton has been honored from time to time with various positions of trust and responsibility, and re-

tains in a remarkable degree the confidence of all who know him.

John A. Conant still resides at Brandon, where he was born in 1800. He rarely discharged the duties of the office, and they were mostly entrusted to his deputies. Ira Parsons, as deputy, who succeeded Mr. Conant, took up his residence in Rutland, performing the duties there. Mr. Conant, although somewhat feeble in health, has been active in business affairs for many years, and is respected by all.

William M. Field, as will be seen, served the next longest as sheriff, his re-election to the office for so many years being a compliment well bestowed on a faithful and efficient officer. He still resides at Rutland, and is now president of the Rutland Savings Bank.

D. P. Peabody, the present incumbent, assumed the office of sheriff December 1, 1878, this being his fourth year of service. Mr. Peabody maintains dignity in the office, discharging its duties personally, so far as able, has a good corps of deputies, and is a worthy and efficient officer. It is hoped he will live to score a longer number of years as sheriff than any of his predecessors.

None of the deceased sheriffs died while in office, that we know of. They were all honorable men, and performed their duties faithfully. No county in the State can present a list of sheriffs, who sustained a better record, as the long term of most of them fully attest. Out of the fourteen sheriffs, three served one year each: one served two years; one three years; three four years; one six years; one seven years; one twelve years; two seventeen years; and one twenty-two years, the average term being seven years.

Upon conclusion of the above H. B. Spafford, Esq., of Clarendon, delivered the following poem:

A land of rock, and rill and tree,
A chosen home of Liberty;
Whose mountains grand, with wooded crest,
The foot of slave hath never pressed.
Here smiling spring, with dewey flowers,
In garlands twine the woodland bowers;

And autumn forests wear the dyes,
 That rainbows paint on summer skies,
 Here valleys gleam with crystal streams
 That dance in noon tide's golden beams,
 The rocky hills, the fertile plain
 With gardens bloom, and fields of grain;
 And circling round the fairy scene
 In flowing robes of forest green,
 As guardian genii of the land,
 In giant strength, the mountains stand
 Like mighty waves in frozen rest,
 On silent ocean's pulseless breast,
 Amid the Alps or Appenine
 Or on the banks of storied Rhine;
 A fairer scene ne'er met the view,
 Than 'neath these skies of bending blue.

When wanes the cent'rys twilight hour
 The spirit wins the magic power,
 To view again the scenes of old
 In panoramic view unrolled.
 The fleeting months, the rolling years,
 With days of joy and days of tears;
 In long procession sweeping fast
 Into the dim mysterious past.

I see the mountains crowned with pine,
 And silver streamlets glistening twine,
 Down through the forests dark and old,
 That shroud the valley's velvet mould.
 The warrior eagle soars on high,
 And piercing rings the panther's ery;
 While howling wolves with terror thrill
 The echoes of the caverned hills,
 But no home of man is seen,
 In all the boundless forest green.

* * * * *

Above a battle storm,
 That thunders in the west;
 I see the dancing form
 Of many a warrior crest;
 I see their banner's crimson stain,
 Flash on the golden sky;
 And hear above the reddened plain,
 The foeman's charging cry,

That ery that rang a thousand years
From Agineourt to Louisburg;

When England meets the Gallic spears,
That battle ery is ever heard,
And echoes o'er this woodland vale
As empire hangs in even seale.

* * * * *

On leafy banks of sylvan streams,
The woodman's ax like silver gleams;
Before the swift descending steel
The forest giants rock and reel,
And fall to earth with dying moan
Far sounding through the forest lone.
The trembling earth, in glad surprise
Looks up to heaven's starry eyes,
Fair women dwell in forest bower,
And children sport amid the flowers;
While meadows green and waving grain,
On mountain side and level plain,
Soon show the power of Saxon hand
Over a wild and stubborn land.

* * * * *

I hear the tramp of armed men
Come marching down into the glen;
And see their long encircling line,
Around a settler's cot entwine,
And soon his sacred roof-tree riven,
As loud their shouts ascend to heaven.
Then from amid that warrior band,
Their chiefs as chosen judges stand,
Of giant frame and stalwart mould,
Men like the hero gods of old;
One waved at "Ti," his sword of flame,
And smote in great Jehovah's name,
Another led the struggling brave,
When gallant deeds were vain to save;
Though patriot blood in torrents run,
On crimson field of Hubbardton.
And other chiefs of mountain fame,
Here met to stir the Yorker game;
In solemn council now they stand,
Then give that bold and stern command,

That makes Vermont an equal State
Among her sisters free and great.

* * * * *

And now a black and crouching form,
Springs from the mist of slavery's storm;
Fierce blood-hounds bay along his track,
His master sternly calls him back.
"My slave," the haughty Southron cries,
A Judge, indignant, stern replies,
"Without a bill of sale from God,
No one who hath our free hills trod
Shall ever from these hills be torn
And back to slavery's charnel borne."
Those words now echo o'er the land,
From mountain height to ocean strand,
And make his grave a sacred shrine,
For freemen's hearts almost divine.
In other lands they write his name,
And twine it with the wreath of fame;
E'en in Westminster's hall of pride,
Where England's great sleep, side by side,
On marble scroll or tablet fair,
Go friend or stranger read it there.

Now wakes the hills to louder scream
Than ever heard by Otter's stream,
For "Nick" himself goes rushing by
On "Redbird" steed that seems to fly,
O'er valley deep, through mountain high,
The thunders rise to greet the sky,
As sweeps he on his steed of fire,
Whose sinews strong will never tire
Till all the sleeping echoes wake
By dancing rill and glassy lake.

* * * * *

The riven hills give magic birth
To stately walls and princely halls,
For rich and great and proud of earth,
And cunning hands of artists great,
From pillars proud, for church and state;
Or from the blocks of marble cold
Angels and demigods unfold.

For those who sleep in silent land
They rear the shaft or column grand,
To bear a fadeless wreath;
Or speak with marble tongue
Of deeds of honor done
By those who sleep beneath.

From Southern land a sable cloud
That Northward moves its banners proud,
Sends forth a loud and startling peal
That wakes the Northman's slumbering steel;
Swifter than the fiery cross of yore,
The lightning's wing the summons bore.

From mountain side and lowly glen
Come crowding ranks of patriot men,
As truly formed of hero mould,
As Sparta's warrior sons of old;
And from the mountains to the sea
Go marching till the land is free.

Till the flag by treason torn
From Sumpter's walls in shame,
By loyal hands is borne
To loftier heights and nobler fame,
Returning then with dented shields,
Or sleeping on the tented fields.

* * * * * * * * * *
And now the muffled drum's sad, beat
The funeral march of mournful feet,
Borne far from lost and fatal field,
A leader comes on bloody shield,
With folded arms on riven breast,
To find a place of peaceful rest,
Where ivy with the laurel twines,
And kindred sleep beneath the pines.

The weeping forests moan,
A chieftain's glory fled;
The mountains echo wail,
In concert for the dead.

* * * * * * * * * *
And now glad notes and shouts of joy,

As marching home the soldier boy,
Bears high the banners rent and torn,
O'er fiery fields of battle borne,

When hissing shot, shrieking shell,
Made red the earth as crimson hell.

Those days are past; the war is done;
Returning home with victory won,
The soldier comes to welcome dear.
A father's hand, a mother's tear,
And maiden's heart that thrills with bliss,
As meets her lips his eager kiss.

From cottage home a lovely bride
Goes forth elate at morning tide;
The hue of health is on her brow,
And shining wealth her portion now;
Her beaming eyes, her glowing cheek,
Long days of hope and joy bespeak,
She sadly smiles through glistening tears,
But proudly looks to future years.

The morrow comes when clang ing bell
Sends o'er the hill a funeral knell,
The bride of yester morn is dead.
Low lies her fair young head,
Pale her hands' fairy mould,
White her wan lips, and cold,
As dewy flowers by soft winds blown,
By friendly hands are gently strown,
To weep upon her peaceful breast,
Or wither o'er her place of rest.

A city proud, white-walled and fair,
Whose steeples pierce the mountain air,
Now spreads its boundaries far and wide,
From Mendon hills to Ira's side;
Its people all are wise and great,
Proud pillars of the Mountain State,
All are colonels, some are 'squire,
For no untitled men are there;
The merchant's bargain fair and clean,
The judges just to mercy lean,
And upward from their early youth
The lawyers always speak the truth
The preachers point the way to heaven,
And walk therein from morn till even,
No whisky sold by light of day
To those who stagger on the way;
Nor secretly behind the screen
Given away by hands unseen.

To men of proud and lofty mien
The country farmers think it sin
To take their city cousins in
And bring to them for sale no more,
Turkey or chicken raised by Noah.
But swiftly fleeting is the gleam
Of this fair city of my dream.
The century's years have gone at last,
To join the ages of the past;
I see no more its phantom forms
Amid the sunshine or the storms,
But 'neath the sun or midnight dun
The river of life rolls ever on;
Its moaning surges ceaseless sweep
Into eternity's soundless deep,
And forms that bend with weight of years.
And backward look, through sorrow's tears;
And youth and childhood full of glee,
Are sailing to the silent sea,
While maidens fair, with garlands gay,
Are singing on their joyous way;
And gallant forms soon by their side,
With hand in hand go down the tide.
In fairest day or darkest night,
To them the castled shore is bright;
For truthful love's enchanting beam,
Throws its halo o'er the stream;
In heedless joy or faith sublime,
They're floating down the stream of time.

And manhood strong in haughty pride,
Storms fiercely down the foaming tide;
And stamps his foot print in the sand,
And writes his name with eager hand.
'Tis vain! the waves that sweep the shore
Erase the marks forever more;
Their shadows live, only when
Their deeds are traced by history's pen.

But every noble thought, sublime
And grand, will move o'er waves of time,
And throw its light on every shore,
Till fleeting time shall flow no more.

Now cease my harp its timeless wail,
No longer vex the passing gale;

But wake again the bard that weaves
Clear music sweet from "maple leaves,"
And bid our grandest mountain peak,
 Our widest flowing river,
The name with reverent honor speak,
 And echo on forever.

Judge Dorr, in a few happy remarks, next introduced Hon. A. L. Miner, of Manchester, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I did not come to this celebration to make a speech, but to listen to others and once more to mingle with some of my life long friends, with whom it is ever a pleasure to meet. Being called upon, I cannot forbear saying a few words although they will be said in a desultory manner.

It was in this County that my eyes were first opened to the light, and in which the first thirty years of my life were spent. Either as an actual resident, or student, or teacher, I have lived in more than one third of the twenty-five towns of which it is composed. For fifty years there has been scarcely a term of your Courts but what I have been more or less in attendance. My acquaintance with the people has been very general, long continued, and to me not only pleasant but endearing.

One hundred and two years ago this month, my paternal grandparents moved into this town from Connecticut, and settled about two hundred rods east of where we now are. They came with an ox team. Their effects mainly consisted of eight children, the youngest but four months old. Although there were quite a number of settlers scattered about this town, at that time, nearly all this section was an unbroken forest; no roads that could be properly called roads; no houses but log huts of the most rude and primitive kind, generally with but one room, and perhaps never more than two. The earth smoothed off served for a floor. As to furniture blocks of wood and rough benches did the duty of chairs, and planks split from the bass-wood were used for tables. The trees had to be felled and the ground cleared before anything could be

raised for food. It has always been a mystery to me how they subsisted the first year. I have often thought that we did not fully realize the privations, hardships and trials that our fathers endured in coming into this then wilderness, and converting it into smiling harvest fields, and beautiful happy homes for so many people. That work was not done by weak or idle men. It was *work*, hard and constant, that they had to do. Now we are reaping the fruits and enjoying the comforts and blessings that have followed and come from their severe and rugged toil.

A log fort was erected at the "Falls" (now Centre Rutland) where in case of alarm the women and children were taken, and the men shouldered their muskets and stood guard. There were then no newspapers, no mails, no means of knowing what was transpiring outside the settlement, except as events were told from one to another. Rumors of invasions would become magnified into the near approach of a large band of hostile Indians who had been hired by the British to massacre the whole settlement.

It was no uncommon thing for all the helpless to be hurried to the fort. Such men did not wait for the tomahawk and scalping knife to be used on their wives and children before they endeavored to have them in a place of safety. This was in the middle of the revolutionary war; but probably in every case the alarms were groundless.

Fifty years ago this Spring I came here and went into the office of Royce & Hodges, to complete my professional studies. What changes this fifty years have wrought! The same natural scenery still remains. The mountains extending on either hand as far as vision will reach, with their lofty summits and conelike peaks piercing the clouds, still stand in all their pristine grandeur and pride. This same valley; unsurpassed in beauty and fertility, with its river and many streamlets, is yet here. Whoever wishes to see a more charming landscape, one too where every evidence of thrift and happiness are exhibited, than is to be seen from any of your summits where this valley from Brandon to Wallingford is brought in view, must go to some spot of earth that my eyes have never yet

looked upon. A greater Being than man lifted up these mountains and spread out this valley for you to dwell in. We can little change this handiwork. But all else, how different and how changed! Your village then had but one street. It then contained but two plain houses for public worship. There were two small hotels, and those with ceilings so low that some of your present landlords could hardly stand erect in them. In point of business you were then fully equalled by Brandon and Castleton, with several other towns but little behind you. Now you have *many splendid* church edifices, all comparatively new. Your hotel accommodations are probably not equalled in New England outside of Boston. You have become the business centre not only of this County, but extending into and through other Counties. Your streets and population have increased more than ten fold. Your public buildings and many palatial residences would adorn any town in any country.

As I was sitting on this platform this afternoon, I endeavored to think how many men were living here now that were in business here when I came in 1831. I could recollect but two; they were sitting together just forward of me, Mr. Reuben R. Thrall, and Mr. Luther Daniels. I think they are all that were then old enough to be in business for themselves and who still reside here.

It seems to me that no village then or since then in this State or elsewhere of an equal number of inhabitants contained more men of marked ability and of high moral character, than were then resident. They are now at "rest."

Vermont has raised a large number of representative men, and this County has had a full share. Rollin C. Mallory and Stephen A. Douglas were both natives of Rutland County, and Solomon Foot located and lived here in the village of Rutland. Mr. Mallory was elected six times to Congress, the last time, in 1830, without opposition. He died in the Spring of 1831, without serving any time under his last election. He was justly considered one of the strong men, and a leader in Congress; perhaps he had as much ability as any man ever raised in this State. Mr. Foot lived here with you. It is but fifteen years since we deposited his remains in yonder vault. This

town, and I might almost say the State, was draped in mourning; many of you, perhaps all of you, knew him well. He served this town in the Legislature several times, and was three times Speaker. He served four years in Congress and declined a further election; he was elected U. S. Senator in 1850, and again in 1856, and again in 1862. He presided over that body most of the time for four years. He had few equals and no superiors as a presiding officer. He died in office, with "harness on."

Mr. Douglas' history is known to all. He served in both houses of Congress, and was three times a candidate, either for nomination or before the people, for the office of President of the United States. He died in 1861, just after the civil war had begun, but he lived long enough to declare in a public speech that he would support the administration in putting down the rebellion. He was doubtless one of the brightest men, and perhaps as ready in debate as any man in public life ever was in this country. To have produced such public men as Mallory, Foot and Douglas is no small honor to this or any other country.

James Meacham was also born and raised in this town. He was eight years in Congress, and was nominated for another election at the time of his death. He was called the first scholar in the House of Representatives. Statesmen are not the only eminent men who have had their origin in this county. Learned men in all the professions, including professors and teachers, editors and civil engineers, and leading business men in all the departments of life, have been raised in this county, and have been scattered all over this broad country.

The Rogers, the Butlers, the Boardmans, the Higleys, the Buels, the Kelloggs, the Gilberts, the Walkers, the Conants, the Austins, the Clarks, the Nobles, the Cushman, the Roberts, the Pages, the Bigelows, the Chipmans, the Porters, the Jones, the Merritts, and the Beards. I might add the Greeleys, for Horace was raised in this village. Let us look at some of them as viewed from my standpoint at that time, and as they appear to me now.

The clergymen then were the Rev. Dr. Charles Walker and

Rev. Dr. Proctor. Dr. Hicks came while I was here, and remained till his death. Have your pulpits ever been supplied with abler and better men; or those more revered and beloved by their parishioners?

The physicians were Dr. Cleveland, Dr. Porter, and the two Dr. Greenes. Were they not all eminent in their professions? Men of high standing and great worth. There were several gentlemen residing here who had been attorneys, not then in practice. Judge Williams was then on the bench. Col. Gove was almost a life time clerk of the Circuit and District Courts. William Page was cashier of the bank, and Robert Pierpoint was clerk of the County Court and Probate Judge. Judge Strong and Robert Temple had retired from practice.

The lawyers in active practice then were Rodney C. Royce and Silas H. Hodges, E. L. Ormsbee, R. R. Thrall, R. H. Walker, Gen. Brown and F. W. Hopkins, and Solomon Foot was added to their number soon after I came. Have you ever had a more profound judge, or one who was more highly esteemed than Judge Williams? Has there been a better jury advocate than Rodney C. Royce, whose assistance was sought in *all* jury trials? Has there been any lawyer here that could give a clearer analysis of a law point than Edgar L. Ormsbee? Or one who could cite more decisions and give their reasons than Silas H. Hodges? Did any one ever do a larger business or take more judgments in one year than Mr. Thrall? One of his students told me that they had taken over fifteen hundred judgments that year. I venture to say that is more than are now taken in the county in any year.

Have you had better and more reliable merchants than James D. Butler, Mr. Fuller, Daniels & Bell, Maj. Hodges and James Barrett? Have you had any better mechanics than such men as Capt. Lord and Judge William Hall? Did any village or place ever have men who were more universally believed to be trustworthy at all times, and under all circumstances governed by the highest moral principles than such men as James D. Butler, Capt. Lord, Dr. Hooker and Judge Williams? And I might add many others. Where could be found men of

more polished manners, *gentlemen* at all times and everywhere, than Col. Jesse Gove, Maj. Hodges, Dr. Horace Green, and Judge Williams? But, Mr. President, they have all passed that portal which opens into the unseen world:

"In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming."

Vermont has sent out many men that have obtained high honors in other States, and in the general government. She has furnished one Governor for Massachusetts, three for New York, one for Ohio, one for Michigan, one for Indiana and one for Louisiana. Last year she had three of her sons, first-class foreign Ministers, Mr. Marsh, at Rome, Mr. Kasson, at Vienna, and Mr. Stoughton, at St. Petersburg. And rumor says that Mr. Morton, of New York, another Vermonter, is soon to be sent as Minister to France.

Men born and raised in this State have been members of the U. S. Senate from New Hampshire, New York, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Louisiana, Arkansas, and two at the same time from Wisconsin.

When I was at Washington there were Vermonters in the House; one from Maine, one from New Hampshire, five from New York, two from Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens, one of them, three from Ohio, one from Michigan, and one from Wisconsin. Since that time the Green Mountain boys have constantly found their way into the National Legislature from a large number of States. In the present House, one of its most able members, Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, is a Vermonter, and one of its brightest and most witty is another, Mr. Horr, of Michigan.

We have furnished one Mayor for the City of New York. The present Collector for that city and also for Boston, and the Vice-President of the United States, were all sons of this State.

From 1840 to 1850, this State had four members of Congress. In 1843 we elected new members from all the Districts. In the 1st, Solomon Foot; in the 2d, Jacob Collamer; in the 3d, George P. Marsh; in the 4th, Paul Dillingham. The

members at the commencement of the session are sworn by States. As our delegation went to the clerk's desk to be sworn, some one remarked that "four better looking men could not be found in that body;" perhaps that was true, for they were certainly *all* men of uncommonly fine personal appearance. But let me add that no State, however large, ever sent four new members, or four old members, into one Congress that had more ability than those four. If New York, with its thirty-three members (or forty as they once had), ever had in one house four members of equal ability, it must have been before my recollection. Of Mr. Foot I have already spoken. Mr. Marsh served six years in Congress and has been a foreign Minister nearly twenty years. He is a man of vast learning, and it is said no man in the world can read or speak more languages than he can. Governor Dillingham was a democrat, served four years in Congress, and declined a further election. I met him in the cars soon after Fort Sumpter was fired upon. He told me he preferred the preservation of the country to party, and that he should do all he was able to put down the rebellion. He was that year elected State Senator, and after that was two years Lieutenant Governor and two years Governor. For many years no man stood higher in the State as a jury advocate. Judge Collamer had been one of our Supreme Judges a long time; he served six years in Congress, and refused another election. He was Postmaster General under President Taylor, and then again one of our Judges. He was elected United States Senator in 1854, and again in 1860, and died in office, in November, 1865. He was beyond doubt more learned in the law than any other Senator, and so considered by all. This State has placed his statue in the old Representatives Hall, at Washington, as our first and greatest citizen. His death occurred but two or three months previous to Senator Foot's death. Governor Dillingham appointed their successors to serve till the legislature should meet the next October. You, Mr. President, had a seat in our State Senate, (Hon. Mr. Dorr being in the Chair), and I was in the other house at the session in the fall of 1866. We filled their places by electing our present Senators, Mr. Edmunds and

Mr. Morrill. After they were elected you introduced appropriate resolutions relative to the death of our two Senators. When the resolutions came to the House, I moved that they lie and be made a special order, that fitting remarks might be made. At the time set you, Sir, came into the House, and sat near me. I have not seen what I said since then, but I recollect of saying, among other things, something like this, "that two of the most massive and highly polished pillars, which upheld the structure of our greatness, had given way and fallen, but we have fitted others in their places, and may they stand as firm, and reflect back as bright a luster upon their constituents as those did that have fallen."

Have not my hopes and yours been realized? Our Senators have been there ever since. Mr. Edmunds is justly called the head of the Senate; and no man there or elsewhere better understands the revenue laws or is a more complete master of finance than Senator Morrill. When our Senators were in a majority Mr. Morrill had the chairmanship of the committee on finance; Mr. Edmunds that of the judiciary. May not this little State well be proud of furnishing men for the two most important positions in the highest legislative body on earth?

I was requested to say something of the Lawyers who were in practice when I came here, and before that time. I was acquainted with all who were living in the county then, and perhaps have known all who have been in practice here since. I have already mentioned the members of the bar in this town. I can do very little more than name those in other towns. In Wallingford there was Judge Button, who besides Mr. Thrall is the only one now living in the county that was then here. In Tinmouth, Judge Noble, who was out of practice; he had been a long time Judge of Probate, and one of the associate judges of the County Court. He was of undoubted integrity; a good lawyer and truly a "Noble" man. Nathaniel Harmon, of Pawlet, was considered well versed in the law; General Jonas Clark and his nephew, Orson Clark, were then in Middletown. Orson died young. The General was one of the most genial of men. His law knowledge was obtained at home, after he was married. He had little previous

education, but he became a good lawyer and had an extensive practice. He made up for lack of early training in native talent, ready wit and untiring energy. He was a long number of years State's attorney, and Representative for nearly a score of years. I knew him better than other attorneys. That town was my early home. In Poultney there were Judge Warner and James Harris. Mr. Mallory died the spring I came here. I came from his office.

In Fair Haven was Judge Kittredge. In Castleton, Selah H. Merrill, Judge Howe and B. F. Langdon; Chauncey Langdon died the fall before. In Benson, General Kellogg, father of our late Judge L. C. Kellogg, whose death was so deeply mourned by us all. In Pittsford, was Gordon Newell and John G. Newell; also John Pierpoint, who moved to Vergennes soon after, and who has been one of our Supreme Judges for twenty-four years, and Chief Judge since the fall of 1866. In Brandon there were General Davenport, Judge June, and a Mr. Broughton. It seems to me this is a list of honorable names, such as any county may well feel proud of. It is true lawyers had not the books they now have; many questions have become settled that no learned lawyer would now think of raising that were then fairly debatable. I think they relied more upon their talent at reasoning, and their ready wit, than now, and much less upon their actual knowledge of the law.

There were at an early day able men in the other professions before and down past the time I came here. I will only name a few. In the ministry there were Dr. Ball, of this village, and Mr. Haynes, of West Rutland; Bigelow and Haynes, of Middletown, Griswold, of Pawlet, Cushman, of Fair Haven, Kent, of Benson, Kendrick, of Poultney, Child, of Pittsford, Knappin, of Sudbury, all able men.

There were early a large number of eminent men in the medical profession in this County. At Castleton, there were old Dr. Gridley, the two Dr. Woodwards, and Dr. Perkins, all at some time professors in the medical college. At Poultney, Kendrick and Brownson; Timmouth, Clark; Middletown, Clark; Pawlet, Sargeant; Wallingford, Fox; Fair Haven,

Bigelow; and Pittsford, Dana. These were all celebrated men in their professions, and doubtless there were others of equal standing.

Mr. President, I have endeavored to give you *facts* in rather a rambling manner, it is true, but if I have been the cause of any gratification to any one I am glad that I have been thus called upon to talk without preparation.

Facts need no adornment to be of interest. Thanking you and the audience for their attention, I will say no more.

Upon conclusion of Mr. Miner's remarks, Hon. A. M. Beard, U. S. Collector for the post of Boston, was presented, and made the following remarks, as reported in the *Herald and Globe*:

MR. BEARD'S REMARKS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

When I received the invitation to come here, I had no intimation that a speech was to be expected from me. I came to listen and to learn, and I have learned. Having been away from the State so long, I thought it would not do to slight the first invitation I had to come back. A man is not responsible for his birth place, but I am proud to have had my origin in this State, and would not admit an equality in this respect, except with an Ohio man. Though not born in this county, my birthplace was just beyond the mountains, and in my youth I looked upon the same peaks with the natives of Rutland county, only from a different direction. In this county, however, in Pittsfield, I had my business training. There now remain few of the men with whom I was acquainted then. I have been interested in the accounts given here to-day of the settlers of this State, who seem to have the best qualities of the English blood. The period since they first came into these regions seems long, but is in reality short. The patriotism of the early dwellers in this State gained the victory of Ticonderoga, and they showed consummate statesmanship in those days by their tact in keeping the English at bay, while at the same time Washington never once mistrusted their purity of purpose and

THE 1996 U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: THE VOTE FOR BUSH AND CLINTON

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loyalty. In the foundation of their government the whole people took part, and it was literally a government of and by the people, with the freest suffrage. The Governor was chosen by the people and by all the people, as was the case in Massachusetts and Connecticut. That was the Pilgrim idea of a State, and the purest democratic idea. But once a year the governor was made responsible to those from whom he received his office. You here have departed from this practice, but I believe the recurrence of the seasons should mark the return of responsibility to the chief executive of the State. The principles of freedom which are found dominant in the dwellers among mountains have ever distinguished Vermont, not only in her early history but subsequently. Her's is the proud distinction that she is the only State which never had a slave within her borders, and slavery was prohibited in her constitution. Nor did a slave-owner ever come within her borders in pursuit of his fugitives, as he did in Massachusetts and other New England States. In my position I am often called upon to make decisions, and always make them upon the basis of a decision once made by Judge Elias Keyes of Stockbridge, which well reflects the spirit of Vermonters. To a lawyer who demurred from one of his rulings on a point of law, the judge replied: "If it isn't law, it ought to be, and you will find it law within the jurisdiction of this court." The sons of Vermont are found wherever civilization has gone, and it makes very little difference whether she increases in population or not, so long as she sends out such men as she has and wields the power at Washington that she does now through her Senators. A gentleman once said he was tired of the turmoil attendant upon our Presidential elections, and was almost in favor of a monarchy. But did this man but stop to compare the lives and characters of our rulers—the people—in the last hundred years with that of the best of the sovereigns during that time, his opinions would have been changed. The transfer of the chief office of this great nation, which took place at Washington to-day in peace and quiet, is a thing which could not be accomplished in a like manner in any other nation. The sons of Vermont who have gone without her borders have

prospered, but with the lapse of time they remember more and more the scenes and associations of their youth, and by these memories are inspired to do more and be more for the honor of their native State. And therefore I say it makes little difference whether Vermont increases in population or not, if she continues, as she has done, to send out sons and daughters who shall give to her and to themselves the fame which character and intelligence bring.

Mr. Beard was loudly applauded during the course of his remarks, and at the close.

After Mr. Beard's address the President of the day, Judge Dorr, made a few remarks on the success of the celebration, and many interesting facts which had been presented before the meeting, and after thanking the large attendance present for their long continued and respectful attention to the exercises of the evening, declared the meeting adjourned.

Owing to the extended and varied literary and historical exercises of the day, but little space or time was devoted to the antiquarian or relic department. Quite a number of interesting relics were produced on the occasion, but nearly, if not quite all, had been seen and described in other centennial gatherings and celebrations, and have been preserved in publications pertaining to the same, so that no especial mention or description of them will be given in this present volume.

[Published by permission from the Centennial Celebration, 1870, of Rutland, Vermont.]

THE DEAD CENTURY.

BY

MRS. JULIA C. (RIPLEY) DORR,

OF RUTLAND, VERMONT.

I.

Lo! we come
Bearing the Century cold and dumb!
Folding above the mighty breast
Lie the hands that have earned their rest;
Hushed are the grandly speaking lips;
Closed are the eyes in dear eclipse;
And the sculptured limbs are deathly still,
Responding not to the eager will,

As we come,
Bearing the century, cold and dumb!

II.

Lo! we wait
Knocking here at the sepulchre's gate!
Souls of the ages passed away,
A mightier joins your ranks to-day;
Open your doors and give him room
Buried Centuries, in your tomb!
For calmly under his heavy pall
Sleepeth the kingliest of them all,

While we wait
At the sepulchre's awful gate!

III.

Yet—pause here
Bending low o'er the narrow bier!
Pause ye awhile and let your thought
Compass the work that he hath wrought;
Look on his brow so scarred and worn;
Think of the weight his hands have borne;
Think of the fetters he hath broken,
Of the mighty words *his* lips have spoken

Who lies here
Dead and cold on a narrow bier!

IV.

Ere he goes
 Silent and calm to his grand repose,—
 While the Centuries in their tomb
 Crowd together to give him room.
 Let us think of the wondrous deeds
 Answering still to the world's great needs,
 Answering still to the world's wild prayer.
 He hath been first do do and dare!

Ah! he goes
 Crowned with bays to his last repose.

V.

When the earth
 Sang for joy to hail his birth,
 Over the hilltops faint and far
 Glimmered the light of Freedom's star.
 Only a poor, pale torch it seemed—
 Dimly from out the clouds it gleamed—
 Oft to the watcher's eye 't was lost
 Like a flame by fierce winds rudely tossed.

Scarce could earth
 Catch one ray when she hailed his birth!

VI.

But ere long
 His young voice, like a clarion strong,
 Rang through the wilderness far and free,
 Prophet and herald of Good to be!
 Then with a shout the stalwart men
 Answered proudly from mount and glen,
 Till in the brave, new, western world
 Freedom's banners were wide unfurled!

And ere long
 The Century's voice like a clarion strong,

VII.

Cried "O Earth,
 Paeans sing for a Nation's birth!
 Shout hosannas, ye golden stars
 Peering through yonder cloudy bars!
 Burn, O Sun, with a clearer beam!
 Shine, O Moon, with a softer gleam!
 Join, ye winds, in the choral strain!
 Swell, rolling seas, the glad refrain!

While the Earth
 Paeans sing for a Nation's birth!"

VIII.

Ah! he saw—

This young prophet with solemn awe—
 How after weary pain and sin,
 Strivings without and foes within,
 Fruitless prayings and long suspense,
 And toil that bore no recompense—
 After peril and blood and tears,
 Honor and Peace should crown the years!

This he saw

While his heart thrilled with solemn awe.

IX.

His clear eyes,
 Gazing forward with glad surprise,
 Saw how our land at last should be
 Truly the home of the brave and free!—
 Saw from the old world's crowded streets,
 Pestilent cities and close retreats,
 Formis gaunt and pallid with famine sore
 Flee in hot haste to our happy shore,

Their sad eyes

Widening ever in new surprise.

X.

From all lands

Thronging they come in eager bands;
 Each with the tongue his mother spoke;
 Each with the songs her voice awoke;
 Each with his dominant hopes and needs,
 Alien habits and varying creeds,—
 Bringing strange fictions and fancies they came,
 Calling old truths by a different name,

When the lands

Sent their sons hither in thronging bands.

XI.

But the Seer—

This dead Century lying here—
 Rising out of this chaos saw
 Peace and Order and Love and Law!
 Saw by what subtle alchemy
 Basest of metals at length should be
 Transmuted into the shining gold
 Meet for a king to have and hold.

Ah, great Seer!

This pale Century lying here!

XII.

So he taught

Honest freedom of speech and thought;
 Taught that Truth is the grandest thing
 Painter can paint or poet sing;
 Taught that under the meanest guise
 It marches to deeds of high emprise;
 Treading the paths the prophets trod
 Up to the very mount of God!

Truth, he taught,

Claims full freedom of speech and thought.

XIII.

Bearing long

Heavy burdens of hate and wrong,
 Still has the arm of the Century been
 Waging war against crime and sin.
 Still has he plead Humanity's cause;
 Still has he prayed for equal laws;
 Still has he taught that the human race
 Is one in despite of hue or place.

Even though long

It has wrestled with hate and wrong.

XIV.

And at length,—

A giant arising in his strength,—
 The fetters of serf and slave he broke,
 Smiting them off by a single stroke!
 Over the Muscovite waste of snows,
 Up from the fields where the cotton grows,
 Clearly the shout of deliverance rang
 When chattel and serf to manhood sprang,—

As at length

The giant rose up in resistless strength.

* * * * *

XV.

Far apart,—

Each alone like a lonely heart,—
 Sat the Nations, until his hand
 Wove about them a wondrous band;
 Wrought about them a mighty chain
 Binding the mountains to the main!
 Distance and time rose dark between
 Islands and continents still unseen.

While apart

None felt the throb of another's heart.

XVI.

But to-day

Time and space hath he swept away!
 Side by side do the Nations sit,
 By ties of brotherhood closer knit;—
 Whispers float o'er the rolling deep;—
 Voices echo from steep to steep;—
 Nations speak, and the quick replies
 Fill the earth and the vaulted skies;

For to-day

Time and distance are swept away.

XVII.

If strange thrills

Quicken Rome on her seven hills;
 If afar on her sultry throne
 India wails and makes her moan;
 If the eagles of haughty France
 Fall as the Prussian hosts advance,
 All the continents, all the lands,
 Feel the shock through their clasped hands,

And quick thrills

Stir the remotest vales and hills.

XVIII.

* Yet these eyes,

Dark on whose lids Death's shadow lies,
 Let their far-reaching vision rest
 Not alone on the mountain's crest;
 Nor did these feet with stately tread
 Follow alone where the Nations led;
 Nor these pale hands, so weary-worn,
 Minister only where states were born.

These clear eyes,

Soft on whose lids Death's slumber lies,

XIX.

Turned their gaze.

Earnest and pitiful, on the ways
 Where the poor burthened sons of toil
 Earned their bread amid dust and moil,
 Saw the dim attics where, day by day,
 Women were stitching their lives away,
 Bending low o'er the slender steel
 Till heart and brain began to reel.

And their days

Stretched on and on in a dreary maze.

XX.

Then he spoke;
 Lo! at once into being woke
 Muscles of iron, arms of steel,
 Nerves that never a thrill could feel!
 Wheels and pulleys and whirling bands
 Did the work of the weary hands,
 And tireless feet move to and fro
 Where the aching limbs were wont to go,

When he spoke
 And all his sprites into being woke.

XXI.

Do you say
 He was no saint who has passed away?
 Saint or sinner, he did brave deeds
 Answering still to Humanity's needs;
 Songs he hath sung that shall live for aye;
 Words he hath uttered that ne'er shall die;
 Richer the world than when the earth
 Sang for joy to hail his birth,

Even tho' you say
 He was no saint whom we sing to day,

XXII.

Lo! we come
 Bearing the Century, cold and dumb!
 Folded above the mighty breast
 Lie the hands that have earned their rest;
 Hushed are the grandly-speaking lips;
 Closed are the eyes in drear eclipse;
 And the sculptured limbs are deathly still,
 Responding not to the eager will,

As we come
 Bearing the Century, cold and dumb!

XXIII.

Lo! we wait
 Knocking here at the sepulchre's gate!
 Souls of the Ages passed away,
 A mightier joins your ranks to-day;
 Open your doors, ye royal dead,
 And welcome give to this crowned head!
 For calmly under this sable pall
 Sleepeth the kingliest of ye all,

While we wait
 At the sepulchre's awful gate!

XXIV.

Give him room

Proudly, Centuries! in your tomb,
Now that his weary work is done
Honor and rest he well hath won.
Let him who is first among you pay
Homage to him who comes this day,
Bidding him pass to his destined place,
Noblest of all his noble race!

Make ye room

For the kingly dead in the silent tomb!

APPENDIX.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
Rutland County Historical Society

— FROM ITS —

ORGANIZATION TO THE ANNUAL MEETING AT FAIR-
HAVEN, AUGUST 10, 1881, INCLUSIVE.

PREPARED BY

J. M. CURRIER, Secretary of the Society.

ORGANIZATION.

Originators. Barnes Frisbie and Joseph Jocelyn, of Poultney; John Howe, David Dwight Cole, Jerome B. Bromley, James Sanford, Josiah N. Northrop, B. F. Adams, and John M. Currier, of Castleton; R. C. Abell, of West Haven; and Andrew N. Adams, of Fair Haven.

Notice having been given in several county newspapers that a county historical society would be organized in Castleton on Friday, June 11, 1880, at 2 o'clock p. m., several persons who were the most interested in the movement met in John Howe's office, and effected a permanent organization. The meeting was called to order by John M. Currier; Barnes Frisbie was chosen Chairman, and John M. Currier, Secretary.

Constitution adopted. John M. Currier read a series of articles of confederation, which were unanimously adopted.

Officers elected. Barnes Frisbie, of Poultney, President; James Sanford, of Castleton, Vice-President; John M. Currier, of Castleton, Secretary; and R. C. Abell, of West Haven, Treasurer.

should be fittingly celebrated under the auspices of the Rutland County Historical Society. Therefore be it

Resolved, That this Society appoint a committee, consisting of one from each town in the County, to make arrangements for an appropriate celebration of the centennial of Rutland County in February, 1881.

The following gentlemen were elected such Committee: Martin C. Rice, Benson; John A. Conant, Brandon; J. B. Bronley, Castleton; H. B. Spafford, Clarendon; John C. Williams, Danby; A. N. Adams, Fair Haven; Cyrus Jennings, Hubbardton; S. C. Peck, Ira; O. Cook, Mendon; O. Myrick, Middletown; C. W. Brigham, Pittsfield; Charles Colburn, Pittsford; Marshall Brown, Pawlet; Merritt Clark, Poultney; L. W. Redington, Rutland; E. N. Fisher, Shrewsbury; A. W. Hyde, Sudbury; Levi Rice, Timmouthe; J. E. Hitt, Wallingford; Hiland Paul, Wells; John Crowley, Mt. Holly; R. C. Abell, West Haven; Hiram Baird, Chittenden; and D. W. Taylor, Sherburn. It was further

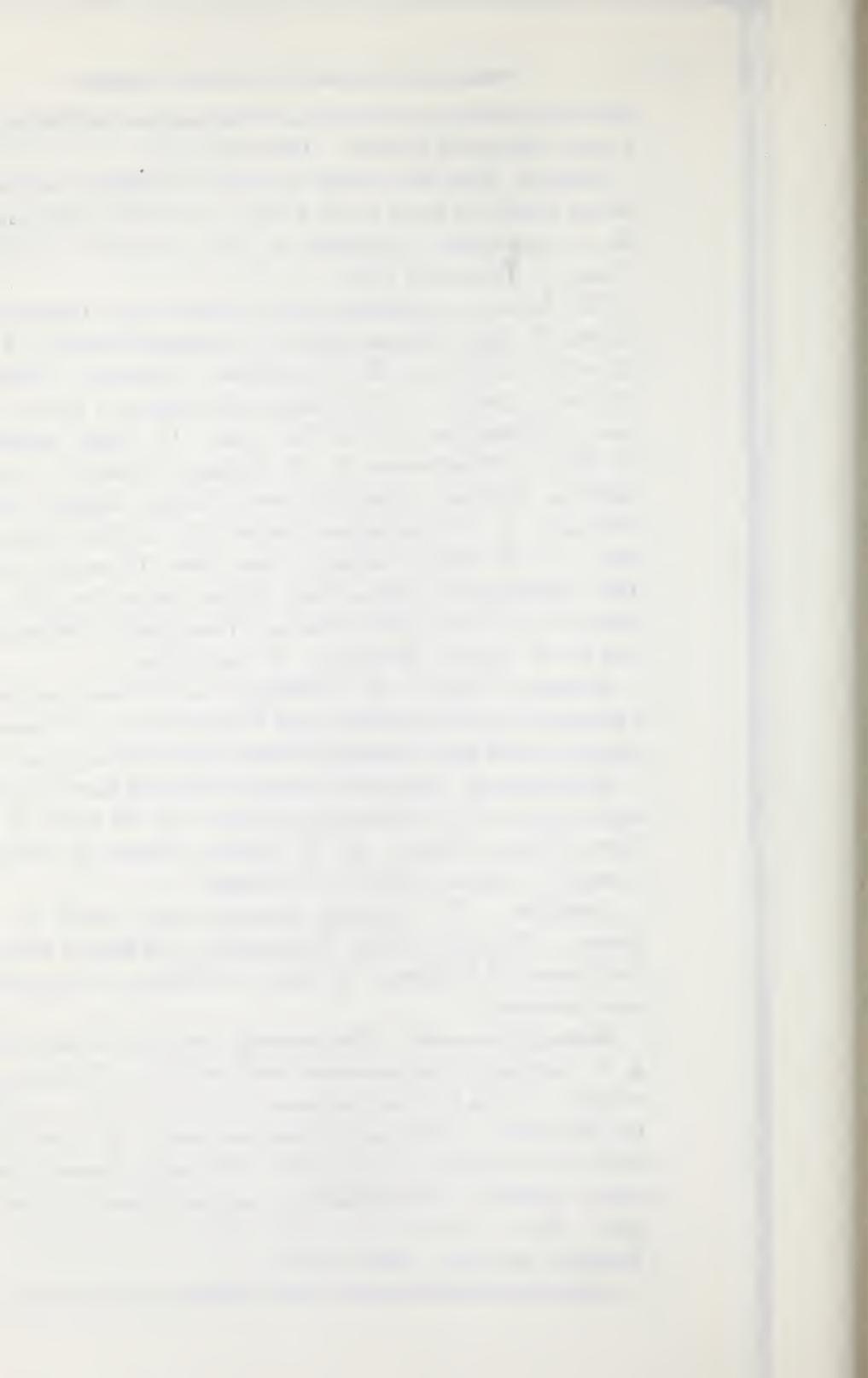
Resolved, That L. W. Redington, of Rutland, be made Chairman of said Committee, and empowered to call them together at such time and place as may seem to him proper.

Reminiscences. Interesting reminiscences and historical facts were related by the following gentlemen: M. H. Cook, B. W. Burt, Simeon Cheney, E. T. Hooker, Joseph S. Dutton, George D. Spencer and J. N. Northrop.

Donations. The following donations were made to the Society: By Henry Clark, 20 pamphlets; by Barnes Frisbie, his History of Poultney; by John M. Currier, 50 pamphlets and documents.

Northrop's remarks. The following extracts are made from J. N. Northrop's reminiscences and facts about Castleton:-- "Josiah Norton lived in Castleton, about three miles north of the old Fort, on the east Hubbardton road. He came from Berlin, Connecticut, in about 1790. He built a framed house, and a saw-mill. He manufactured metal buttons at the same place. He was liberally educated. He moved to Fair Haven, Vermont, in 1800. Died in 1803."

"Nathaniel Northrop came from Salisbury, Connecticut, in



1770, and settled on the east Hubbardton road in Castleton, nearly three miles north of the old Fort. When the Revolutionary War broke out he returned to Salisbury, and staid till 1777, when he returned to Castleton. He was a farmer. He had seven children, as follows: Ira, Sally, Joseph, Elijah, Norton, Polly and Samuel. Ira was a joiner and carpenter. He built a saw mill, grist mill, clothing mill, cider mill, and foundry in Castleton, near where his father lived, between 1795 and 1820. He built the first cog wheel fanning mill in this section of the country, when he was 17 years of age. He did the work on it while his team was eating at noon, when working on the farm. The mill was used by his father many years afterwards. The wheels were made of wood at first, but after he built his foundry the gearing was made of cast iron. He also made the first iron plow in Vermont, in 1820; he had two patterns. He made the patterns and cast the first cook stove in the State. The boiler patterns were made of paste board glued together, several thicknesses. He did all the casting in this section for many years. He manufactured plows, stoves, hollow-ware, machinery and andirons. About 1825 he built a shop and put in a trip-hammer. He made steel hay and manure forks, which took the place of the clumsy iron ones throughout the county. Whitehall was the main market for them. He continued this business, together with farming, through his life. He died in 1844."

"About 1830 Samuel bought the clothing works of Ira, and continued the business twelve years, or thereabouts. The mill was afterwards converted into a grist mill."

"Cornelius Board was a blacksmith, owning a shop at Castleton mills, now Hydeville, on the outlet of Lake Bomoseen, near the first Falls. There was a large forge near this point, where iron was smelted from the ore. Mr. Board, in about 1820, put on the first continuous tire on wagon and cart wheels in this section of the country. This was a secret process with him for several years. He would allow no one to be present when he set tire on wheels. Previous to that time, tire on all wheels was put on in strips, making wheels very clumsy and not so firm."

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING, JANUARY 13, 1881.

Date of Meeting. The Semi-Annual meeting was held in the Vestry of the Congregational Church in Castleton, on Thursday afternoon, January 13, 1881.

Chairman Barnes Frisbie called the meeting to order at 2 o'clock.

Address. Henry Clark delivered an address on "Historic Monuments."

Biographical Sketch. Rev. J. K. Williams delivered a biographical sketch of Dr. Lorenzo Sheldon, of West Rutland.

New Members. The following persons were presented for membership, and unanimously elected: L. W. Redington, Henry Clark, Edward L. Temple, Henry F. Field, John N. Baxter, Rev. Dr. J. G. Johnson, Col. George A. Merrill, Charles H. Sheldon, Rev. J. K. Williams, J. E. Leonard, Rev. Walter Mitchell, S. M. Dorr, Dr. Charles L. Allen, Charles K. Williams, Henry H. Smith, J. E. Manley, and George H. Beaman, of Rutland; Dr. J. E. Hitt, of Wallingford; George M. Fuller, of Fair Haven; Charles S. Colburn and Henry F. Lothrop, of Pittsford; Dr. A. T. Woodward and John A. Conant, of Brandon; John C. Williams, of Danby; Levi Rice, of Tinmouth; and H. B. Spafford, of Clarendon.

Relics Exhibited. Mrs. D. W. Rice, of Castleton, a powder horn on which was engraved the following words: "OLIVER ROOT. HIS HORN, GIVEN HIM BY ENSIGN EGLESTON IN THE YEAR A. D., 1780." Also a forest and two devils were engraved upon it. Oliver Root was a native of Pittsfield, Mass. He settled in the town of Benson in about 1796. He first went to that town to help survey the land, and after coming into possession of some land in that town concluded to settle on it for life. Ensign Egleston, who was also a native of Pittsfield, made the horn and presented it to Mr. Root, saying "that he was going up among the Indians and might need it to carry his powder in." Mrs. Rice is a niece of Mr. Root. Mr. Root died in Castleton in 1848.

L. B. Smith, of Castleton, exhibited a brick from the

Brandtford church, near Jamestown, Va., and a plate of stone from the Egyptian obelisk erected in Central Park, N. Y., in 1881. He afterwards presented them to this society.

George M. Fuller, of Fairhaven, exhibited several relics of Major John Fuller, of Pittsford, Vt. Major Fuller was in the Revolutionary war, and after the war had command of an army corp at New Orleans. He was one of the early settlers of Sherburne, Vt. He was born in Freetown, Mass., and resided a short time in Pittsford, Vt.

C. L. Baxter, of Castleton, exhibited a powder horn owned by his father and carried in the Revolutionary war by Silas Perkins, of Connecticut. Mr. Baxter is a son of William Baxter, Jr., who settled in the town of Cornwall, Vt., in 1793. William Jr., had five brothers, whose names were Francis, Moses, Alexander, Benjamin and David, all born in Enfield, Conn. Also he had one sister who married a Mr. Saxe, and lived in Danby, Vt. William Jr., had nine children, viz: Luther, Polly, Betsey, Cynthia, William, Lydia, Laurinda, Levi and Chauncey L. Chauncey L. lived in Cornwall until 1861, when he moved to Castleton. He had five children, as follows: Martha Jane, married George Daniels, and lives in Wisconsin; Luther L., living in Chaska, Minn.; Mary Ann, Horace G., and Laurinda Z., who married William Woodbury, and lives in Castleton.

Merritt Clark, of Poultney, exhibited an old patent for a corn sheller, and a record from the old family bible of the Lankton family. When Chauncey Lankton was in college at New Haven, the name of Lankton was changed to Langdon.

J. B. Bromley exhibited an English epic poem over 200 years old; a series of spelling books from 1750 down to the present time; several copies of newspapers about the time of the Revolutionary war; and a butter worker one hundred and eight years old, used in the family of Remember Baker.

Rev. L. H. Stone, of Castleton, read extracts of some curious old sermons of Ebenezer Porter.

A. N. Adams exhibited two copies of Lyon's "Scourge of Aristocracy," and other newspapers printed in Fairhaven.

Change of By-Laws. A resolution to change the by-laws

of the society so as to read two vice presidents instead of one, was presented by Henry Clark, which was accepted, and placed on file.

Committee. It was resolved that the president appoint a committee, consisting of three members each, on biography, on historical collections, on Revolutionary relics, and on printing. The president appointed the following committees: on Biography, Henry Clark, J. B. Brownley, and A. N. Adams; on Historical Collections, John M. Currier, Henry Hall and A. T. Woodward; on Revolutionary Relics, Merritt Clark, B. W. Burt and R. C. Abell; on Printing, L. W. Redington, James Sanford and H. B. Spafford.

Committee on Indian Names. A resolution was adopted to appoint a special committee to report on the genuine Indian names applied to places in this county. The following appointments were made: Henry Hall, J. B. Bromley and John M. Currier.

Donation. John M. Currier presented the society with 31 pamphlets and manuscript documents.

SPECIAL MEETING MAY 4, 1881.

A special meeting of the society was held at the Bardwell House, in Rutland, on Wednesday, May 4, 1881, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of devising plans for publishing the proceedings of the centennial celebration of the organization of Rutland County, last March.

L. W. Redington was called to the chair. After full consideration of the matter, it was voted to publish the proceedings of the society for the first year of its existence, including the centennial celebration of the organization of Rutland County, in one volume.

It was further voted that the means necessary to defray the expenses of publication be raised by subscription in each town in the county. The following resolution was presented and adopted:

Resolved. That a publication committee of five members be appointed to prepare and publish, at the earliest practicable date, the first volume of the Rutland County Historical So-

society's collections, which shall embrace the full proceedings of the County centennial celebration.

Resolved. That one solicitor in each town be appointed to obtain subscribers to the centennial volume.

The following publication committee was appointed: Geo. A. Merrill, S. M. Dorr, Barnes Frisbie, Henry Clark and John M. Currier. The following soliciting committee were appointed: Benson, L. Howard Kellogg; Brandon, C. H. Forbes; Castleton, John M. Currier; Clarendon, H. B. Spafford; Chittenden, Edwin Horton; Danby, John C. Williams; Fairhaven, Geo. M. Fuller; Ira, Bradley Fish; Hubbardton, S. W. St. John; Mendon, O. Cook; Middletown, R. R. Woodward; Mount Holly, John R. Hoskinson; Mount Tabor, L. R. Howe; Pittsford, R. R. Drake; Poultney, Clarence Rand; Pawlet, Marshall Brown; Pittsfield, C. W. Brigham; Rutland, Cyril Carpenter; West Rutland, F. A. Morse; Sherburne, D. W. Taylor; Wells, Hiland Rand; West Haven, R. C. Abell; Tinmouth, Henry D. Noble.

SPECIAL MEETING JUNE 11, 1881.

Place of Meeting. A special meeting of the society was held at the Bomoseen House, in Castleton, on Saturday, June 11, 1881, at 10 o'clock A. M.

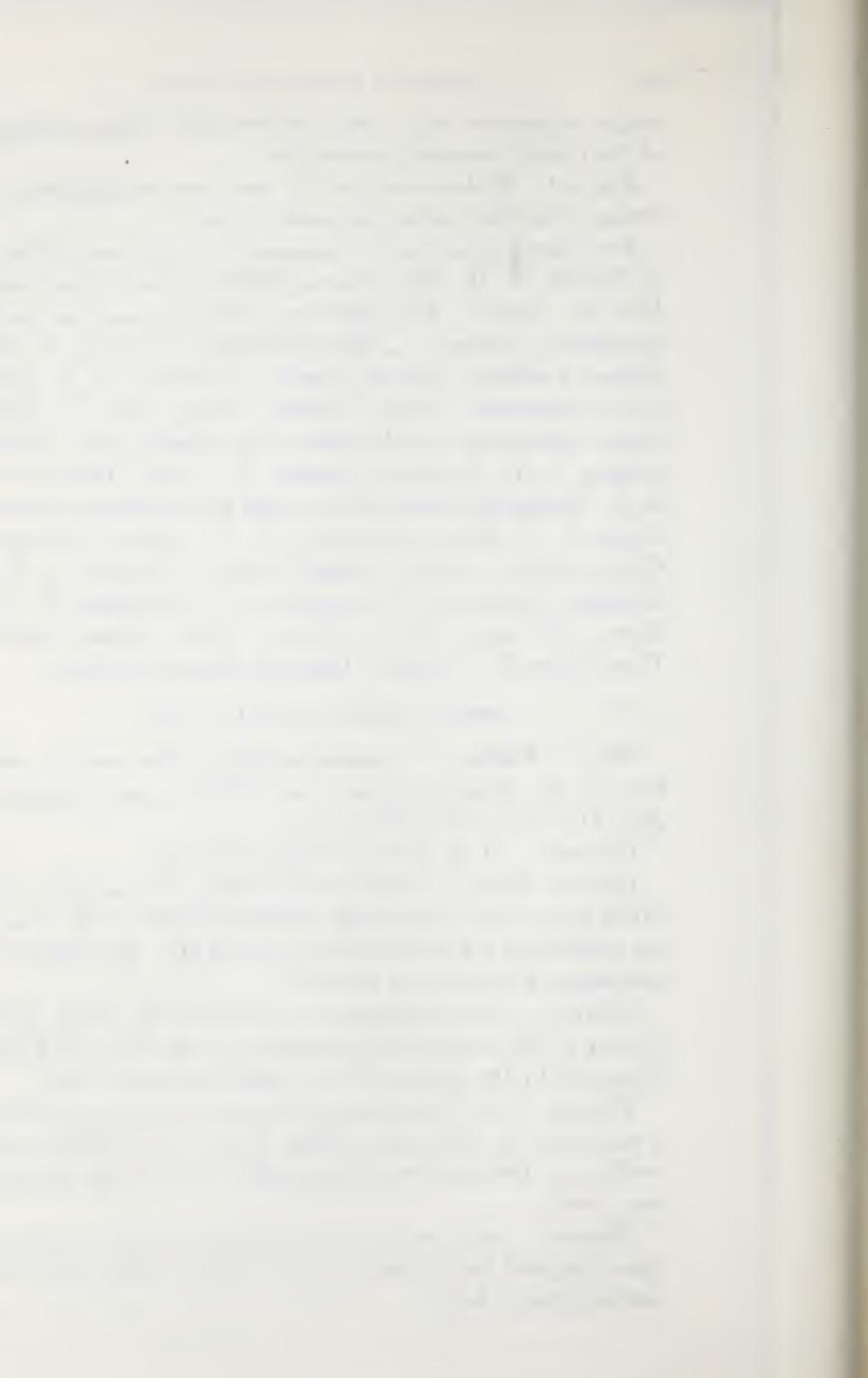
Chairman. D. D. Cole was chosen chairman.

Object of Meeting. The object for which the meeting was called was to see if the society would participate in the coming celebration at Lake Bomoseen, on July 4th. The following resolutions were read and adopted:

Whereas, It is contemplated to celebrate the 105th anniversary of the American Independence on the shores of Lake Bomoseen by the citizens of the neighboring towns; and

Whereas, The island in Lake Bomoseen has been without a name since its discovery, neither history nor tradition revealing any that may have been applied to it by the Aborigines; and

Whereas, The present occupant of the island has expressed his willingness and desire to have a fitting appellation bestowed upon it, be it



Resolved, That this society take part in the forthcoming celebration, and that a committee of three be appointed by the president to arrange a programme of exercises for the society's part of the celebration ; and be it further

Resolved, That this committee be empowered to confer with the occupant of the island in the selection of an appropriate appellation, and in the order of exercises at the celebration ; also to confer with the citizens, committee relative to the general programme.

Committee Appointed. The following members were appointed by the Chair as committee : John M. Currier, of Castleton, A. N. Adams, of Fairhaven, and Henry Hall, of Rutland. The following resolution was also read and adopted :

Resolved, That the president of the Vermont Historical Society, the president of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, and the editors of all the newspapers in Rutland County be invited to attend the exercises of the celebration.

ANNUAL MEETING, AUGUST 10, 1881.

Annual Meeting. The annual meeting of the society was held in Adams' Hall, in Fairhaven, August 10th, 1881, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

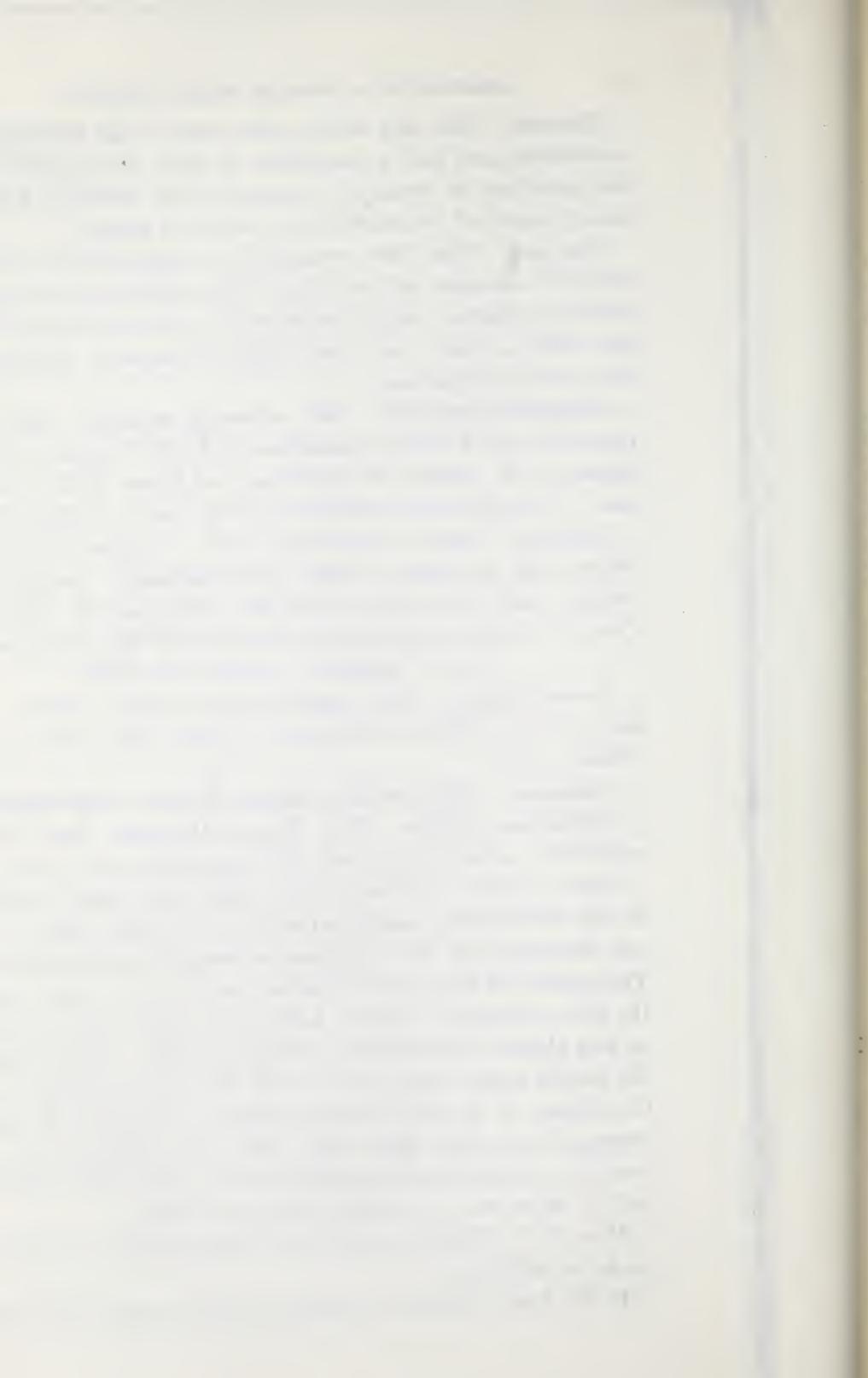
Chairman. The President, Barnes Frisbie, in the Chair.

Exhibitions of Relics. M. C. Ray, of Hampton, New York, exhibited a collection of nearly 500 copper and silver coins.

Isaae N. Perry exhibited a silver coin bearing date of 1711 ; it was hermetically sealed in the base of a glass goblet, and was brought over from England twenty-two years previous. The goblet had been broken, but not so as to expose the coin. He also exhibited a British half penny dated 1737, which he had plowed up in Castleton village in 1879. Many of the old British copper coins of an early date have been found in the vicinity of the old Fort in Castleton, nearly all of them bearing date earlier than 1777, when the British army of over two thousand were quartered there about three weeks, and the coins were probably lost by the soldiers.

Mrs. C. W. Whipple exhibited several pamphlets and school books of old dates.

B. W. Burt exhibited a package of old records, and a tem-



perance roll of names of persons who were members of the first temperance society in Castleton, about 1840.

A. N. Adams exhibited a collection of printed and manuscript documents.

Donations. Judah Dana, of West Rutland, presented a pike for receiving cavalry charges, taken from the arsenal at Macon, Ga., by Abram T. Mellish, while on Sherman's march through the Southern States in the Rebellion. Also one wax seal of the State of South Carolina, taken from some old State documents at Charleston about the same time. Also one sword which he purchased of Frank Wait, of Windsor, Vt., and said there was a valuable history connected with it, but he had been unable to obtain it.

H. L. Sheldon presented a copy of "The Vermont Journal and the Universal Advertiser, Vol. I, No. 39, Wednesday, April 28, 1784, Windsor, printed by Hough & Spooner," and writes as follows:

MIDDLEBURY, Aug. 5th, 1881.

See. Rutland Co. Historical Society.

DEAR SIR:—An obituary notice in the *National Standard* of May 15th, 1827, of Alden Spooner says: "He was the original proprietor of the *Vermont Journal*, the oldest paper in the State, conducted it as sole editor for more than thirty years, and retained the proprietorship till his death. At the time of his settlement in Windsor there was no printing establishment in the State, although he had been preceded by a sickly and short lived *Gazette* at Westminster. He brought with him, and used for years, the identical press first set up in New England, in 1630, and the best shelter then to be procured for an office was a mere shanty, erected with slabs, so rudely constructed that the first business of a winter's morning was to rid himself of snow which had been uncere-moniously introduced through the crevices during the night. His paper then was of a size but little larger than the common foolscap. He may, therefore, not inaptly be termed the pioneer of the profession in the State. I enclose a number of the paper for your Society.

Yours truly,

H. L. SHELDON.

Address. A. N. Adams read a paper on the Philosophy of History, after which the Society voted to have it published in the "Fairhaven Era."

Incidents. Mr. E. L. Barbour, of Benson, gave some amusing incidents in the early history of Benson.

Historical Society in Rutland County. A. N. Adams stated that an historical Society was organized in Rutland county several years ago, to which several donations had been made, and it subsequently was discontinued; he desired that those donations be obtained for the benefit of this Society, and moved that the Secretary be instructed to look them up and report the results of his investigations at a subsequent meeting. The motion prevailed.

Poem. Mr. E. H. Phelps, of Fairhaven, read a poem on the Island of Neshobe, in Lake Bomoseen, which it was voted to have published.

Change of By-Laws. The resolution which was presented at the semi-annual meeting by Henry Clark, to have the By-Laws changed so as to read "two" vice-presidents instead of one, was called up and adopted.

President's Address. Barnes Frisbie then delivered his annual address, which was voted to be published. Address:

Several years ago a County Historical Society was organized at Rutland, with the lamented Loyal C. Kellogg, of Benson, as president and Chauncey K. Williams, of Rutland, as secretary. Soon after Judge Kellogg died, and, from indifference of the citizens of the county, not much was effected under that organization. A few gentlemen in the county have for years felt the importance of a county organization, and a meeting was called to be held at Castleton on the 11th day of June, 1880, for the purpose of organizing a society. The meeting was held and the Rutland County Historical Society was organized, or more properly, perhaps, re-organized. But few were present at that meeting, but those few voted a quorum present, (made provisions for a constitution) and elected their officers, with the hope that in view of the need of such a society, and the advantages that would accrue from

it to future generations, it might, with the perseverance of those few, become an active and useful institution.

Under the circumstances, the work of the society for the year has been a success. The work would have been more effectual with a more general interest on the part of the county; but we have made a beginning, and a good beginning, as I think; one that should encourage us to persevere and hope for good results in the future.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY.

On the 14th day of March last the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of Rutland County was celebrated at Rutland by the society, and there was a very large attendance on that occasion, comprising many of the best citizens of the county in and out of Rutland. Many valuable papers were read at that meeting, containing much historic matter not hitherto published, and which we may expect will be preserved, though they are as yet only in manuscript; and here perhaps I ought to say a word in relation to printing. You will agree with me that it is important that the collections of the society should be printed for perusal generally and for preservation. The society has no funds for this purpose, and its collections must remain in the secretary's office until the means are in some way provided for publication. Most of the papers read at the centennial, and some read at the other meetings of the society within the year, if put into a volume, would make a valuable contribution to the historic literature of the State, and, as I believe, a work which would be read with much interest by the present and future generations of Rutland County.

But whether printed or not, I should urge the perseverance of the society in the work which it has so well begun. If not printed, the day will come when its musty records, and manuscripts will be sought for with avidity by some future historian. My friends Currier, Adams, Clark and myself, who have had something to do with historical writing, could tell you how eagerly we have examined old manuscripts, papers,

account books, cemeteries, any and everything that would throw light upon the past.

The society celebrated the Fourth of July at Lake Bomoseen, in Castleton, and named the island in that lake. My health was such that I could not attend that celebration, but the reports induced me to believe that it was a creditable affair.

Such in brief is my review of our first year's work. To-day we have our annual meeting for the election of officers, the transaction of miscellaneous business that may properly come up, and it is well, perhaps, that we confer together, so far as time will permit, upon our future work.

In my judgment the work of a historical society may properly cover more ground than seems to be given to it by the public opinion. A very important part of the work is doubtless to collect that part of our history not already collected and in a state of preservation, and there is some of that yet to be done, that must be done soon or never. The presentation of old reliques is well, and I think should be encouraged.

The value of history is in the philosophy of history—its lessons and its teachings.

It is well for those who read papers containing historical facts to follow out in the same papers the results of those facts, and thereby our society may become in its way a very useful educator of the people. In the century that has passed since the settlement of Rutland county, there have been great changes; social changes, changes in industries, changes in public conveyances and transportation, changes in almost everything except in the revealed and natural laws. For all of these changes there is a cause and effect, and the people became wiser and better not simply by knowing the facts, but by understanding the cause and effect, in other words the philosophy of history. Within the recollection of those of my age the railroads in the State have been built, the telegraph, the marble and slate industries commenced, and a good number of manufacuturings established in different parts of the county. And here seems to me to be a good deal of legitimate

mate work for our historical society. Our marble and slate have now become very important interests in Rutland county, and the indications are that they are growing, enduring interests. We know or can readily obtain all that is essential in making up the history of marble or slate working in this county, but the people of the county fifty or a hundred years hence will not know its history, or be able to obtain it, unless we collect and leave it for them.

A history of agriculture would seem to me very important. I know very well that the general impression is that this is a matter which does not much concern history, but in my opinion some thorough articles on this topic, which would bring out the progress of that vital interest from our first settlement down to the present time, with its connections and bearings, would tend to enlighten the people on that subject.

I have been advertised to give the annual address on this occasion, but I can do but little more than give a few suggestions for your consideration, at the same time assuring you of my deep interest in the work of the society, and, so long as I am able, my willingness to do my part of the work.

New Members. The following persons were proposed for membership, and were duly elected: Frank W. Redfield, E. H. Phelps, Z. C. Ellis, Ira C. Allen, J. W. Esty, Mrs. A. N. Adams, Miss Emeline Gilbert, Mrs. C. C. Whipple, Mrs. S. A. Case, Mrs. E. H. Phelps and Miss M. Augusta Baldwin, of Fair Haven; E. L. Barbour, of Benson, and M. C. Ray, of Hampton, N. Y.

Officers Elected. For President, Barnes Frisbie, of Poultney; Vice-President, James Sanford, of Castleton, and Joseph Jocelyn, of Poultney; Secretary, John M. Currier, of Castleton, and Treasurer, R. C. Abell, of West Haven.

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

OF THE

Rutland County Historical Society.

ARTICLE I.

Name. This Society shall be called the Rutland County Historical Society.

ARTICLE II.

Purposes. The object of this society shall be the collection and preservation of historical facts, more particularly such as relate to the county of Rutland.

ARTICLE III.

Members. I. The members of this society shall be three kinds: Active, Corresponding, and Honorary.

II. Active members shall be residents of the county of Rutland, and pay the sum of two dollars into the treasury when admitted.

III. Corresponding members may be either residents or non-residents of the county of Rutland. They must be persons of some literary attainments and from whom the society may expect contributions. They shall have no privileges of acting in the deliberations on the business of the society.

IV. Honorary members may be elected from time to time, but no one shall be elected to such a position who has not conferred some favors upon the society, and is a person distinguished for his or her literary or historical attainments.

V. No person shall become a member of this society without obtaining a unanimous vote at the annual or semi-annual meetings.

ARTICLE IV.

Officers. The officers of this society shall be a president, one vice-president, secretary and treasurer.

ARTICLE V.

Duties of Officers. I. It shall be the duty of the president to preside at all meetings of the society, and, with the vice-president and secretary, he shall determine the time and place of holding the meetings, when not determined by the By-laws or by previous vote of the society. He shall be empowered to call meetings of the society when from any cause the secretary is absent.

II. It shall be the duty of the vice-president to act as president in his absence.

III. It shall be the duty of the secretary to record the proceedings of the meetings of the society and prepare them for publication. He shall preserve all papers and other property of the society; shall call all meetings of the society in the manner designated in the By-laws.

IV. It shall be the duty of the treasurer to receive all moneys of the society and pay them out only by vote of the society.

V. It shall be the duty of the president, vice-president, and secretary to determine the time and place of holding the meetings when unprovided for by the By-laws or previous vote; and shall act as a publication committee to determine what shall be suitable for publication.

ARTICLE VI.

Meetings. I. The annual meeting of this society shall be held in the first or second week in August, as may be designated by the three principal officers.

II. The semi-annual meeting of this society shall be held in the first or second week in January, as may be designated by the three principal officers.

III. Special meetings may be held at any time deemed judicious by the officers or by a written application of three

or more members in writing, delivered into the hands of the secretary.

IV. The meetings of this society may be called either by written or printed notices sent to each active member, or by publishing the notice in one or more of the county papers, one week previous to said meeting.

ARTICLE VII.

Certificates. On the election of any person to membership of this society, it shall be the duty of the secretary to issue and forward a certificate of membership to such a person.

ARTICLE VIII.

Withdrawals. Any person may withdraw from this society by lodging in the hands of the secretary a written notification to that effect.

ARTICLE IX.

Amendment. Any of these articles may be altered, amended or repealed at the annual or semi-annual meeting of the society, provided such alterations, amendments, or repeals shall have been proposed in writing at a previous meeting.

ARTICLE X.

Quorum. Three shall constitute a quorum to transact business. A lesser number are empowered to adjourn.

AMENDMENT OF ARTICLE IV, AUG. 10, 1882.

Officers. The officers of this society shall be a president, two vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer.

The following report of the semi-annual meeting of the society, taken from the "Fairhaven Era," we here append. The very instructive and interesting articles read on that occasion will be published in full in the second volume of society proceedings, which will appear next year.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
Rutland County Historical Society,
JANUARY 16, 1882.

The society met in the vestry of the Congregational church in Castleton, Monday, January 16th, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Barnes Frisbie, president, in the chair.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. John P. Demeritt.

The following relics were exhibited: A powder horn, by A. E. Knapp, of Poultney, the property of his cousin, A. M. Knapp, of the same town; it was made by his great grandfather, Justus Knapp, of Saratoga Springs, and a minute man in the war of the Revolution. He also presented several copies of newspapers of remote date. A. R. Draper exhibited 93 coins selected from his collection of 725; they commenced about 200 years before Christ, and extended down to the present time. Some of the specimens were very fine. Dr. J. Sanford read some old ball cards, 75 years old.

William Griffith read an article on the slate industries of Rutland county, containing many new facts.

L. B. Smith read an article on the "Rise and Progress of the Marble Industry of Rutland County." Both of the above articles showed much labor in their investigations and preparation.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the proceedings of the Rutland County Historical Society during the first year of its existence, including the papers read at the centennial celebration of the organization of Rutland county, shall be immediately published in book form, and be it further

Resolved, That Henry Clark and L. W. Redington, of Rutland, be authorized to compile and publish the same.

B. W. Burt moved to have a committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Joseph Jocelyn, vice-president of this society. The motion prevailed, and L. W. Redington, James Sanford, and R. C. Reed were appointed, and instructed to report at the evening session.

The following new members were elected: Nathan T. Sprague and A. R. Draper, of Brandon; L. B. Smith, John P. Demerritt, Abel E. Leavenworth, and B. W. Burt, of Castleton; R. C. Reed, of Fairhaven, Hiel Hollister and Marshall Brown, of Pawlet; and A. E. Knapp and Wm. Griflith, of Poultney.

Hiel Hollister presented an article on the slate business in the town of Pawlet, which was read by L. W. Redington.

EVENING EXERCISES—7 P. M.

The committee on resolutions, being called upon to make their report, stated that they were not prepared; and it was voted to defer their report until the annual meeting.

Dr. James Sanford read an article on the "Reminiscences of the War of 1812 pertaining to Castleton," which was full of interest, and especially entertaining.

Prof. Abel E. Leavenworth read an address on "Vermont at Richmond," full of historical information, and was listened to with rapt interest. After the address he exhibited numerous mementoes that he brought home from the war. Among them were a seal with which Confederate bonds were stamped, a branch of palmetto which he obtained from the abandoned treasury building, a primary school book used by the Confederate children, pieces of Rebel and Union war vessels, and several other relics equally interesting.

The exercises of the evening were interspersed with patriotic war songs and anthems by a choir, consisting of Joseph S. Dutton, M. B. Dewey, E. H. Armstrong, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Higley.

This meeting is the largest since its organization, and the interest manifested in its labors seems to be on the increase. The three subjects upon which the attention of the society is now turned, viz; Slate, Marble, and War Reminiscences,

must be very near to the people of Rutland county, and unless the history of these objects are gathered up soon, much that is now of great interest will soon be lost. It is the design of the society to publish the first year's labors in one volume, and the Slate, Marble, and War contributions in a second volume. Those who are interested in such works are invited to aid in their prosecution.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE RUTLAND COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AND DATE OF THEIR ELECTION.

1. Barnes Frisbie,	Poultney,	June 11, 1880.
2. Joseph Jocelyn,	"	" " "
3. John Howe,	Castleton,	" " "
4. David Dwight Cole,	"	" " "
5. Jerome B. Bromley,	"	" " "
6. James Sanford,	"	" " "
7. Josiah N. Northrop,	"	" " "
8. B. F. Adams,	"	" " "
9. John M. Currier,	"	" " "
10. R. C. Abell,	West Haven,	" " "
11. Andrew N. Adams,	Fairhaven,	" " "
12. L. W. Redington,	Rutland,	Jan. 13, 1881.
13. Henry Clark,	"	" " "
14. Edward L. Temple,	"	" " "
15. Henry F. Field,	"	" " "
16. John N. Baxter,	"	" " "
17. Rev. Dr. J. G. Johnson,	"	" " "
18. Geo. A. Merrill,	"	" " "
19. Charles H. Sheldon,	"	" " "
20. Rev. J. K. Williams,	West Rutland,	" " "
21. J. E. Leonard,	"	" " "
22. Rev. Walter Mitchell,	Rutland,	" " "
23. S. M. Dorr,	"	" " "
24. Dr. Charles L. Allen,	"	" " "

25. Charles K. Williams,	Rutland,	Jan. 13, 1881.
26. Henry H. Smith,	" " " "	"
27. J. E. Manley,	West Rutland,	" " "
28. George H. Beaman,	Centre "	" " "
29. Henry Hall,	Rutland,	" " "
30. Dr. John E. Hitt,	Wallingford,	" " "
31. George M. Fuller,	Fairhaven,	" " "
32. Charles S. Colburn,	Pittsford,	" " "
33. Henry F. Lothrop,	"	" " "
34. Dr. A. T. Woodward,	Brandon,	" " "
35. John A. Conant,	"	" " "
36. John C. Williams,	Danby,	" " "
37. Levi Rice,	Tinmouth,	" " "
38. H. B. Spafford,	Clarendon,	" " "
39. Frank W. Redfield,	Fairhaven,	Aug. 10, 1881.
40. E. H. Phelps,	"	" " "
41. Z. C. Ellis,	"	" " "
42. Ira C. Allen,	"	" " "
43. J. W. Esty,	"	" " "
44. Mrs. A. N. Adams,	"	" " "
45. Miss Emilie Gilbert,	"	" " "
46. Mrs. C. C. Whipple,	"	" " "
47. Mrs. S. A. Case,	"	" " "
48. Mrs. E. H. Phelps,	"	" " "
49. Miss M. Augusta Baldwin,	"	" " "
50. E. L. Barbour,	Benson,	" " "
51. M. C. Ray,	Hampton, N.Y.	" " "
52. Nathan T. Sprague,	Brandon,	Jan. 16, 1882.
53. A. R. Draper,	"	" " "
54. L. B. Smith,	Castleton,	" " "
55. John P. Demerritt,	"	" " "
56. Abel E. Leavenworth,	"	" " "
57. B. W. Burt,	"	" " "
58. Roland C. Reed,	Fairhaven,	" " "
59. Hiel Hollister,	Pawlet,	" " "
60. Marshall Brown,	"	" " "
61. Albert E. Knapp,	Poultney,	" " "
62. William Griffith,	"	" " "

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMINISCENCES OF FAIRHAVEN.

WRITTEN BY MISS EMELINE GILBERT, AS COMMUNICATED TO HER

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN GILBERT.

Read before the Rutland County Historical Society.

A hundred years ago the sandy plain where now stands the village of Fairhaven, was covered with an unbroken forest of tall pine trees. Some of them were 200 feet in height, with branches interlaced at a distance from the ground, which was so free from underbrush that the earliest settlers could drive their oxen and carts under the trees without cutting a road.

But birds and winds had scattered seed, and gradually, as the timber was cut away and the sunlight stole under the edges of the green roof, those seeds germinated, and presently there appeared a new growth of pine, beech, hemlock and soft maple. The heart of the large trees was never found sound, but lumbermen sometimes counted 400 rings outside the great centre piece, whose testimony was eligible. Hence the trees must have been of considerable size when Columbus started out in search of the continent. In 1811 a violent wind swept across the plain, from south-west to north-east, levelling nearly everything in its path. Such of the giant trees as escaped the axe and the wind, died soon after being bereft of their tall companions.

But it is with that dark, solemn forest for a background that we should regard the *dramatis personæ* of those early times, for in life as in a picture the lights appear brilliant in proportion as the shadows are sombre. Enduring severe toil and privation, it was not possible for them to lead the gay, careless life of the present generation.

Doubtless any play of wit had for them a grim force and

meaning it does not bring to us. Their merry makings were mingled with severest toil. Was the heavy frame of a house to be raised, every man responded cheerfully to the call, asking no pay, but expecting a liberal supply of that which "cheereth the heart of man," failing which timbers were raised, but that man invariably found his house wrong side up.

Fairhaven, including the territory now called West Haven, was chartered by the State of Vermont, April 26th, 1782. The first actual settlers came to town about that time. They were Silas Safford and a Mr. Hawley. They built a grist mill and small house, which for obvious reasons served as a tavern. Mr. Safford was first justice of the peace, and held the office longer than any of his successors.

Poultney was already partially settled. It was in 1783 that a little girl stood on the bank of Poultney river watching some loaded teams ford the stream. That girl was Sally Benjamin, who lived until a few years since. The wagons contained Col. Lyon, with his family and goods, on their way to found the town of Fairhaven, of which he was one of the proprietors. Matthew Lyon deserves more than a passing notice, not only as being the most prominent figure among the early settlers of Fairhaven, but as a man who carried an influence in many States. Rather short, thick set, and speaking with the Irish brogue, he appeared the counterpart of many a more recent emigrant. But his native energy of character, and superior mental and executive ability, might lead the ethnographer to doubt his being of purely Celtic origin. He was born in Wicklow, Ireland, in 1746. At the early age of nine years he sailed for America, landing at New Haven, Ct. Being unable to pay for his passage over, the ship captain sold him to a farmer for a pair of stag oxen. The difference in estimated value was in favor of the oxen, which the captain paid in money. With the floggings of an abusive master and mistress, and the stringency of the "blue laws" of Connecticut, the boy had but a sorry time in his new home. Possibly the master was not better suited, for he soon sold him to another man. The change was a fortunate one for the lad, for in his second home he received better treatment and

some schooling ; learning at least to read and write, and something of mathematics. At twenty-one years of age he was free from his master, and made his way to the southern part of Vermont, where he was employed by Thomas Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont. The Revolutionary war broke out, and Mr. Lyon became lieutenant of a company of "Green Mountain Boys." While in the army he was unjustly cashiered. His company was stationed near Burlington, when, learning that Burgoyne was coming up the lake with a large army and a great number of Indians, the captain thought best to retreat towards Ticonderoga. The captain sent Lyon across to the fort, to inform Gen. Gates of his retreat. Lyon could do no less than obey his superior officer, but the general in his anger ordered his men to give him a wooden sword and drum him out of camp.

Mr. Lyon was for a time paymaster of the northern army, and subsequently Commissary General and Colonel of militia. Meanwhile he had married Governor Chittenden's daughter, who was a widow, and at the close of the war began building Fairhaven. By his remarkable energy and enterprise he soon made it the chief manufacturing place in the State. He built saw-mills, a grist mill, a forge, and the first rolling mill north of New Jersey ; also a paper mill, where he manufactured paper of bass-wood, bark, and pine sawdust. He established and edited a paper called "The Scourge of Aristocracy and Repository of Political Truth." Besides holding minor offices, he was judge of Rutland County Court, and ten years in our Legislature. In the midst of prosperity he was never allowed to forget his humble beginning. Upon so important occasion as the raising of the meeting-house, Deacon Munger would brook no interference from Col. Lyon, but in an angry voice said, "Matthew Lyon, I remember when you was nothing but a dirty little Irish boy, sold for a pair of bull stags, and didn't half bring'un nuther." It is said that the Colonel in legislative assemblies was wont to swear by "the bulls that redeemed" him.

He became a zealous politician, freely expressing his views in his paper, which found much favor with the masses and

great opposition from the upholders of President Adams' administration. He was fined \$1000 for slandering the government, and in default of payment was thrown into prison in Vergennes. His Fairhaven friends were thoroughly indignant at that, and blaming one Cook, a lawyer of Poultney, they determined to be revenged upon him. A small party went at night and placed a jug of powder under his office, where he slept. The lighted fuse went out, and he learned his narrow escape. When the excitement had subsided, a larger mob went down and turned over Cook's office. It does not appear that they were punished, but learning that one of their number had disclosed their names, those concerned in the powder plot disappeared. While Mr. Lyon was in prison he was elected to Congress. Then assuming the powers of English Parliament, he marched to his prison door, making proclamation that he was on his way to Congress, and ordering that all obstructions be removed. This exercise he repeated until weary, without moving his keeper. Finally his friends paid the fine, and he journeyed triumphantly to Washington, receiving the applause of the people along the way. While in Congress he had a violent personal encounter with Roswell Griswold, of Connecticut.

Col. Lyon began it, by calling Connecticut a priest-ridden State. From words the altercation went on to blows.

At the expiration of his term in Congress, Mr. Lyon removed to Kentucky. Continental money had already become worthless, and there was little silver or gold in the country. Consequently in disposing of his estate in Fairhaven he was obliged to take some barter, which he carried with him to Kentucky. For one piece of land he received a large number of saddles; for another he took tin dishes. From Kentucky he was again sent to Congress.

The means by which he gained the election there differed somewhat from his Democratic newspaper of Vermont. Observing that his opponent gave each voter a drink of whiskey, Mr. Lyon gave to each of his constituents a drink and a tin cup filled with whiskey for his wife. Of course he was elected.

It is unnecessary to follow further the career of this

champion of free speech, who exhibited always his inherent traits of character, whether building gun-boats for the war of 1812, or acting as factor for the Cherokee Indians of Arkansas, or territorial delegate to Congress.

His house in Fairhaven was known as the "Lyons Den," and was considered as something of a Mecca for visitors. After the departure of his family, it was occupied by Maj. Tilly Gilbert, who was a Federalist. Once a visitor asked to be shown the "Lyons Den." Upon being told that he was already in it, he exclaimed, "Is it possible? how did you cleanse it? I should think the walls would be blue with Democracy."

Mr. Lyon sold the iron works to a non-resident, and David Erwin, from New Jersey, carried them on. He became general of the Vermont militia, and subsequently removed to northern New York, where he was elected State Senator. While candidate for that position, the reappeared in the papers an old story about him and Capt. Cutter, of Fairhaven, who had been captain of an artillery company in the Revolutionary war. The story was somewhat distorted, and whether recorded by political allies or opponents is not quite clear, but Capt. Cutter related the facts. He and General Erwin attended a militia muster in Poultney. At the hotel they occupied the same room. Retiring weary and late at night, Capt. Cutter lay down partly dressed. He rose early next morning, and, putting on the only pair of pantaloons he saw in the room, went home. Later in the day Gen. Erwin began to make his toilet, but found himself literally *sans culotte*. He raged about the house as much as was consistent under the circumstances, bringing railing accusations against the landlord. At that time Vermont had no clothing stores, neither had the citizens much superfluous clothing, but something was found which the general wore home. During the day he chanced to meet Capt. Cutter, who was serenely employed at his usual avocations, arrayed in the missing pantaloons, which he had innocently put on over his own.

One of the most eccentric and fantastic characters of early times was Elder Dodge. He professed to be a Baptist clergyman, but came to Fairhaven to carry on the iron works after Gen.

Erwin's departure. He was tall, wore a three-cornered military hat, and full long black cloak. He always rode a fleet horse, and his cloak spreading out, at the sides flapped like wings.

At his approach small boys disappeared behind stumps, piles of lumber, or in any convenient hiding place. He was not a favorite with the people; nevertheless he sometimes preached here and in Hampton. A man describing one of his sermons said: "He set up his text about as far away as that saw-mill and shot at it several times, but never once hit it." One Jim Bowen hired him, for a dollar, to preach a Universalist sermon. A Baptist deacon from Poultney one day met him in the store, and took the occasion to rebuke him for unclerical conduct. Mr. Dodge was a little deaf, and the merchant remarked, "The elder never hears anything which comes against him." "Humph," said the elder, "I think I don't hear much else." "Well," pursued the deacon, "where there is so much talk there must be some cause for it."

"In an orchard don't you always find the sticks and stones about the trees that bear the best fruit?" said the elder.

Then the deacon brought the closing argument, saying "I once found a tree which had been pelted in an unusual manner, and come to examine it there was no fruit there at all; nothing but a plaguey hornet's nest."

Mr. Dodge was possessed of a violent temper, without sufficient grace to control it.

Fourth of July celebrations were occasions of great moment. Everybody went. Once Elder Dodge was to officiate as chaplain, and Rollin C. Mallory, (famous for getting the "tariff bill" through Congress,) was to deliver the oration. But during the festivities, before the time came for prayer, something occurred, or was neglected, which disturbed the equilibrium of the elder, and when called upon to pray, he announced that he was "*so mad he couldn't pray.*" The invocation was doubtless omitted, as it was an exercise few of the citizens had practiced.

Mr. Dodge frequently had hand-to-hand fights with his workmen. He would throw aside his black coat, saying, "Lie

there divinity, while I whip this man." Once when he had a man down, he called loudly to those outside the mill, "Take him off! Take him off!" well knowing that so long as they supposed he had the worst of it they would not interfere. Yet, notwithstanding all his oddities, in case of a fire, or any emergency, not a man in town would equal him in courage and daring. The following is an epitaph composed for him by one of his workmen:

"Here lies the body of Jordan Dodge,
Who never dodged any evil;
Who did all he could,
To dodge all good,
But never dodged the devil."

It was several years after the building of the first meeting house in Fairhaven before there was an organized church, or stated preaching. Occasional services were held when a clergyman or missionary chanced to visit the locality. There was no chimney in the meeting house, and of course could be no fire. In very cold weather, delicate women carried small "foot-stoves," containing a dish of hot coals, which prevented their being frost-bitten during the long service. Men took a warming draught before going, and even the dominie was not above repairing to the tavern at noon for a stimulating drink. Gradually as the church windows got broken they were covered with boards, until finally but one glazed window remained, a large one, high from the floor. The crude taste of Yankees had not then been educated to love a "dim religious light," and one minister was so impressed with the gloom of the edifice, irreverently called the "Lord's barn," that he was led to publicly express unorthodox sentiments. He was discoursing upon the future abode of the wicked, when, yielding to the depressing influences of the place he said: "*My friends, hell is a great dark place, something like this meeting house.*"

James Harrington was a farmer, and judge of Rutland County Court. Doubtless he possessed some qualifications for dispensing justice, as well as a gift for sleeping at the most unnatural times and places. Returning from court on

horseback, he would perhaps waken to find that his horse had strayed into some barnyard by the wayside, and was helping himself to supper. His style of living, like that of his neighbors, was far from luxurious. Possibly his family were not typical New England housekeepers. A sea captain, hearing that his old schoolfellow had become a judge in Vermont, resolved to pay him a visit. His visions of possible magnificence were quickly dispelled, and in nautical terms, more forcible than elegant, he pictured the simplicity of the judge's hospitality. For supper a pan of milk with "Johnny cake," which "sunk as quick as a lead sinker" in the milk. Each person was provided with a spoon, and, gathering about the pan, one after another "made a dive," and finally the captain made a dive, but failed to get anything. He spoke of the barrenness of his room, and how in the morning he was conducted to a shed, where the judge brought him a gourd filled with water in which to perform his ablutions. Breakfast was a repetition of supper, and the captain departed a wiser man.

This judge had a brother who was also a resident of Rutland county, and was judge of the Supreme Court. Theophilus Harrington would also sometimes sleep in court, but he made at least one famous decision.

New York was a slave state. A master pursued his runaway slave into Vermont, and caught him. He was lodged in Rutland jail till the case was tried. The master brought his bill of sale to prove his property, but Judge Theophilus decided that the man should not have the "nigger until he produced a bill of sale from God Almighty," and the resident of the great Empire State was obliged to abide by the decision of the Vermont judge.

Col. Skeene, of Skeenesboro, now Whitehall, was said to have been a natural son of one of the George's. He held a patent from the English crown for twelve miles square of territory at the head of navigation on Lake Champlain. Having heard of the falls on Castleton and Poultney rivers, he sent out his surveyor with directions to enclose the falls within his lines. When the surveyor had finished his work, he told Col. Skeene that as his western boundary was located it was not possible

to take them in, whereupon the colonel beat him with his cane.

Mrs. Skeene received an annual allowance from England, which she was to have as long as she was "above ground." The poor lady died, and her loving lord built a rude mausoleum about her body, in order that he might still claim the allowance. After he fled the country she was doubtless buried, for her temporary tomb was thereafter used as a barn.

Col. Skeene followed the English army to the battle of Bennington, and when from a safe distance he saw victory perching upon his enemies' banner, he retired to his home, and escaped down the lake. His estate was confiscated, and sold at auction to Gen. Williams, for \$10,000.

Capt. Rood, of Fairhaven, used to tell about a duel between Gen. Williams and Gen. Thomas. It was long ago, when men gathered nightly at the village tavern, to tell stories and crack jokes around a great wood fire, and they were happy, without fear of molestation. Meanwhile boys stood about the sides and corners of the room, listening to the tales that were told in that wicked place, and so they were handed down to us. There was a certain widow, whose husband died owing Gen. Williams \$5000, which in those days was considered a great sum. The widow could not pay it, and Gen. Williams thought of a plan by which to get the money. It was nothing less than a matrimonial alliance between the widow and General Thomas. Doubtless they met by chance the usual way, and the match was made.

This occurred before the era of "men's rights," and, according to the laws of New York, a man marrying a widow was responsible for her first husband's debts. Gen. Williams had the sheriff in readiness at the wedding, and immediately upon the completion of the marriage ceremony Gen. Thomas was sued for the \$5000. The enraged bridegroom challenged Gen. Williams to a duel. Capt. Rood was Gen. Thomas' second, and it was arranged to fight with pistols, in the ball room of the tavern in Salem.

When Capt. Rood had quaffed a generous portion of stimulating drink, he loved to tell the story, as reflecting some

honor upon himself, and he would always close the recital by saying, "I agreed not to tell which one flinched, but Gen. Thomas never flinched a bit."

Joel Hamilton belonged to a company from Brookfield, Mass., who were ordered to take the block-houses in the rear of Burgoyne's army, as they went to Saratoga. The company captured the block-house at Fort Ann, and went from there to Skeeuesboro. Peeping around the mountain, they discovered that the garrison at that place was stronger than their own forces, and furthermore the house stood on an island, and they had neither boats nor cannon. The captain was aware of the extremely belligerent nature of his townsman, Mr. Hamilton, and proposed leaving him to keep up the war, while the remainder of the company returned to Fort Ann for cannon. He thought Mr. Hamilton was amply able to do his part, but to drag cannon through the woods would be a toilsome task, and he resolved first to try words.

Accordingly the officers appeared and demanded the surrender of the block-house. The garrison were disposed to parley, and finally would not surrender unless allowed to count the men in the Brookfield company. Such a mathematical exercise would be fatal to their cause, and so, putting on a bold front, the captain said if they did not surrender he would immediately fire upon them. The fear of possible artillery behind the mountain had its effect, and the garrison had the mortification of surrendering to a force less than their own, armed with old muskets.

At the close of the war Joel Hamilton settled on the mountain north of Fairhaven village, which still bears his name. It was there that his wife had an encounter with a bear which was in pursuit of a calf. Armed with an axe, she drove away the bear and took the calf into the house. That was a lonely spot, and Mr. Hamilton afterwards built on the turnpike road.

He amassed considerable property, and was said to have hoarded a peck of silver dollars. He had no children, and took to his home seven nephews successively, taking each with the intention of making him his heir. The old gentle-

man was not spared to discard the seventh as he had the other six. In the great revival of 1816 Mr. Hamilton was converted, and became deacon of the Congregational church.

Jacob Davey was for many years an active business man in Fairhaven, employing nearly every one who applied for work, and giving to each the task he could best do. Among his employes was Thomas Blanchard, who afterwards became a famous inventor. He was young when employed by Mr. Davey, and, being qualified for no specialty, was set to blow and strike for a blacksmith. Observing the slow process of making nails as they were then headed by hand, he said he thought he could make a machine which would cut and head them at once. Mr. Davey told him to try, and he set about it. Thus it happened that the first machine ever made in the world to cut and head nails at the same time, was made in Fairhaven. He had no good machinist to execute his designs, and afterwards in Massachusetts brought them to greater perfection. He also invented the eccentric lathe, and received in all more than twenty-five patents for important inventions.

MAN AND NATURE; OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

[Read before the Rutland County Historical Society, August 10, 1881.]

BY A. N. ADAMS, OF FAIRHAVEN,

Member of Rutland County Historical Society.

I desire to give expression to some thoughts respecting man's position and relations in Nature as a part of Nature, and furnishing a rational basis for a philosophy of History. We say "Man and Nature :" and it has long been customary to conceive of and treat Man as somehow distinct from the world in which he lives, as not really a part of it, but superior, independent, more immaterial than material, more a maker of law and force than a subject of law and force, the idea being held and insisted upon that Nature is simply material or physical, the realm of matter and carnal force, to be acted upon and in by forces not material, not physical.

But why this dualism? In the light of modern science there is no longer any justification or reason for conceiving of Nature and treating her as a mere foot-stool, or inanimate tool, as despicable, and to be made over according to some deformed human notion. We might more justly speak contemptuously of the good human mother who bore us, and whom it is genuine piety to revere and love. Nature is the mother of us all; and he is no true man who does not love her, for she is instinct with all pure and beautiful sentiments and ideals. Nature is pregnant with all forms and forces of life, animal and vegetable. We know no life, and never can know any life, that is not in and of her whom we call the mother of us all; and so when we come rightly to study Man in all his aspects and relations, we find him a force and factor in Nature, a part of it, correlated with other life or forms of life, and existing only as a natural being, so far as Nature and her forces and laws permit him to exist. "The dualism of Nature and Man," says an able philosophical writer of our times, "Is on the surface only,

and extends not beyond the exploded metaphysics of ignorant ages ; the unity of the universe, including Man, is the supreme lesson of modern science."

We greatly err, I think, when we impose upon ourselves the traditional dogma that Nature does not require and imply the existence of thought, of mind or brain power—the unfounded notion that Nature, or the universe, is purely and exclusively material, as we have been wont to hear and to use the term. No one fact of modern knowledge is better attested than that Nature is full of life, of organizing, form-producing force or forces. I am not now to inquire whether this force is a personal or an impersonal one. For aught we can see or say, it may be a universal consciousness not separable from matter. My point is that mind and man are natural, and that we should not separate either mind from man or man from Nature. They are parts of one grand stupendous whole ; and we know neither mind nor man except as united and working together, an organized complex personal being. Man is the acknowledged representative of mind, in that the mysterious energy of Nature comes to consciousness in him.

We are all aware that great advances have been made in late years in the collation and study of social and mental as well as physical and biological phenomena, and never before have the materials for a rational scientific study of Man, as a natural agent correlated with the rest of the universe, been so many or so ready at hand. It has been well observed by the writer before quoted, (Mr. Francis E. Abbott), that "the law of evolution is fast coming to be recognized as in some form a truth of universal science, to be challenged only by the ignorant, the whimsical, or the bigoted," and he adds, "the atomic theory and the unity of all cosmical forces are probably destined to be similarly accepted." "Instead of the old dualism of the *Ego plus Cosmos*, philosophy is learning to conceive the *Cosmos* as the one integral, all-embracing reality, in which the *Ego* has its proper place as a part."

Science teaches that in all the world of matter and mind law is supreme, nothing exists without a cause, and the same causes produce the same results in all times and places.

Nothing is left to caprice. The processes of Nature are found to be regular, fixed, not changeable. Events which were apparently the most irregular and capricious have been explained, and shown to be in accordance with certain fixed and universal laws. It has come to be a settled conviction of scientific men that phenomena of Nature which have not yet been explained, which seem peculiar and abnormal, are yet not capricious or singular, but are connected with other events in some necessary invariable relation of cause and effect; and if they should not be some time scientifically explained, are none the less natural, in harmony with law and order. Increasing knowledge brings with it increasing confidence in the perfect uniformity of Nature's operations.

May we then or may we not say that this regularity exists in respect to the acts and opinions of men? that natural law and order reigns in human as in all other affairs! Is Nature greater than Man? or is Man, and his world greater than Nature? This is plainly the question.

If Man is a part of Nature, then it should not be improbable, and is not, that some analogy or correspondence exists between his relation to universal law and the relation of other things to such law. Man being a part of Nature, it should be possible to have a science or philosophy of history—no less than a science of political economy and of government. In fact all rational study of human affairs must recognize and proceed from the assumed or proven existence of law and order in human society.

It is interesting to observe how personal experience corresponds with the evolution of social science. In the fervor and confidence of youth we are very apt to think that many things will yield to our control, which the sober experience of mature life shows us are controlled by other forces, outside of us; and increasing years cause us to feel how little, after all, we can personally do, as compared with that which gets itself done in spite of us.

It is not, of course, to be denied that Man is a great factor, taken singly or collectively, in making what we term civilization and the homes in which our life is made so tolera-

ble and so good; but if, instead of looking only at the now and here, this little narrow, breathing point of time and space, we look backward and forward and around, back on the nations which have come and gone—the civilizations of ancient Egypt, Asia, Greece, Rome—gone in obedience to a fate more powerful than any human will—if we look upon the multitudes now in all degrees of enlightenment, of barbarism, and of progress, all struggling with physical burdens and against great difficulties to better their condition, we cannot but realize, in some degree, that man's will or brain is but a small factor in the causes which operate universally in connection with human living and human acting, on this, our globe. Men everywhere act a common part. They come upon the stage and pass off and are forgotten. What seemed to be new was old. What seemed to be a life of freedom and choice was really only what necessity made.

We need to look at our doings and those of our kind from a distance. To one who stands in the midst of the crowded city, the acts of men seem great and important. But let him go outside, upon some elevation sufficiently high to reveal all outside agencies; the position of the city with reference to the sea and country inland, the rivers flowing through it and the railways leading into it, what the country does for the city and the city for the country, and he soon perceives that there are causes which make the city independently of those who live in it, and men and women live and labor in it for great reasons outside themselves. And could we, any of us, rise high enough to see the whole globe at a glance, to take one grand all-comprehensive view, "we should fail to discover," as has been well observed by Professor Draper, "the slightest indication of man, his free-will, or his works."

"When we pass from the phenomena of matter to the phenomena of mind," writes the Duke of Argyle, "we do not pass from under the reign of law. Here, too, facts do range themselves in an observed order; here, too, there is a chain of cause and effect running throughout all events; here, too, we see around us, and feel within us, the work of forces which have always a certain definite tendency to produce

certain definite results." "That our wills, of whose freedom we are conscious, should often be determined by influences of which we have no consciousness at all; that our opinions should as often be the result of causes and not of reasons; that our actions should follow a course marked out by conditions which we fail to recognize as having any determining effect upon them—these are conclusions against which we are apt to rebel—as depriving us of a part of our free and intelligent agency. Yet the fact of their being so is perfectly plain to those around us. Bystanders often see the forces telling upon our wills much more clearly than we see them ourselves. What we cannot recognize in ourselves we are able to recognize in others. What we cannot see in detail we can see in the gross." "Freedom," he says, "is not an absolute but a relative term. There is no such thing as absolute freedom. Free will, in the only sense in which this expression is intelligible, has been erroneously represented as the peculiar prerogative of Man. But the will of the lower animals is as free as ours. A man is not more free to go to the right hand or to the left than the eagle, or the wren, or the mole, or the bat. The difference is that the will of the lower animals is acted upon by fewer and simpler motives. And the lower the organization of the animal, the fewer and simpler these motives are. Hence it is that the conduct and choice of animals—*i.e.*, the decision of their will, under given conditions—can be predicted with almost perfect certainty." "It is from compulsion that our wills are free, and from nothing else." "Our wills can never be free from motives. And in this sense can never be free from 'law.' But this is only saying that we can never be free from the relations pre-established between the structure of our minds and the system of things in which they are formed to move," *in other words*, our environment.

It cannot be disputed, if we look at man from a natural and not an irrational standpoint, that, taken in the wide generic sense, man is a most stupendous and complex organism—a creature like the animal in many respects, bound in the same necessity of law and fate, and at the same time superior to and the head of the whole animal world, but too often, too

generally, little above the animal in his habits and desires. Habit and desire hold his thinking faculties, his mind, in subjection and slavery. The power of thought, the action of the brain, is limited and conditioned.

It might not be out of place here to say that the whole drift and tendency of modern scientific analysis is in the direction of a common principle of life for both man and animal. It is asserted by the Duke of Argyle, and admitted by most well informed men, that "no series of facts tending to the establishment of any physical truth, is more complete or more conclusive than the chain which connects the function of the brain with the phenomena of mind." Later research has shown, "that a functional-activity of the soul-cells exists in the lowest one-celled animals as well as in the highest and many-celled, in the Infusoria as well as in man." "Volition and sensation, the universal and unmistakable signs of soul-life may be observed among the former as well as the latter." Some German scholars have believed and taught for several years, that "all Infusoria possess nerves and muscles, organs of sense and soul, as well as the higher animals." All the great steps of science go to show a unity in the world in all its parts, one law, and a vital thread running through all, man no less than plant and animal. Prof. Geo. F. Barker, in his late address as retiring President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Boston, in August, 1880, showed that many of the phenomena of the body may occur outside of the body as well as within it; that mind is the transmission of physical energy in the organism.

Dr. Mossa, of Turin, has invented a machine by which he can measure the actions of the mind, telling the relative amount of mental power expended by different persons in the same thought, or by the same person in different thoughts, imaginations and emotions. Animal and vegetable protoplasm are shown to be identical. According to the doctrine of evolution man has originated naturally; as an individual and a race he has come gradually and through a long line of almost inappreciable changes, from a simple cell, and his life must be analogous to all other life, and subject, mentally and physically,

to the same law and laws of growth. It can be shown, moreover, that man conforms mentally, socially, and in all his race, peculiarities and local changes, to the law of evolution.

Nothing in Literature, or Music, or Art, nothing in Mechanics, Commerce or Government, comes miraculously or without preparation—some forerunner, as it were, some condition or circumstance, which leads to it, and makes it possible.

Whatever theory, therefore, we may entertain of the freedom of the human will, and it is not to be denied that man is capable of wonderful deeds, we are obliged to admit that practically man's desires, appetites, and social and physical needs control and make his motives, and, through them, decide his will, give bent and character to his mind, determine his acts, and his individual and social destiny. If not so, why are we so careful as to what influences and associations our children fall into when we would have them virtuous, moral and honored members of society? We do indeed judge a young man, to a considerable extent, by the family he comes from, or the school he has attended, and by the society he keeps.

This is natural and reasonable, and proves that, whatever the human will may or may not do, we practically act on the principle that a man is the child of nature, and we can presumably calculate his acts from his character, his opinions and habits from the race or class to which he belongs, and that he will do, in the main, what other human beings would do in like circumstances. It is not to be supposed that all men would act precisely alike in a given combination of circumstances, because all are not constituted precisely alike, physically or mentally, but it is reasonable to expect that every man caught in a burning building will make an effort to escape and preserve his life. A man might choose to burn. It is true men do commit suicide, impelled to it by causes which seem to them sufficient excuse; and statistics show that the number who do commit this crime in a given time and place has a wonderful regularity, bears a definite relation to the population and conditions, and can be very nearly foretold. So of most other crimes, they bear a relation to the climate and to all other outward and operative conditions.

There are more crimes against persons and property among the inhabitants of river banks than elsewhere. Cities have more crimes than the country. War exerts an immoral, deleterious, influence upon a community, and can be calculated.

The calculations of insurance companies, though not of course perfectly exact, are nevertheless sufficiently accurate for vast and safe business transactions, and men do not hesitate to risk their capital and labor upon the tables of the statistician, even when those tables are liable to be affected by human action. The probabilities certainly are that man will do that which it is for his interest, all things considered, to do. It is one of the laws of trade that men will buy in the cheapest market, other things being equal; and it certainly holds good in a general sense that men, all men, may be expected to do that which they suppose to be for their interest, or the interest of some person or persons concerned, and to be affected by any particular act or series of acts. It is true men differ in their judgments, and so seem to act diversely and contrary to any uniform law. Looked at superficially, we cannot but admit the appearance—we must recognize diversity of human conduct; but is it any the less true that men's differing judgments and acts are the results of causes and spring out of the conditions which are ever various?

“Invariability of consequence,” remarks the Duke of Argyle, “does not mean that any particular sequences are invariable, but only that there must always be some sequence—that it is invariably true that everything which happens has proceeded from *something* as a cause, and leads to *something* as a consequence. * * The abstract possibility of foreseeing mental or physical action depends on the proposition that where *all* the conditions of mental action are constant the resulting action will be constant also. * * If we knew *everything* that determines the conduct of a man, we should be able to know what that conduct will be. * * In proportion as we are sure of character, in the same proportion we are sure of conduct. There is no certainty in the world of Physics more absolute than some certainties in the world of mind. We know that a humane man will not do a needlessly cruel action. We

know that an honorable man will not do a base action." A man who is weak in moral principle and honesty, may become a criminal in the eye of the law when placed where crime is possible, but if not so placed may escape the criminal act as clearly as thousands of others do. Some other man than George Washington might have succeeded equally as well, if not better, at the head of the American armies; many might and would have failed ignominiously, but it was the happy combination of the occasion and the man, the man of courage, determination and patience, which Washington was, that enabled him to become the distinguished "father of his country."

It would not be true to say that Abraham Lincoln and Gen. Grant were the only men who could do what they did in their time and place, but it is true that they were fitted for the particular work of their time and place. In some other circumstances they were not the superiors of many other men. Individual men, great and small, are to be judged, and can be truly judged, only in connection with their circumstances, not apart from them. He is praiseworthy who, having the ability to withstand temptation to wrong, withstands. He is blameworthy if he yields. Having yielded, shall we say that he had the ability to withstand, but did not? This is what society assumes of every criminal, not always justly, but assumes it *on the ground* that man is, or should be, governed by law—by reason and the rule of right; that man, every man, is influenced and governed by motives, and it is for the common good to restrain man's passionate and evil acts, bringing them to a uniform standard.

All government is based on the assumption that men are substantially and virtually alike, and that they will, for like reasons and the common good, have regard and respect for conventional as well as natural law.

But I have not time—I should weary your patience—to discuss the subject in all its phases and bearings. It is a large, important, interesting subject. I am perfectly well aware that objections will readily arise to many minds because of their prepossessed convictions. It will not disturb me if few accept or appreciate the force of my observations. I

make them in the interest of truth, and believe that the truth will ultimately prevail. I am confident I do not mistake the logic of increasing science. It does not answer to call it hard names. Suppose it to be materialism? if materialism includes the noblest, sweetest, highest and purest ideals of manhood and womanhood, the dearest sentiments of family and home! Hard names will never change or stay the progress of truth. If all Nature, the universe, with its wonderful interplay of forces and possibilities of life, thought and love, is one, linked together in all its parts, by the same vitalizing law of force; it matters little whether men call it matter or spirit, it is the universe just the same, and we cannot yet see and measure all its lines, angles and spaces. Suffice it that we see somewhat of its forms and methods.

I desire to add but a word or two more; to observe concerning the results which this view of man and his affairs is calculated to effect, which, in fact, it has already produced to a considerable extent,—and I remark:

First. It leads us to think charitably, and to act with toleration, forbearance, and generosity concerning our fellow beings, especially those who differ from us, or who are our enemies politically, religiously or personally. If men are everywhere so involved in the meshes of their environment, in their antecedents, ancestral traditions, inherited dispositions, inevitable judgments, and whatsoever goes to make them what they are in spite of themselves, what should we wonder that there are diversities of views, and that, as in the case of our Southern countrymen in the late civil war, men should rush to arms to defend what they honestly held to be their sacred institutions and rights, while we, with equal earnestness and devotion to our views, stood up for the defence of freedom and the Union. We need more of the true philosophy of Nature, to cool and temper our passions, moderate our judgments, and give patience to wait the slow on-coming of Nature's great achievements. Time and the forces men have been wont to call Providence will bring the millenium by and by, not in our day, but in the far away future, to which the science of Nature points.

I would observe again, in the second place, that this view of Man and Nature is giving history a new importance and character.

Until about the middle of the last century there was little that could properly be termed history, in the sense in which the great historians of our time view it. That which passed as such was scarcely more than personal anecdotes, trivial details, stories of kingly rulers and remarkable men, annals of battles, chronicles, romances and biographies. These things were of use in the construction of history, were the material out of which it grew, but could hardly be termed history in its modern sense.

In our modern view, history is much more than the doings of the great men who have lived. It takes into account the people, the social body, the state of civilization, the government, laws, institutions and complex forces which are more than any individual ruler, and which operate to make or unmake the ruler. The merit of reforming history by separating it from biography, and bringing into the foreground the causes which operate to make a people or a nation, Mr. Buckle claims for the two eminent Frenchmen, Montesquieu and Voltaire. The latter, he claims, was the greatest historian whom Europe has produced, because he did more than any other to purge history of its idle conceits, fanciful legends and miraculous myths. But he was greatly assisted in his work by Montesquieu, who, with others, indicated the new, and growing thought of their age.

Montesquieu had such a contempt for the details of courts, ministers and princes that he related the reign of six emperors in two lines. He subordinated the acts of individuals and the accidents of history to the general influences of society, holding that no great alteration could be effected except by virtue of a long train of antecedents. In accordance with this view he denied, as had been claimed, that the ruin of the Roman Republic was to be ascribed to the ambition of Caesar and Pompey. He held and urged that the Republic was overthrown by deeper, larger causes, which lay back of Caesar and Pompey and which made Caesar and Pompey. By his meth-

od, which was his great merit, he separated biography from history, united the affairs of man with the science of external Nature, and anticipated some of the sublimest inquiries and attainments of modern times.

Herbert Spencer is probably the most prominent, accomplished and successful expounder of social science, and the reign of law universally, who is now living, but the learned men who both read and adopt his views are becoming more and more numerous each year. Even the critics of Mr. Buckle are obliged to admit the essential correctness of his fundamental position, qualifying it only as the later developments of science and the law of evolution must inevitably modify all generalizations made before every part has had its due attention. For example, Mr. Buckle, while dwelling to a great length on the modifying effects of external influences upon human life and action, omitted to give that prominence and distinct recognition to the intuitive elements and deeply rooted organic forces which a later philosophy has claimed, but which are not dissonant or incompatible with Mr. Buckle's grand facts and conclusions. But I am dwelling unintentionally long, and will close right here, simply remarking that the day of hero-worship has gone by. Men of genius and power will hold their places in public esteem, honor and influence by virtue of their merit, but not, as formerly, as gods and demi-gods, because the people were blockheads and did not think. The day of king-craft, and priest-craft, and bossism, is in the past. The new conception of the right and power of the people to rule themselves and appoint their own leaders and legislators, building up the State, the nation, the home, and family, agreeably to knowledge and natural law, is everywhere getting itself revealed and accepted.

THE LATE DR. SHELDON.

BY REV. J. K. WILLIAMS.

Following is the memorial address on the late Dr. Lorenzo Sheldon, delivered by Rev. J. K. Williams at the meeting of the Rutland County Historical Society at Castleton, January 13, 1881:

Dr. Lorenzo Sheldon, son of Medad and Lucy (Bass) Sheldon, was born in Rutland, Vt., May 8th, 1801. He was the eldest of a family of 11 children, consisting of five sons and six daughters. His father carried on a farm north of what is now known as West Rutland village.

The subject of the sketch early manifested a desire for a broader culture than a constant devotion to the farm permitted; and, having a taste for the study and practice of medicine, the way was opened for his entrance upon the necessary preparation for that profession. He entered the Academy of Medicine at Castleton, Vt., where he continued his studies until his graduation, January 16th, 1820, during the presidency of Joshua Bates. After completing his course at the medical college he returned to his native place and commenced study and practice with Dr. Jonathan Shaw, with whom he formed a partnership. This connection, however, continued only about one year, when Dr. Shaw removed to Clarendon Springs, leaving young Dr. Sheldon to practice independently in his chosen field.

He soon won a good practice, and commanded the confidence of the community as a conscientious, attentive, intelligent and skillful physician. After a few years' practice, inducements were held out to secure his removal to Waddington, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., to which place he removed in the year 1826. But, though he here entered upon a good practice, he longed for his old home and friends, and was per-

suaded to return, which he did in 1828, having been absent but two years, the only break in his continuous residence in his native town. On his return he entered, with all the ardor and energy of his nature into the practice of his profession, and won an honored position, which he maintained till death, continuing to respond to the last to calls of friends who would not give him up, though he sought relief from the fatigues and cares of practice as the infirmities of age crept on.

In the year 1829, February 6, Dr. Sheldon was married to Mahala Smith, of West Rutland. Of this marriage were born six children—Sophronia M., Darwin Rush, Lucy Amorette, Charles S., Lucy L., Harley G. and Mary Kate, only two of whom, Lucy and Harley, survive him.

In the year 1835 Dr. Sheldon entered into partnership with Mr. William F. Barnes, and commenced the marble business, then in its infancy. At one time this company owned the entire marble deposit extending from the present quarry of Sheldons & Slason, north. Dr. Sheldon, at a later date, became senior member of the firm of Sheldons & Slason, continuing his connection with this firm till 1865, when he sold out, and ceased to have any connection with the marble business. But he continued to have large interests in real estate, which absorbed a considerable portion of his time through the remainder of his life. While the responsibilities of his large marble interests were upon him, he sought some relief from his professional duties, and hence during those years his practice was somewhat restricted.

It was during the pastorate of Rev. Amos Drury that Dr. Sheldon became a decided Christian man, and in the year 1826 he, with more than sixty others, was received into the Congregational church of his native place. He continued a consistent and conspicuously useful member of this church through life; was made deacon in 1865, holding that office till his decease. No public interest lay so near his heart as the interests of the church. His best thought was given to her welfare. He was untiring in service, liberal in gifts, modest but firm and prudent in counsel. He strove to maintain peace; was hopeful and charitable; a worker and friend;

unobtrusive in a calm, but sought for and trusted in a storm. He left his best record in the impress he made upon the life, social and religious, of two generations, whose confidence and respect he so fully won and uninterruptedly held through his life.

Dr. Sheldon early became an earnest advocate of the temperance cause, and through life continued to give his influence and much time and money to promote this reform. He was for many years an active and leading member of an organization of the Sons of Temperance, which flourished for many years in his native village. He retained connection with this order till the last, attending a national meeting of the order in Washington, D. C., in 1878. He was also President of the Rutland County Temperance society for many years, and until growing infirmities made his resignation necessary. He often attended the meetings of the National temperance society, of which he was vice-president for his native State.

In 1826 Dr. Sheldon became a member of the Masonic fraternity, and retained his interest in the society through life. He won the esteem of all with whom this connection brought him in contact, and was promoted to an honorable place among his brethren.

Such are some of the noteworthy facts in the life of this strong and good man. But Dr. Sheldon's strength and excellence did not consist in occasional brilliant achievements. He never rode hobbies. He was no adventurer. His was a well-balanced, well-developed, rounded manhood, which, while presenting no very striking features, was strong at every point. His sound judgment, his caution, his patience in investigation, his great firmness, and withal his modesty, gave to his conclusions on any subject great weight with all candid men. These qualities gave his opinions great weight with his medical brethren. They fitted him for a wise counsellor in determining all the delicate and difficult questions which agitate our complex social and religious life. Characteristically deliberate in forming opinions, or adopting a course of action, and modest in proffering his advice, he was earnest,

vigilant, determined, persistent almost to stubbornness, in defending his position when once chosen.

While he took a very active interest in politics, and held very decided views upon all the great questions which divide parties and often fan the passions of weaker and narrower men into a flame, Dr. Sheldon could hold his position, fearlessly defend his views, but with such fairness and charity as to escape the charge of a bitter partisan, and retain the respect and affection of all.

Such characteristics could but mark him for an earnest, honest, unswerving, unobtrusive Christian gentleman, whose presence was most welcome everywhere; whose example in public and private life was most valuable as an educational influence; who became a valued friend in every family.

Every good cause loses an active friend in his departure. He did his great work in a quiet, unambitious way, but the poor and the rich rise up to call him blessed. His own and the rising generation have felt his influence as no unimportant factor in guiding and determining in them whatever is true and pure in their social and religious life.

Without a struggle or a word he fell asleep, crossing at the same time the threshold from secular to sacred time, and from the earthly to the heavenly life, at 12 o'clock on Sabbath morning, September 5, 1880, in his 80th year, and was buried amidst the universal expressions of personal loss by a people who had known, and honored and loved him from childhood.

BURGOYNE'S KETTLE.

We give the following history of Burgoyne's camp kettle, from a paper read before the Rutland County Historical Society, at Castleton, in the Congregational chapel, October 26, 1880, by John M. Currier, M. D. Dr. Currier says:—Mr. S. H. Langdon, of Castleton, Vt., has claimed to have had in his possession the old iron kettle used in Burgoyne's army during his campaign in New York and Vermont, in 1777. I have taken considerable pains to ascertain the facts in the matter, and will state to this society the result of my investigations: This kettle was kept in Mr. Langdon's front yard many years as a curiosity, and there I saw it many times in 1876-7. It was about three feet in diameter at the top, and I should judge it would weigh about one hundred pounds. The fact that this kettle was in his possession was known to almost everybody in this vicinity, and there seemed to be no question' about its identity. Mr. Langdon is one who has taken more than an average interest in all local historical matters, and preserved this relic for more than forty years with very guarded tenacity. Between 1830 and 1840 he carried on a large business in town, and one branch which claimed his attention was a foundry. He is now about 75 years of age, and possesses a fine memory of early events. He has ever been considered a man of great business capacity.

In 1877 this kettle was loaned to the Bennington Battle Monument association, for the purpose of exhibition at the centennial celebration of the battle of Bennington, August 16th, and in whose custody it now remains, though the rightful owner is still Mr. S. H. Langdon.

Most of the facts I have obtained from Hon. Merritt Clark, of Poultney, a brother-in-law of Mr. S. H. Langdon. He is now about 77 years of age. He had a brother living in Pawlet by the name of Horace. Merritt and Horace were in company in the mercantile business from 1825 to 1852.

These brothers were accustomed to buy old iron, and bring it to Castleton to sell to Mr. Langdon to melt it over. Between 1830 and 1840 Horace Clark bought a quantity of old iron of Col. Osias Clark, of Pawlet, a man by the same name, but very distant if any connection of the former. Among this lot of old iron was this kettle of Burgoyne's. Mr. Clark sent this lot to Mr. Langdon, at Castleton, with the request to keep out the Burgoyne kettle, for he might want it back some time. Mr. Langdon complied with the request.

After keeping the kettle a while, Mr. Langdon thought he would mend it, it having broken in several places so it had become useless. Mr. Langdon's house was situated near the old fort at Castleton, and he had become possessed of a large quantity of the grape shot found in that locality; so he melted out enough of these shot to mend the Burgoyne kettle with. And it now presents a very respectable appearance—a British kettle mended with Yankee grape shot!

Col. Osias Clark bought this kettle of a man living near the battle ground at Stillwater, N. Y., soon after the close of the war of the revolution. He used the kettle many years, to boil soap in and for other purposes, until it became broken and useless; then sold it for old iron.

Hon. Merritt Clark informs me that there was not the slightest doubt about the identity of the kettle. It was not then prized as an historical relic, there being plenty of others more convenient in size that would serve for mementoes.

FOR THE RUTLAND COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A RUDE BALLAD TO FAIR NESH-O-BE.

BY CHARLES ROLLINS BALLARD.

A NATIVE OF TINMOUTH, VT., BUT NOW A RESIDENT OF NORTH EASTON, MASS.

Will you sing our own Island, and several times
 Interweave its new name 'mong your rollicking rhymes?
 Such, in brief, the proposal; and when 'twas declined
 'Twas repeated so quick that I altered my mind;
 For I saw that the easiest way was, for me
 To indite a rude Ballad to Fair Neshobe.

But what could I write? 'Tis but little I know
 Of my theme, and my muse will have made "a poor show!"
 For she hasn't the tact much of little to make,
 And Pegasus, doubtless, will make "a bad break!"
 Like the Prophet I'm forced to exclaim—"Woe is me!"
 For I know next to nothing of Fair Neshobe.

I remember—for students at times will abscond—
 That I once took a row across "Castleton Pond,"
 E. J. II.,* as I thought, would say "no" in advance;
 So, to give him no trouble, I gave him no chance;
 But I sped on my way, like the famed "wicked flea!"
 To the opposite shore beyond Fair Neshobe.

I passed a strange island, but as for its name,
 It then had no place on the broad scroll of Fame.
 It contained some ten acres, perhaps—more or less;
 (This is not inspiration, but simply a guess.)
 And that island, from all save adventurers free,
 Was the same, I suspect, as the Fair Neshobe.

There were trees here and there, and shrubs plain to be seen;
 And Dame Nature was weaving a carpet of green.
 But thirty-two years have flown hurriedly by,
 Since a glimpse of the island I "caught on a fly!"
 And the trees, shrubs and carpet, then pleasant to see,
 Must now be far grander on Fair Neshobe.

And a row across "Castleton Pond" would now mean
 A ride most delightful on Lake "Bomoseen"—
 Seven or eight miles in length, and two wide, I surmise;
 Not the ride, but the lake; so dismiss your surprise!

*Rev. Edward J. Halleck, Principal of Castleton Seminary from 1839 to 1856.

“Pleasant Water”—the Indian was right, as we’ll see—
Inclosing with crystal the Fair Neshobe.

“Pleasant water”—what words more brilliant than these?
When its bosom is kissed by the frolicking breeze;
Or disturbed when the boatmen their oars rudely ply,
And dissolve the clear image of cloud or of sky:
Or anon, calm and sunny, unruffled and free,
When it mirrors the features of Fair Neshobe.

“Pleasant Water”—ensconced in its rock bordered bed;
With no terrors to fill the beholder with dread:
But with scenery enchanting, disposed here and there,
Which with aught seen in much-traveled lands will compare;
While its loveliest feature, as all must agree,
Is its beautiful island, the Fair Neshobe.

So the Island I sing, which I dimly descrie
Through the vista of years that have sped swiftly by,
Since the truant I played, while the teacher, so kind,
—In peace doth he rest!—to my erring was blind;
For he knew the rare charm that impelled me to flee
O’er the water where nestles the Fair Neshobe.

What enjoyment it yields for each care-burdened guest!—
At morn recreation, the purest and best;
At noon, when its harbor so welcome is made,
A siesta refreshing beneath its cool shade:
And at eve there’s no respite, as all will agree,
Like a rest ’mid the bowers of Fair Neshobe.

Evermore may it honor its well-chosen name:—
May its healing balm prove its sure passport to Fame,
While bestowing fresh vigor and Health’s ruddy glow,
Like the “Medicine-man” of the “Long, Long Ago,”
When alone “the poor Indian,” then happy and free,
In his light canoe paddled ’round Fair Neshobe.

Rare Retreat! where our manifold wants can be met—
Where the business-man every dull care may forget;
Where the invalid, weary, despondent, distressed,
’Mong its health-breathing bowers, encouraged, may rest:
While the longings of Pleasure’s declared devotee,
Can be satisfied fully at Fair Neshobe.

So a Ballad so rude to an Island so Fair!
And tho’ never his song with his theme can compare,
Yet the singer, inglorious, some strain may have sung,
Some word, fitly chosen, let fall from his tongue,
That shall keep, while the on-coming years swiftly flee,
Both the Name and the Charm of the Fair Neshobe.

RUTLAND COUNTY—25 TOWNS.

	LIST 1881.	POPULATION. 1870.	POPULATION. 1880.
Benson, - - - - -	6,001.73	1,244	1,104.
Brandon, - - - - -	20,690.35	3,571	3,280.
Castleton, - - - - -	10,053.02	3,243	2,605.
Chittenden, - - - - -	3,462.45	802	1,092.
Clarendon, - - - - -	9,698.75	1,273	1,105.
Danby, - - - - -	5,578.16	1,319	1,202.
Fair Haven, - - - - -	10,542.97	2,208	2,211.
Hubbardton, - - - - -	3,566.36	606	533.
Ira, - - - - -	2,217.75	413	479.
Meudon, - - - - -	2,225.47	612	629.
Middletown, - - - - -	3,643.04	777	823.
Mount Holly, - - - - -	5,766.27	1,582	1,390.
Mount Tabor, - - - - -	1,736.90	301	495.
Pawlet, - - - - -	6,336.68	1,505	1,696.
Pittsfield, - - - - -	1,671.03	482	555.
Pittsford, - - - - -	13,322.08	2,127	1,683.
Poultney, - - - - -	10,750.88	2,836	2,717.
Rutland, - - - - -	990,039.92	9,834	12,149.
Sherburne, - - - - -	1,621.67	462	450.
Shrewsbury, - - - - -	5,868.97	1,145	1,235.
Sudbury, - - - - -	2,958.54	601	562.
Tinmouth, - - - - -	2,355.67	589	532.
Wallingford, - - - - -	13,810.84	2,023	1,846.
Wells, - - - - -	2,604.26	713	665.
West Haven, - - - - -	2,770.09	483	492.
Total - - - - -	\$1,139,294.85	40,651	41,830.

Several of the towns in Rutland county have had their names changed since their incorporation. Brandon was originally called Neshobe; Clarendon, Socialboro; part of Chittenden, Philadelphia; Mount Holly, Jackson's Gore; Mount Tabor, Harwick; Mendon, Medway and Parkhurstown; and Sherburne, Killington.

THE HISTORICAL VALUE OF MONUMENTS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE RUTLAND COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT CASTLETON, VT., ON THURSDAY,
JANUARY 15, 1881.

BY HENRY CLARK, OF RUTLAND, VT.*

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

It is a subject of congratulation that an institution has been organized as the Rutland County Historical Society, which is so well calculated to preserve the mementos of the past, when as yet there are some of the descendants of the "race of yore" who can give narrative and tradition of the stirring and interesting events which attended the early settlement of the county and State. The advantage of its existence should be appreciated in the period when "history has been making so fast," when "in an age on ages telling" events daily transpire which seem destined to mould the future of our nation and of this continent, and many of which will doubtless be to future scholars, historians and antiquarians the subject of diligent study and research.

I have thought it not unfitting in these days of memorials to present for your consideration, "The value of historical monuments."

It is allotted to some men, and to some generations, to achieve great deeds, and to others to record and garner the memories of them in fitting treasures for bright example in the future.

The historian, like the bard of old, is charged with the office of so recalling the achievements of the past, that they shall incite those whom he addresses to equally high endeavor. Scarcely less valuable service do they render who collect and

*[To Hon. Henry Clark was largely and chiefly due the success of the Centennial Celebration, the exercises of which have appeared in the preceding pages of this volume.—PUBLISHER.]

preserve historic materials for the use, in after times, of the gifted few who shall cull from them precious and enduring lessons of wisdom.

The existing memorials of our country's early periods, viewed in relationship to the people, their importance to history, their influence on national character, their present condition, and the need of their preservation from ruin and decay, is the more immediate subject of consideration.

In the study of history, hardly any one can fail to recognize the fact that in the life of a nation, as in that of an individual, early associations and memories have a great and controlling power. The loves and hatreds, the aspirations and hopes, indeed we may say the prevailing genius and character, of almost any people may generally be traced to their origin far back in the early beginning of that nation's history. The Golden Age, to which humanity has so often loved to look back, with vain regret and yet with pride and glory, enshrines the memory and conception of early leaders and founders, to whom in all its later career the nation looks as examples and guides. The love of country in a citizen is almost inseparably interwoven with that country's history; and expresses itself evermore in connection with the great men and great events that have given to the nation its reminiscences and its character.

It is none the less true that a community may sink and decay so that these things lose their power. When faith and justice are gone, when a people are given over to the love of luxury and gold, then indeed no historic memories can again quicken to nobleness and life; but who shall deny that one great instrument employed by Providence to maintain integrity and virtue among nations, and so to uphold them as long as possible from ruin, is this elevating influence that springs from the memory of a noble past.

In the present day we in America have looked but little to the past and much to the present and future. In this we are partly wise and we are partly unwise. We are wise, in so far as we thus learn an independence of the spirit which cleaves to by-gone institutions, that worships the maxims and ar-

rangements of antiquity. We are unwise, in so far as we turn away from the remembrance of the early history and spirit of our people, and forget the lessons we ought to remember and love.

We dwell so much on our coming greatness—this broad land, stretching from ocean to ocean, our vast immigration, our mighty grain clad prairies, our mountain mines of gold and silver, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, ships, canals, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, all pressing upon us in the present, and promising material greatness in the future—that we have no time and no thought to give to the past. “Let the dead past bury its dead,” is the cry. “We must live in the future. This is an age of steam and telegraph, and we can not stay to look back.”

Nay, not so. Whence sprung our greatness? How came we to this age of progress, this future of promise? Is it not the outgrowth of those days when we were few and feeble, poor and struggling, yet rich and strong and glorious in impulses of nobleness and faith? Let us beware how we lose the memories of the past, lest we lose its spirit also, and if so, then alas for our golden prospects, and our lofty hopes!

It has been most truly and forcibly said by a New England writer, that “We have an advantage over all nations, in being able to trace our history from the beginning. We have no fabulous age; but it has more romance in it than any that has ever been written.” What a novel and peculiar feature is this in our national life. No mists of gray antiquity limit our retrospect; no dim uncertainty hides from our view the early development of American civilization. We alone of all the earth’s great nations, are able to read page by page, the authentic record of our planting and our growth.

What a heritage have we as a nation! Our old heroes are no demi-gods, clothed in Plutonian armor, and riding enchanted steeds. They were meek, of like passions with us, strong only in their faith in God and liberty. They were our fathers and grandfathers, and “their sepulchres are with us unto this day.” Their battlefields lie around us; the works thrown up by their hands we may behold, and we may pre-

serve if we will. Shall we do so? Or shall we forget it all, and let the winds and rain and the frost obliterate the memorials of our heroic age? Does it not seem one of the high duties and privileges of the American citizen to preserve whatever is left to us of those hallowed scenes? Far be it from us to speak the praises of the heroic past, and yet overlook its spirit, as is so often done among nations that cling to the forms of antiquity. But does it not indicate and propagate an ungrateful, unhallowed neglect of the great deeds of our fathers, for us lightly to suffer the memorials of what they did to pass away in oblivion? Is it not worse still, far worse, that commerce and modern improvements should presume, with vandal hands, to destroy these reliques of our glory?

This has been done, alas, too often. Where are Dorchester Heights, whence first Washington, by strange providential aid of tempest and storm, forced Howe to abandon Boston? How can an American answer that they have been levelled down to make way for "modern improvements." Where is the residence of John Hancock? It has given place to a brown stone palace, which stands a dark reproach to Boston, "a hissing and an abomination" to every true American. Where is the old City Hall of New York, where Washington took the oath as the first President of the Republic? Nothing remains save the stone of its balcony on which he stood, which has been placed, with a suitable inscription, in the entrance hall of Bellevue hospital. How can we confess that this building, in one view, the birthplace of the Government of the United States, was torn down by sacrelegious hands?

I need not allude to the historic character of almost the whole of this immediate section, so full of associations of the most romantic character; yet with the exception of the monument at Hubbardton, and the one marking the site of the old forts at Pittsford, there are scarcely any memorials. It is not only, however, around this section that associations of our history abound. No part of the country perhaps is so replete with memories as the banks of Lake Champlain and Lake George. In this region of the northern lakes we have abundant reminiscences of three separate periods of our nation's

danger and deliverance—the old French war, the struggle of the Revolution, and the war of 1812.

The woods from Ticonderoga to the head of Lake George are filled with grass grown earthworks, chiefly thrown up by the English and Colonial forces under Abercrombie on their march to the terrible assault on Ticonderoga, in 1758. The site of the old magazine at Fort William Henry and the garrison well at Caldwell are in a neglected state, filled up with debris of years. Fort Edward is no exception to the rule that our old memorials are sadly neglected. It is a marked illustration. A stranger casually visiting the site of the old fort would probably never suspect the fact, unless he were informed. At Ticonderoga, although it is even possible to stand where Ethan Allen stood when, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," he demanded the surrender of that already historic and hard won post, yet this doubly interesting spot is disappearing under the ravages of time and the more cruel ravages of human hands. The frost loosened stones of historic Ticonderoga are being wrought into the fences of the neighboring farms. The want of historic interest among our people is a shame and a reproach. In the dark ages and dark places of the world, this ignorance and neglect is to be mourned over while it cannot be censured; but what shall be said of it in free and enlightened America! At Plattsburgh we find the scene of the fierce four days struggle on the Saranac in 1814, and of McDonough's victory on the Lake. No monument or memorial worthy of either of these events, so important in the history of the United States!

Time will not allow any further allusion to the historic associations, save one, which stands next to Bennington and Hubbardton in historical interest. To-day we assemble on ground moistened by the blood of the Revolution, and it is fitting for us to hold it in some remembrance. Almost in sight of this place is a spot worthy to be marked as a memorial of our country's history, and unto us is left the performance of a long neglected duty.

Castleton was an important point for the collection of troops

during the Revolutionary war. A fort was built near the corner of the highway leading north, and opposite the present residence of S. H. Langdon. It was near this spot that the skirmish occurred the day before the battle of Hubbardton, when Capt. John Hall was killed. This event, and the killing and burial of a Mr. Williams, are so familiar, and a matter of common history, that I will not detain you with a rehearsal of the story. Some of the more prominent of the Green Mountain boys—Ethan and Ira Allen, Seth Warner, Remember Baker—frequently quartered and counselled here relative to the promotion of the interests of the young independent Mountain Republic, and many of the details of their plans were here mapped out. Arlington and Castleton may be truly said to have been the headquarters of the soldiers and statesmen of Vermont of that period. Here, too, were assembled with their regiments some of the Revolutionary army, among whom was Benedict Arnold. I have in my possession a commission as Captain given to Noah Lee, in the handwriting and signed by Arnold as Colonel. Surely the spot where such gallant men counselled, and some fought and died—a spot consecrated by patriotic blood—demands recognition at our hands, and no longer should the obligation laid upon us, as descendants of these men, be delayed. Let us at once commence the work, and thus honor their memories and fulfil a patriotic duty.

One hundred years ago the coming autumn, councils and scenes were transpiring at that little fort pregnant with the weal or woe of the young republic of Vermont. Here practically was settled whether Vermont should retain her independence or give her allegiance to the British Crown. The great negotiations on the part of the commissioners of Vermont which created such alarm in Congress and among the settlers, have now become a part of the history of our State. Indeed in this transaction the personal safety of the managers of the affair, as well as the safety of the independence of the State, came near finding a common grave, and the escape was almost miraculous. Perhaps a brief sketch of this transaction, with what occurred here, may be of interest, as well as

an additional incentive to place a memorial on the site of the old fort.

A letter from Lord George Germain to Sir Henry Clinton, dated February 7, 1781, had been intercepted by the French, taken to Paris, and there fell into the hands of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, our minister at that court, who sent it to Congress—and Congress ordered it to be printed. It spoke of the return of the people of Vermont to their allegiance as an event of the most importance to the king and his affairs; and if the French and Washington really intended an irruption into Canada, may be considered as opposing an insurmountable bar to the attempt. This letter had the effect to set Congress thinking what they should do to keep Vermont in the traces; but presented nothing tangible as to what she had done.

Soon after this, in September, 1781, Ira Allen and Joseph Fay met the British commissioners, in pursuance with a previous arrangement, in secret conclave at Skeensboro (White-hall) to perfect their negotiations, and renew the armistice. The form of government for Vermont after she should become a British Colony was talked up, and this was all acceded to. The Governor was to be appointed by the king, and the Legislature by the people. The British commissioners then proposed to arrest some of the leading Whigs in the State who were the most violent against the English government. That was a hard nut for Allen and Fay to crack, and at the same time satisfy the commissioners of their fidelity to the interests of the Crown. But this they got along with by saying that it was contrary to the spirit of the armistice, and that every movement of that sort would be likely to excite a spirit that must be conciliated before a completion of the object wished for. The British commissioners thereupon gave this point up, and left it to the discretion of Vermont. They then insisted that Vermont should declare itself a British Colony, and proposed that she should raise two regiments of men, to be officered by certain men in the State, with a Brigadier commanding, muster them into the British service, and join them in an expedition to Albany. That was a harder

nut still ; but they told the British commissioners that there were many strong Whigs in the State, mixed up with the ties of relationship and various other interests, and to change the disposition and temper of such men was the work of time, and they required indulgence and moderation and the blessings of repose under the armistice. This and other ingenious arguments got over this demand ; but the commissioners then insisted that Gen. Haldeman should issue his proclamation, offering to confirm Vermont as a Colony of the Crown ; that an army should come up the Lake and distribute them, and measures be taken for common defence. This was agreed to, rather than have the armistice broken, and they separated on terms of friendship, with the secret boxed up and the armistice prolonged.

The next month, October, 1781, Gen. Roger Enos, then bearing in command of the troops at Castleton, by Governor Chittenden was entrusted with the secret of the armistice. Gen. St. Leger was quartered at Ticonderoga with a large force, and Gen. Enos and the whole frontier was entirely at his mercy, but through the good offices of Gov. Chittenden and the two Allens, the British returned to Canada, into winter quarters, and the Vermont troops to their homes. It was at this time that Sergeant Tupper was killed by one of St. Leger's scouts. Gen. St. Leger decently buried the body, sent his clothing to Gen. Enos, with an open letter to Gov. Chittenden in writing, making an apology for killing him, saying "his picket not knowing the situation." As the letter was not sealed, its contents became known among the officers and men. Gen. Enos and Cols. Fletcher and Walbridge wrote at once to Gov. Chittenden, who was attending upon the Legislature then in session at Charlestown, and sent express by Simeon Hathway. The bearer of these letters, not being in the secret, detailed the Castleton news about Sergeant Tupper, and presently the whole Legislature were awake to the subject. The letters were delivered to the Governor, and crowds thronged around him to hear the news. The Governor opened one of them, but, finding that it contained private as well as public intelligence, read it to himself, and during some high words that

took place just at that moment between Ira Allen and Major Runnels, of New Hampshire, "some change of letters took place," says Allen, "between the Governor and Messrs. Brownson and Fassett, who were in the secret and next to the Governor." This altercation between Allen and Runnels took the attention of the crowd from the letters.

Governor Chittenden lost no time in assembling the Board of War at his room, all of whom were in the secret, and happened to be present. And the only alternative that presented itself to pacify the Legislature and the crowd, and save the State and its managers from imminent ruin, was to make out a new set of letters from Gen. Enos, Cols. Fletcher and Walbridge, and have them read in the council and assembly as the originals, which was done; they were then returned to the Governor. These letters were a copy of the originals, except that portion of them relating to the negotiations, which was left out. The Board of War on assembling at once sent for Nathaniel Chipman, of Timmouth, as counsel, and let him into the secret, and it is said that he advised the course taken and prepared the bogus letters which were read. At this critical hour, providentially, as treason was snuffed and the excitement intense, the news of the fall of Lord Cornwallis was received, and presented, in the general joy, a new and redeeming aspect in the whole affair, and private jealousies and public complaints were at once absorbed in the mutual overflow of heart and glee of patriotic expression indulged in by all.

Col. Ira Allen and Major Fassett immediately sent a communication, by a private messenger, to the British commissioners at Ticonderoga, where he arrived the next morning. Allen and Fay in their letter adroitly referred to the former negotiations, mentioned the news of the capture of Cornwallis, and the effect and change it had produced upon the people, and under these circumstances "thought it improper to publish the proposed proclamation" of Haldeman. About an hour after the arrival of this messenger at Ticonderoga, an express also arrived from the south to St Leger, containing the news of the disaster of Cornwallis, and before night old

It was evacuated, and the array of ten thousand British soldiers which had been held in a state of comparative inactivity for more than a year, were sailing down Lake Champlain for the last time, on their way to Canada. After such momentous effects and happy results, the secret negotiations were closed forever.

Many doubts have been cast upon the authenticity of this transaction, but in the light of history its reality and truth have been revealed. Criticism both at home and more especially abroad has been sharply made, yet whatever may have been the moral view of the matter, it saved the little independent commonwealth, and brought it into adhesion to the confederacy of States, instead of to-day being a part of the widely extended British empire.

Its propriety, even with a public enemy, has been severely questioned. That they were deceived there is no doubt, for all the evidence is against the idea that Governor Chittenden and his confidential associates were sincere in their conference with the British authorities. They well understood, moreover, that they could not hand the State over to the enemy if they would. And they were in fact the chosen leaders of the Whigs or patriotic party in the State, embracing perhaps nine-tenths of the population. Were those persons, then, justifiable in the policy they carried out, by deceiving the enemy, keeping their own people in doubt and ignorance of their doings, and threatening the general government with revolt? Governor Chittenden laid all the facts in the case before Gen. Washington, with a narration of the constant neglect of the general government. The citizens of Vermont, driven to desperation, were obliged to adopt *policy* instead of *power*. That Ira Allen's mission into Canada procured the exchange of prisoners, and other matters were entertained that might serve the interest of the State, in its extreme critical situation, and be injurious to the United States in its consequences. "That the plan succeeded, the frontiers of this State were not invaded, and Lord George Germain's letter wrought upon Congress, and procured that from them which the public virtue of this people could not." That month of

October the enemy appeared in force at Ticonderoga, but were maneuvered out of their expedition; and they have returned into winter quarters in Canada, "that it may be fulfilled which is spoken by the prophet, 'I will put my hook in their nose, and turn them back by the way which they came, and they shall come into this city (alias Vermont, not Rutland) saith the Lord."

This is sufficient to stimulate us to the erection of a memorial in this good old historic town of Castleton. None other in this our beloved Commonwealth has more of the romantic and patriotic in its history and none have more worthily honored the patriots of the Revolution. Some before me well remember the funeral honors paid Col. Noah Lee, Col. Isaac Clark, Lieut. Elias Hall, the removal of the remains of Col. Bird. In yonder cemetery lie the dust and monuments of those and other Revolutionary heroes, and this people fearfully guard these sacred relics, and honor the memory of their patriotic fathers. Therefore, it is eminently fitting that after a century of neglect the men of this generation should erect some suitable memorial to mark the historic location of the old fort. Let us from this hour begin the work, and let no obstacles hinder our progress until a monument shall be erected illustrative of the history of this people.

Having alluded to a few out of the many scenes and objects of historic interest in this community, let me urge the importance of their preservation in regard to American and Vermont history.

First. The influence of these associations on the present generation.

In all education history must ever hold a very high and important place; and while general history should be studied and taught with spirit and with faithfulness, the specific events that have shaped the character and destiny of each separate nation must always have for that nation an interest peculiar and unequaled. American history must be a study of great importance to American education. If it be true that the example and influence of an heroic ancestry are a saving and ennobling power to a nation, do we not need in this day to

cherish and retain the memory and deeds of our fathers? There is much to fear in the great external prosperity which America so rejoices in. Even in the past, great national prosperity has been perilous to national virtue. It has formed classes and castes among citizens of the State separated in condition, in feeling, in interest, by the ever widening gulf that divides poverty and wealth. Jealousies, dissensions, opposing policies, sordid ambitions, agitate the nation within, and weaken it against danger from without. Such has always been the tendency of the development of power and wealth. If we would avert such a result in our own loved land, it must be by the use of every means known to Christianity and patriotism. Then must come the conserving and purifying power of the gospel; then the memories of our heroic past.

Our past should be studied, not merely as one of the most interesting chapters of history, not only as a grand epoch in the course of human progress, least of all as a ground of national exclusiveness, boastful pride, or that hatred of England which too often is regarded as the first mark of a true American. Let us seek to impress upon the youth of our land more of the example of a patriotic ancestry. May we not feel sure that it would stimulate the love of country, and the spirit of earnestness and faithfulness? Might it not soften even the bitterness of party strife, and show our young men that there are nobler aims and higher purposes than those of the headlong race for wealth and influence? Let us remember and let us teach what it cost the fathers to win for us the blessings of which we boast and prize; and to do this let us preserve the memorials their moulding hands have left us as silent and solemn witnesses to their fidelity and our responsibility.

Second. The value of these memories to posterity.

The United States are growing and expanding as no other nation has ever done before. We now have fifty-one millions of people. The whole broad continent, from ocean to ocean, has been more or less filled with a civilized population in the first century of the republic. Under our repre-

sentative government, the sceptre of power is fast passing away from the East to the new and mighty West. The grandchildren of the men of the Revolution are born far away from the scenes of our history, out in those boundless regions where, as has been so beautifully said, "the life of the prairie blends with it the memories of the mountain and the sea." Yet we are one country and one people; one in history, one in aspiration, one in destiny. Think we that those children of the West will not return to view for themselves the historic places of their country, and the graves of their hero ancestors. Yes, so long as we are one people, so long as the spirit of the Pilgrims and the Revolution shall remain, so long will all these scenes be dear to all true citizens of the Republic.

Yet it is for us, in this generation, to say whether they shall be preserved, or whether, in long future years, when Americans shall come from the prairies and lakes, from the Rocky Mountains, the Golden shores of the Pacific, to view for themselves Ticonderoga, Bennington, Fort William Henry, Castleton, they shall find that naught remains to mark those places where American liberty was gained.

It will not do for us to delay; each winter's frost, each summer's rain, helps to destroy what no time, no care, no wealth, no labor can restore to us again forever.

When the chosen people had fought and toiled through the wilderness to the banks of the stream that divided them from the promised land, the last great miracle remained to be performed. But before it took place the God that guided them as He has guided us, directed their leader to secure to the people the everlasting remembrance of their great deliverance and help. They were to take up twelve stones from the bed of the river, where the priest's feet stood firm, and deposit them in the place where they should first encamp on the farther shore. "That when your children ask the fathers in time to come, saying, 'What mean these stones?' ye shall say unto them, that the waters of Jordan were dried up before the ark of the Covenant of the Lord; when it passed over Jordan, the waters of Jordan were dried up. And these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel forever."

Third. The importance of preserving these relics in behalf of general history.

As our country grows in power and greatness, its history must become of increasing interest to the world at large; to the world of scholars in every land. To the student of history what experience is so stirring and so interesting as to be able to visit the scenes and to behold the time-worn monuments of the great events of the past?

The preservation of the remaining memorials of our history is a debt which this generation owes, not only to itself, not only to posterity, but even to the world.

Let each member of this Society take upon himself the task of ascertaining in his own neighborhood what historic associations and memorials exist, and of seeking to awaken some public interest, some local pride, in the preservation of what remains.

It will be the office of the future historian, for whose service associations like this gather the rich materials, to describe the perils which have at one epoch environed our young liberty, to paint in all its just proportions the enormous and venomous natured reptile that had in its infancy been suffered to slumber undisturbed beside the cradle of our Republic. He will detail how at last the descendants of a freedom loving ancestry comprehended the danger, and, rising in their might, crushed the monster in the dust. He will love to linger over the heroic ardor, the generous sacrifices, the munificent provision for the soldier and his orphan, with which a free people vindicated during this great conflict their own attachment to the principles of their institutions, and their broad love of our common humanity.

Whatever monuments we may rear in grateful recognition of the services which have secured to us our united country and our freedom, none are needed to preserve to this generation the memory of our latest sad epoch. The mutilated forms, the vacant chairs, the broken circle, will ever speak to us with touching pathos of the great struggle and its victims.

In the Valley of the Lebanon, at Baalbec, is a mass of

ruins, which seems with striking significance to illustrate the course of history and Human Progress.

There, in the early ages, an unknown race, imbued with colossal ideas of that ancient people who built; as one has expressed it, "as though they were one hundred feet in height," laid huge stones more than 60 feet in length and 15 in breadth and thickness, deposited in massive foundations of some temple which they reared. In some later century Greece and Rome, sweeping by in their career of conquest, had overthrown the superstructure, and piled upon the great foundations other temples expressive yet in their lofty and graceful columns alike of Roman grandeur and of the harmonious art of Greece. Long afterwards the Saracen had found the Roman work in partial ruin, and placed among the rubbish some light, fantastic specimens of his own, as pleasing and ephemeral as his transient and brilliant civilization.

Thus this single spot has come to possess relics of all those early workmen who have most contributed to the volume of our civilization, and the lofty Corinthian colonnade, towering o'er the wreck in its symmetrical proportions and elegance of finish and adornment, resting on the massive base, fitly suggests the progress of society from strength to grace and culture.

And so the modern people of every land, building their institutions on the massive and eternal foundations of truth and justice, shall rear social structures of which their monuments, like the colonnade of Baalbee, shall illustrate to distant ages their power and excellence.

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